

Cocaina (Feat. Marsha Of Floetry)

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

Busta Rhymes ya gots to be the sure shot

Flipmode ya gots to be the sure shot

Aftermath ya gots to be the sure shot

My live niggas ya know, who be the sure shot?

Live bitches ya know, who be the sure shot?

Shit[Busta Rhymes]

I'm back in ya soul just like a minister

I'm big like a movie, I'm on the screen and at the cinema

While I'm in the process of slowly getting rid of ya

I'm back over bitches, and then I throw 'em in my video

Yeah, yeah, the God of the block

Ya know me killer had you spreading the spot wet and "Twist It" like Olivia

Oh shit, flow so sick in the committee

We know you a slouch duke, we don't even consider ya

Boss nigga, see or hear me in ya area

The more niggas, the murders, the more the money, the more the merrier

Smash shit 'til everything become mass hysteria

Hungry for street shit, see I be takin care of ya check nigga

Fuck all the talk, homey I'm daring ya

The lead from the shot'll poison ya blood like malaria

Made back and sell it over exotic

Worm skin interior, my swagger to my bitch the more money

It's all superior[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

When we in the spot ya know that we sure to shine (to shine)

It's all so holy and so divine

Analyze niggas 'til we can read ya mind

Sometimes a real live nigga is hard to find

We like, "drugs overdose niggas every time"

(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)

(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)

We like, "drugs overdose niggas every time"

(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby)[Busta Rhymes]

Yo, I'm tired of telling ya

Back on my bullshit, fucking put a shell in ya

Gangster niggas respect it, salute me on the regular

When it comes to the street shit, define me as the emperor

Check it my nigga, most of you motherfucking amateur

I muster the nigga quick and damage any challenger

But now ya know, "Oh a nigga flow so spectacular"
Break niggas down and handle you motherfucking characters
Captain of this shit but most of you niggas is passengers
I'm taking it back to the hood, like '87 Maximas
Yeah, yeah ya know who the truth, no need for asking the, same question again
To get the same answer bruh, fasten ya seatbelt
Bitches fuck wit the bachelor
Wit' money like a thousand coke deals from here to Panama
Strike like a brightness, a light, I'm here to dazzle ya
Whole hood from the boroughs, to the niggas up in Attica
Soldiers in the streets, the Middle East, way down to Canada
When it comes to the block, ya know I'm the ambassador
Follow nobody's footsteps, but said it like a scavenger
Wanna talk money bitch!? Then holla at my manager
The way y'all niggas is trash, my crew'll get to blasting ya
Twelve shot clip, hollow tips, quick to plaster ya
All over the cement, spread ya like I'm mashing
Everything, Bus-a-Bus date, but check ya fuckin calendar! [Chorus] [Marsha & Busta]
Take me all the way, where you are (cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
I really want to mate, take me now
Take us far away, to the sky (cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
I really want to mate, some, time

Songwriters

YOUNG/SMITH/ELIZONDO/AMBROSIUS/BASTON/POPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>