A Trip Out Of Town

Busta Rhymes

Yo, it all began like, bust it
My nigga City 'bout to bounce on a trip
We met some niggas with a lot of things they want em to flip
I told my nigga get the dough and keep the blau on your hip
Travel safe, you know that I'm a hold it down on the strip
Good lookin', word to mother son I give you my wit
But when I get back, I'm a bounce straight to your crib
On the strength, son slid until you to the Greyhound
Wit a burner in the knapsack, headed straight outta townNow, three days pass I'm still on the strip
Doin' hand to hand with twelve collapsible, stashable clips
With little magnets on the side of the clips we planted like a project
When police come we stick the clips in any metal object
Throwin' a nigga on the walls and try to search me down
I laugh knowin' that my stash'll never be foundWell anyway, on the third day, son came straight to the strip
Wit a new floss and shiny shoes on the whip
My nigga hit me with the latest, greatest
He told me get inside the whip so I can know just what the up to date is
He said he fuckin" wit some Guyanese niggas how ill them niggas is
What kind of dough they get, and how they handle they biz
How they connect with Jamaician niggas who speak American
And how they chains swung a medallion iced out pelicansAnd how they stay wit four pounders
And speak American to try to blend in
Like they ain't obvious out of towners
Okay, I've never heard of workers gettin five G's pay
For trips that last for only 2-3 day
How these Guyanese niggas be eatin' pasta but they love Zucchini
Rockin Valor tennis suits by Sergio Tecchini
Them type of cats that call you because you can't call 'em
Rockin' baseball fitters with wild animal skins on 'emHow they rock silks and tailor made pants
And get a matching bally shoe for the silk to step in the dance
Washrags hangin' from every one of our back pockets
From every fine wine to champagne them niggas'll straight cop it
And set up shops in them neighborhoods that was residential
Rock laced whips while the workers'll floss the latest rentals
How they fuck with arrogant bitches who act pussy
And love to hustle wit niggas and stash coke up in they pussyAfter all of that I wanted ones
The way my nigga was talkin' so next trip I went to bounce with son
So now we out of town with Guyanese cats
Up in they gates bubbling packages and layin' wit gats

Shit was slow until the main fiend was offed
Just like a thief in the night
And spread the word that we was back with the whiteAyo why don't you tell that crack head
To close the fuckin' door and shut the fuck up
Yeah man and clean the motherfucking spot up, smell like
Break the fuckin" breakdown in the working city
Yo go get the plates and the gym star
Yo light that up, lemme hit that, gimme a light, yeah man cut that
Fuck this shitYeah, see how we blowin' pa
The lookout niggas holdin' fort like they was watchtowers
Buggin' on how we went through, a half a brick every couple of hours
So on and so on, shit is good and we eatin'
First nigga to short a package will catch the most brutal beatin'
The whole town, see we now own it
Carryin' on and blemishing all in the hearts of the best moments
We stackin' cheddar now and shit is all clear
And we was growin' as workin' niggas wit aspiring ideasWe love to floss and the feeling of pushing chrome shit
But in the grand scheme these niggas'll love to have they own shit
Now these niggas was really ready to swell up
We decided to separate from them niggas and make our shit develop
Off in to the wilderness of the wicked Husid
We set up shops and watched the games begin
So now we ballin' like a motherfucker, money was sick
Gas on the cheddar and these bitches ridin' the dickFuckin' everything from the local McDonald's bitches
With the biggest ass
To attorney bitches that'll beat a charge fast
We used to takin' niggas' custies and leave they set up on tilt
And watch 'em angrily scheme on the shit that we built
Ain't it funny how shit transpire in fact?
Not too long after our ride we took the winner's stash, house was at
Some niggas tried to run a jook with things in they palm
Not a problem so immediately reach for the JohnRight away the gun bust! Straight lifted a nigga
How we moved his organs with kickback, shifted a nigga
Wild shots fire, everybody scatter like rats
Leavin' nothing but gunpowder and a trail of smoke in these gats
Now we got this faggot nigga blood on our hands
But fuck it, determined to fulfill the best of these plans
Shit was hot but we was nowhere near ready to fall
My son said he shot, but he wasn't bleeding at allWord, I started buggin' when my nigga said he feel cold
Then I looked up on the right side of his shirt and found a little hole
So as we continue to radically blaze the fifth
Flame the iron, not giving a fuck, y'all niggas wanna rip?
Well we deaded three out of the four niggas who tried to judge
One nigga slid and think he got off the hook
Now let me find out one out of them three niggas we bodied

Was one of them Guyanese niggas who buy drinks up for the partyHe was the nigga to flood the table with champagnes
Stupid motherfucker tried to front, we had to leak his brain
Suddenly my nigga fell to the floor
And said his legs feel like them shits ain't got no feelin's no more
More the actin' up the more the shit I felt in my gut
The shit was all over as soon as the director said, "Cut!"That's a wrap, good actin' motherfuckers, good actin'
That's the shit I'm talkin' about
Y'all ready to watch the playback?
Fuck around, that shit'll be a box office smash motherfuckers

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