

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 buisness
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

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Numerals of funerals everyday

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