N.T. (feat. Busta Rhymes)

Q-Tip

For real though who really got sent
Flown on the edge, got the ledge hangin' out of the window
Bird chest witcha winderous fearaf?
Around you'll be hemps meat inside of a meal sack
Puny little bucks better hit the jake
But that doesn't mean nothin' to the heart within
You cramped up you and your team, I'm amped up
And you can't dib me beadMy shine, what the is on your mind?
Little weakling rappers better hit the grind
Other brothers ain't motivated, they can't do it
Not only did I penetrate it I ran through it
My music comes on and we march at the dance
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?
Musical intention that we have is vast
You sick, drink a NyQuil, well, I'm dead on yourOh well, then here comes the gelatin
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your sellin' friends
Now your party is completely blown
Real name is Kamal, I'm in completely zone
It's rap time for you, that means nap time
Preachin' from my joint, what the I'ma clap mine
Singin songs of 6 pence it's intense
Surpise your at the end like the sixth senseHeavy hitters knockin' shit out the park
You couldn't even really play tell me why did you start
Spittin' sharp blades laced with bleach
You wanna play around kid, I'm not a walk at the beach
A stroll in the park or your playground
Put on your headphones, tell me how grenades sound
Put on your walkmase and go underneath the town
Q-Tip abstract how I gets downAll my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure
Let your drip on the dance floor if you wanna
Get down
That, that bust gats
Better let 'em in 'fore they rush that 'cuz they wanna
Get downBlick, piano sick
Get down
Chill you can get off my and
Get down
While I'm on the hook get on your good foot
And blow up the spot for all of you 'cuz that's how we

Get downComin' with the brand new quickly we pan to
The young black man with intentions to ban you
Seems that people need an aid today
So many fade away, so many fiend to stay
I really rhyme 'cuz I feel I should say things
While the fraudulent act raps just so they cop rings
Or maybe because when they was young
They was fronted on and left alone to have they own fun
Now they've all grown up to be
I'm giving you the rope will you tie up the lassosYou swing dangling from peach trees
While I sip my Daqaris in the south west breeze
Writing so exciting the pen it keeps
Drippin' out gems that's converted to hems and then
People be hummin' it from now to they next to kin
My family is starvin', you know they want me to win
Me forfeit, please get off it
Send a check in my name to my office
Mutombo in the lane, yo I toss it
Abstract comin' through witness the bullHey yo, hey yo engineer cut the beat off

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