

# Hot Fudge

## Busta Rhymes

Yo, I rearrange your wholesome change  
Complicate your vision and make the world look strange  
Try to remain calm but yet you still feel perspiration  
Drip from the top of your lip, losing concentration  
Don't you try to front like we got some type affiliation  
Bought yourself a piece you shit to try and avoid the confrontation  
Fear me, it's in your bloodstream, feel the circulation  
Permenantly trife and affecting life like ammunization  
Oh shit, I've got you feeling nervous on purpose  
I love bring that shit right at you, door to door service  
Instantaneous, you will still get your shit bust  
(Bust)  
Only spontaneous, all that shit talk is miscellaneous  
You be rolling shady we gonn' establish all the shadyist  
Yet all of my black peoples be the most craziest  
Numerals of funerals every day  
When I take a closer look of all my niggas around my way  
Ha, yeah, I love to dig from deep within making your head spin  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge  
Da da do dee da do da de do da da ohh ohh ohh  
Do da do dee da do da de do da da oww oww oww  
Aeiyo, you look like my man, y'all look similiar  
Alibis that niggas trying use like we familiar  
Fuck that! You really need to check your criteria  
Violating the world, annihilate your whole area  
Been in this too long to allow niggas to try to take mine  
23 years deep and I still exist as Busta Rhymes!  
Aeiyo, I'm in this to win this, gets down to handle my buisiness  
While I be Busta Rhymes you still be whoever your name is  
In my past life the world felt my mega blast  
Now in my present life I'ma still bust your fucking ass  
Yo, it's been predicted, ever since I was a child  
Getting addicted to candy bars I was still wicked  
Drop jewels on many fools while my niggas pack tools  
In '89 when we signed this, Leaders Of The New School  
Four, lyrical Schwarzeneggers rolling like commanders

Wrecking shit, hit after hit, while we set the standards  
Back then came leaders of the 'New it was like a dream come true  
You could scream on the mic and do what you gotta do  
In the meantime I show improved and stick my lagoon theory  
Scream at the top of my lungs until you fuckers hear me  
Yo, I love to dig from deep within making your head spin  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge coming on in, good Lord  
Hot fudge coming  
Da da do dee da do da de do da da ohh ohh ohh  
Do da do dee da do da de do da da oww oww oww  
Da da do dee da do da ohh ohh ohh  
Do da do dee da do da oww oww oww  
Numerals of funerals everyday  
Numerals of funerals everyday  
Numerals of funerals everyday

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