

# A Trip Out of Town

## Busta Rhymes

Yo, it all began like, bust it  
My nigga City 'bout to bounce on a trip  
We met some niggas with a lot of things they want em to flip  
I told my nigga get the dough and keep the blau on your hip  
Travel safe, you know that I'm a hold it down on the strip  
Good lookin', word to mother son I give you my wit  
But when I get back, I'm a bounce straight to your crib  
On the strength, son slid until you to the Greyhound  
Wit a burner in the knapsack, headed straight outta town  
Now, three days pass I'm still on the strip  
Doin' hand to hand with twelve collapsible, storable clips  
With little magnets on the side of the clips we planted like a project  
When police come we stick the clips in any metal object  
Throwin' a nigga on the walls and try to search me down  
I laugh knowin' that my stash'll never be found  
Well anyway, on the third day, son came straight to the strip  
Wit a new floss and shiny shoes on the whip  
My nigga hit me with the latest, greatest  
He told me get inside the whip so I can know just what the up to date is  
He said he fuckin' wit some Guyanese niggas how ill them niggas is  
What kind of dough they get, and how they handle they biz  
How they connect with Jamaican niggas who speak American  
And how they chains swung a medallion iced out pelicans  
And how they stay wit four pounders  
And speak American to try to blend in  
Like they ain't obvious out of towners  
Okay, I've never heard of workers gettin five G's pay  
For trips that last for only 2-3 day  
How these Guyanese niggas be eatin' pasta but they love Zucchini  
Rockin Valor tennis suits by Sergio Tecchini  
Them type of cats that call you because you can't call 'em  
Rockin' baseball fitters with wild animal skins on 'em  
How they rock silks and tailor made pants  
And get a matching bally shoe for the silk to step in the dance  
Washrags hangin' from every one of our back pockets  
From every fine wine to champagne them niggas'll straight cop it  
And set up shops in them neighborhoods that was residential  
Rock laced whips while the workers'll floss the latest rentals  
How they fuck with arrogant bitches who act pussy  
And love to hustle wit niggas and stash coke up in they pussy  
After all of that I wanted ones  
The way my nigga was talkin' so next trip I went to bounce with son  
So now we out of town with Guyanese cats  
Up in they gates bubbling packages and layin' wit gats

Shit was slow until the main fiend was offed  
Just like a thief in the night  
And spread the word that we was back with the whiteAyo why don't you tell that crack head  
To close the fuckin' door and shut the fuck up  
Yeah man and clean the motherfucking spot up, smell like  
Break the fuckin' breakdown in the working city  
Yo go get the plates and the gym star  
Yo light that up, lemme hit that, gimme a light, yeah man cut that  
Fuck this shitYeah, see how we blowin' pa  
The lookout niggas holdin' fort like they was watchtowers  
Buggin' on how we went through, a half a brick every couple of hours  
So on and so on, shit is good and we eatin'  
First nigga to short a package will catch the most brutal beatin'  
The whole town, see we now own it  
Carryin' on and blemishing all in the hearts of the best moments  
We stackin' cheddar now and shit is all clear  
And we was growin' as workin' niggas wit aspiring ideasWe love to floss and the feeling of pushing chrome shit  
But in the grand scheme these niggas'll love to have they own shit  
Now these niggas was really ready to swell up  
We decided to separate from them niggas and make our shit develop  
Off in to the wilderness of the wicked Husid  
We set up shops and watched the games begin  
So now we ballin' like a motherfucker, money was sick  
Gas on the cheddar and these bitches ridin' the dickFuckin' everything from the local McDonald's bitches  
With the biggest ass  
To attorney bitches that'll beat a charge fast  
We used to takin' niggas' custies and leave they set up on tilt  
And watch 'em angrily scheme on the shit that we built  
Ain't it funny how shit transpire in fact?  
Not too long after our ride we took the winner's stash, house was at  
Some niggas tried to run a jook with things in they palm  
Not a problem so immediately reach for the JohnRight away the gun bust! Straight lifted a nigga  
How we moved his organs with kickback, shifted a nigga  
Wild shots fire, everybody scatter like rats  
Leavin' nothing but gunpowder and a trail of smoke in these gats  
Now we got this faggot nigga blood on our hands  
But fuck it, determined to fulfill the best of these plans  
Shit was hot but we was nowhere near ready to fall  
My son said he shot, but he wasn't bleeding at allWord, I started buggin' when my nigga said he feel cold  
Then I looked up on the right side of his shirt and found a little hole  
So as we continue to radically blaze the fifth  
Flame the iron, not giving a fuck, y'all niggas wanna rip?  
Well we deaded three out of the four niggas who tried to judge  
One nigga slid and think he got off the hook  
Now let me find out one out of them three niggas we bodied

Was one of them Guyanese niggas who buy drinks up for the party  
He was the nigga to flood the table with  
champagnes

Stupid motherfucker tried to front, we had to leak his brain

Suddenly my nigga fell to the floor

And said his legs feel like them shits ain't got no feelin's no more

More the actin' up the more the shit I felt in my gut

The shit was all over as soon as the director said, "Cut!" That's a wrap, good actin' motherfuckers, good actin'

That's the shit I'm talkin' about

Y'all ready to watch the playback?

Fuck around, that shit'll be a box office smash motherfuckers

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