

Get Off My Block

Busta Rhymes

Just get off my block
Lord have mercy, Busta Rhymes
Flipmode Trilogy A yo, we ain't familiar at all nigga
Don't like, go grab your gat and let's brawl at hall nigga
Straight fallin' when we use to chill up on park benches
My 20 block radius think we need some barb wire fences
Stop bitch niggas like you from easily trespassin'
Nickel nine shine on your eye then you see fire blastin' Get off my premises, a yo, Lord is you a friend of his
Mouth him back to John and show this nigga just who the winner is
The presence of a small town, I diminish and blemishes
And my player amps out like a game on my little Sega Genesis
This inappropriate, fuck is we talkin' for when we ain't even associates Ass lyrical beatings, straight trick or
treating, what ya eatin'?
I ain't got no words for you, fuck speakin' ain't part of my crew
Face look to brand new, who?
Niggas ain't even aloud to send my pass through
Can't chill on corner can't go up in my bull digger
Chill before I call Dinco to grab the qanco sinco We don't give a fuck right now, we be high caliber shit
Ya'll corny niggas must bow, we do unforgivable shit
We blow the spot any how, move
Ready for battle 'cause I'm refusin' to lose
I'm a beat ya ass in front of nobody with nothin' to prove
Live nigga shit right there, beware, stand clear
Many y'all niggas is welcome here Fuck is these niggas son
Get off my block
Yo, I don't know none of these niggas du
Get off my block
Them niggas wanna sell there weed here
Get off my block
Yo, who these unfamiliar corn balls
Get off my block
It's one of these niggas off my street corner
Get off my block Now who the fuck you be?
Landlord, cradle la stainless for strangers vigilante, trigga stampedes
On the bulletproof for the crews that laid this nigga to hand breath
Move you off the block, the a orthodox general, flash flood when a crowd
Patriotic for the intrepid style and wreck more kids that's pitiful Nigga, for ever trapped in danger, emaciate
when I take my razor
Sharp herds that scar herds nigga, I'm from the wicked city

When chickens twist trees and dick tease
Breast feed pet seeds with asthmatic chest we's
Lord Have, cardiac arrest freeze
Please, bastard handicap crews that stay soft, it's mayor, ate off School your army, ya squad weak, remove four
camps when I say
Pumpin' arms like nor plants, I conquer and hold
Home sweet home down with monster control
Still they in the cut like runnin' the coal
And still we must bring the ruckus to all you motherfuckers Automatically, assault and battery
We battle thieves that get tragically slap to sleep to relax the beef
Collapse like weak cancerous lungs, scatter, we numb
Blind feelin' nap with jarred villain that alarm buildings
Con scrimmage, woke up a lot of children, dirty ass Vietnam village I finish and out sons, then pulls like
Men is the malk of method Venetian blinds
By all means necessary I reach for mine
And lift golden towers from roof tops
And give orders, rugged pound acre
Drown violators in buckets of piss water Fuck is these niggas son
Get off my block
Yo, I don't know none of these niggas du
Get off my block
Them niggas wanna sell there weed here
Get off my block
Yo, who these unfamiliar corn balls
Get off my block
It's one of these niggas off my street corner
Get off my block Fuck is these niggas son
Get off my block
Yo, I don't know none of these niggas du
Get off my block
Them niggas wanna sell there weed here
Get off my block
Yo, who these unfamiliar corn balls
Get off my block
It's one of these niggas off my street corner
Get off my block Fuck, fuck is these niggas son
Get off my block
Yo, I don't know none of these niggas du
Get off my block
Them niggas wanna sell there weed here
Get off my block
Yo, who these unfamiliar corn balls
Get off my block
It's one of these niggas off my street corner
Get off my block

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>