

It Ain't Safe No More (feat. Meka)

Busta Rhymes

The surgeon general of the Flipmode squad
Has determined that the sounds you about to hear
Can be devastatin' to your ear, to your mind
To your body, to your soul You better, pack up your bags, better get out of town
'Cause when the God come you know he gon' be puttin' it down
Everything we do be blowin', better get on the ground
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more He keeps it wicked by creatin' the sound
That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missin' just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more Bodies'll turn up missin', I promise you need to listen
Abolish the need for bitchin', I polish and shine and glisten
Demolishin' while I'm whistlin', astonished while you're witnessin'
Hardest to smash another artist son, regardless if it is A nigga who think he be the greatest son I'll lock him in
the fridge
And hang him from both of his ankles when we drop him from the bridge
Blockin' your paper really stoppin' that dude from gettin' his
Poppin' the safe and splurgin', havin' the crew up in the crib Block 'til these niggaz havin' 'em rockin' gargle
with a bib
Shittin' and fartin', spittin' and vomitin' all in the crib
Fallin' into shock from the bullets we shot up in they ribs
Hot up the block and blew up the spot and got up out the mix Tried it a couple stops and spotted the squad up in
they whips
Plotted and then I signed on the dotted line and made a wish
Return us even the hardest makin' you garbage niggaz sit
The smartest now you a target only the heartless niggaz win Pack up your bags, better get out of town
'Cause when the God come you know he gon' be puttin' it down
Everything we do be blowin', better get on the ground
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That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missin' just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more You can't believe can you, I'm callin' my dog Nathaniel
And ballin' with all my mans you'll be blowin' and all will hand you
Accordingly or disorderly bullets are sure to bang you
Considerably my 9 milli hit with any angle Shootin', high, shootin', low, shootin' verticle or horizontal
And if you were makin' plans I do think you gon' have to cancel
Sorry, I had to ask you, save it I have to blast you
Takin' a chance to laugh from you makin' the masses gas you So now you thinkin' that you tough and that we
can't get at you
Change up your mind and leave you stiffer than a massive statue

Tired of talkin' need to use all your precautionary measures
Washin' off the blood, haulin' the water force of steady weather
You can handle it or you can't, it be only gettin'
better

Like a candle, we burn your sandals and make you feel the pressure
Cockin' it back, articulatin' the flow just like a lecture
Break it down and rebuildin' the flow, now peep the architecture
Pack up your bags, better get out of town
'Cause when the God come you know he gon' be puttin' it down
Everything we do be blowin', better get on the ground
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more
He keeps it wicked by creatin' the sound
That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missin' just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more
It ain't safe in the current state of our democracy
Terrorism, motherfuckers bombin' New York, shit is crazy
It ain't safe no more
All these rappin' niggaz goin' at other rappin' niggaz heads
Shit is crazy, but most importantly
The most unsafe thing is that niggaz ain't seein', the God comin'
Watch where you walk, uh

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