

Bladow

Busta Rhymes

Now (now)
Ready for wylin' my niggas
Let's set it like we on an island my niggas
I'm with it (What what what what)
Yo
My clique startle bitches
With a remarkable sparkle
For my bitches with me (What what what what)
You know we stay dumb
And keep shop running
Just the like the 24-hour deli
The way y'all niggas be popping that shit you be talking
y'all niggas don't mean nothing
But a 24-hour celly
To talk that funny shit
To someone you know
While I bag these bitches
And take them to 24-hour telly
Type of chickens to let me get in they belly
Little sexy thug bitches
Who want me to fuck them to Makeveli
Then get with my niggas and smoke up a ounce
Crowd up in whatever amounts
Making bitches skip to my bounce
So whenever we be shining like diamond
Fresher than the fragrance of limon
When we strike
It's all in the timing
Corporate niggas ball on how we be stylin'
Fucking with huge contracts
With white beaters on
On the day of the signing
Making all my bitches check for this shit
My live niggas know the truth
That's why they always got respect for this shit Bust one for me, Bladow!
All my niggas holding they gun with me, Bladow!
And resting and stacking they ones with me, Bladow!
My peeps who hang around where I'm from with me, Bladow!
Who run with me, Bladow!

Bust one for me, Bladow!
My bitches that'll fuck till they cum with me, Bladow!
Wylin' at me, having they fun with me, Bladow!
In this club all they keep beating they drums with me, Bladow!
In a slung with me, Bladow!
Bust one for me, Bladow! And now we mash y'all
Harass y'all
Until the shit we doing pass y'all
You know we steadily, readily
Give it to niggas
And blow up the spot for niggas
Before we do the dash y'all
Yo
Ain't nothing wrong until we perform
y'all niggas know we bout to blast y'all
Fast
Me and my niggas crash the party
If my niggas were shitters
Splash bitches before we flash y'all
Now what's up
All of my niggas salute
Where we get busy
Gimme me my loot
All way up in a box with a suit
Shit that I tell you will all be the truth
Stay on a live nigga recruit
And take y'all niggas back to the root
Tying my laces all up in my boot
All the bitches say that I'm cute
Blowing on it just like a flute
And now
Before we blind y'all
We shine and remind y'all
Should be gappy
Always one of a kind y'all
We constructing a new design y'all
Better keep up my niggas
Because you will get left behind y'all
Let us bust a bottle of wine now
And celebrate in the name of them niggas
That control the times now
Now watch it
As we just pick up the pace
You just might a hole in your face
My crew might take a whole of the space

Completely
Obligated just to keeping you dunning
And get the breaking all the shit up in club
Once you know that we coming
My bitches check for this shit
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Songwriters

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