

Cocaina (feat. Marsha of Floetry)

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

Busta Rhymes ya gots to be the sure shot
Flipmode ya gots to be the sure shot
Aftermath ya gots to be the sure shot
My live niggas ya know, who be the sure shot?
Live bitches ya know, who be the sure shot?
Shit[Busta Rhymes]
I'm back in ya soul just like a minister
I'm big like a movie, I'm on the screen and at the cinema
While I'm in the process of slowly getting rid of ya
I'm back over bitches, and then I throw 'em in my video
Yeah, yeah, the God of the block
Ya know me killer had you spreading the spot wet and "Twist It" like Olivia
Oh shit, flow so sick in the committee
We know you a slouch duke, we don't even consider ya
Boss nigga, see or hear me in ya area
The more niggas, the murders, the more the money, the more the merrier
Smash shit 'til everything become mass hysteria
Hungry for street shit, see I be takin care of ya check nigga
Fuck all the talk, homey I'm daring ya
The lead from the shot'll poison ya blood like malaria
Made back and sell it over exotic
Worm skin interior, my swagger to my bitch the more money
It's all superior[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
When we in the spot ya know that we sure to shine (to shine)
It's all so holy and so divine
Analyze niggas 'til we can read ya mind
Sometimes a real live nigga is hard to find
We like, "drugs overdose niggas every time"
(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
We like, "drugs overdose niggas every time"
(Cocaina baby, cocaina baby)[Busta Rhymes]
Yo, I'm tired of telling ya
Back on my bullshit, fucking put a shell in ya
Gangster niggas respect it, salute me on the regular
When it comes to the street shit, define me as the emperor
Check it my nigga, most of you motherfucking amateur
I muster the nigga quick and damage any challenger

But now ya know, "Oh a nigga flow so spectacular"
Break niggas down and handle you motherfucking characters
Captain of this shit but most of you niggas is passengers
I'm taking it back to the hood, like '87 Maximas
Yeah, yeah ya know who the truth, no need for asking the, same question again
To get the same answer bruh, fasten ya seatbelt
Bitches fuck wit the bachelor
Wit' money like a thousand coke deals from here to Panama
Strike like a brightness, a light, I'm here to dazzle ya
Whole hood from the boroughs, to the niggas up in Attica
Soldiers in the streets, the Middle East, way down to Canada
When it comes to the block, ya know I'm the ambassador
Follow nobody's footsteps, but said it like a scavenger
Wanna talk money bitch!? Then holla at my manager
The way y'all niggas is trash, my crew'll get to blasting ya
Twelve shot clip, hollow tips, quick to plaster ya
All over the cement, spread ya like I'm mashing
Everything, Bus-a-Bus date, but check ya fuckin calendar! [Chorus] [Marsha & Busta]
Take me all the way, where you are (cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
I really want to mate, take me now
Take us far away, to the sky (cocaina baby, cocaina baby, cocaina baby)
I really want to mate, some, time

Songwriters

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