

# Overdose

## Get Busy Committee

Shit, niggas got me higher than a motherfucker off up in here, man  
Damn, the fuck y'all get this weed from?  
Motherfucker overdose or some shit off this shit, Goddamn  
Check this shit out though  
Now pussy player haters say that I'm too raw with it  
But y'all thinkin' 'cause I be talkin' shit  
Them hoes say that nigga cold as hell  
Fuck what the punks are talkin' 'bout  
I wanna get up with that big ballin' bitch  
Plus niggas feelin' what I'm on as well  
Plus got my mind in the zone  
The one that's rocking fresh pelle pel's  
Tru to the shine on his bone  
Somebody beatin' up the block on fresh rider rims  
If it's me, hell, you can tell by the design on the chrome  
Crying on the phone, hoe thinkin' I'm in love with her  
'Cause she took me shoppin' and had me tryin' on cologne  
So I left her on the line with the tone  
Got up with this other bitch  
Brought no weed cause she fine off her own  
So hurry with the Phillie bitch, I'm really sick  
Off of some illy shit  
Here go a rusty razor blade but still it split  
And fill it with the killer shit so I can really trip  
It's like the bud was tailor made for milli-clips  
And mac-10's, I lit the bead from the back end  
Straight to the chest and it got me sprung  
My lungs started collapsing, shit nigga what's happenin'?  
The sess got me trippin' off the drums and guns, ready for action  
Duck a swang or either other thang  
Try to be tougher and bang and scuff and hang  
Suffer pain left deranged then youse a bogus m'uhfucker, mayn  
System be struck a vein, I'm too strange  
For m'uhfuckers to compete with  
I'm on some infrared heat shit  
With a deep clique, what I eat, sleep, shit  
Well, if it's a freak bitch, she can suck a sweet dick  
Till she's seasick blockin' niggas out like an eclipse  
When smokin' them devils put your hands together

Like you know the host  
'Cause ain't no nigga that can resist the words from the twist'  
Leavin' niggas comatose from my overdose  
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees  
And snatchin' fees now that I'm up in this game  
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees  
Niggas rollin' me beads just so they can hang  
Can you figure out the cause and effect?  
Niggas comin' on your set  
Thugs comin' out they drawers with a tec  
Victim bleedin' from the neck  
Shirts is getting wet, shorties yellin' threats  
Lookin' for the one who called for the deck  
Now they airin' out the hall in the spot  
Hitting stomachs leavin' niggas pinched up  
Bodies balled in a knot  
Bullet holes in the wall from a glock  
Searchin' for the one who called in the shots  
Hypes crawlin' for rocks  
Goin' all in the socks of the recently deceased  
From what was released  
From the chrome beast to the dome piece  
Visions in my mind bein' increased by inner beef  
And some grief but when I chief on some strong leaf  
I'm snappin' hard enough to make a nigga try to check his own chief  
Violate him but can't annihilate him  
Pickin' up his own teeth and it's on with the microphone deep  
Stimulate him with pistols penetrate him  
Nerves still droppin' 'cause adrenaline pumpin' is a m'uhfucker  
Hit him with the steel bloodsuckers  
Murdered by bud lovers and I was makin' sure  
Every one of you hoe studs suck us  
And I bullshit you not if it was full clips, two glocks  
You would still die or you'll get too hot  
'Cause when my fuel kick you'll drop  
Hypes is trickin' on you  
Tell me where he at bitch and you'll get two rocks  
'Cause when my tool click you'll pop  
Can't have this hype nigga stop shit, I'm hazardous  
Makin' musical miracles like I'm Jesus of Nazareth  
Yet disastrous, smokin' on halves and hash, fuck if it's cancerous

Bust ass to the beat 'cause I mastered this  
It's hard to breathe, I'm bustin' like an A-bomb  
'Cause I'm in the zone, twenty-two a cold shit up my sleeve  
It's hard to stay calm  
Thinkin' about the bitches that i've finna bone  
Hittin' my enemies and competition up with lethal flows  
That's damagin', flows that's callous and we're leavin'  
Thick ladies frantic and people in the industry panickin'  
I thought we got in this to get out of pistol handlin'  
Now it's possible m'uhfuckers could start vanishin'  
Fuck the Anacin I be toking plenty and stankin' from stress  
And flowin' over notes, them studs thinkin' they can get close  
I know I got you trippin' off the shit  
A nigga said off a overdose  
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin G's, catch you off on your knees  
And snatchin' fees now that I'm up in this game  
I done put the fuel on it, take a pull on it  
We overdosin' on weed and sendin' all y'all off into a thang  
Kill off all enemies while makin' G's, catch you off on your knees  
Niggas rollin' me beads just so they can hang  
C'mon and toke on a dub with me, I love cities with parties  
That's full of bitches where they let me rub titties  
Be able to pack a snub with me, in case we get in some static  
And gotta start leakin' blood from stud skinnies  
So don't ask if it's the bud in me, because for some reason  
I smoke on some weed and get too wicked and raw  
It can't be nickel or soft, way it's chokin' me  
Potency'll have me rockin' mics  
And givin' your bitch dick in the jaw, I'm hookin the law  
You're lookin' in awe, took what you saw  
Got the B's pen and pad out the bottom drawer  
Then got to bitin' and formulatin' some shit you called your own  
But take it to the rehab, 'cause you got a flaw  
To put it simple you ain't cold enough  
Trippin' out like you can't control the stuff  
Lackin' rhythm like you known to bust  
In a different zone from us  
You niggas need to sit the fuck down  
Get a swisher and roll this up  
If you think I'm speakin' too bold, whassup?  
I ain't even on no hoe shit, plus the mob is so thick  
I'm the type of nigga you should wanna get up close to  
And take a smoke with

If there's static then check yo' clique, my mind is so sick  
I be tweakin' with speakin' releasin' energy to show I know the ropes  
'Cause when it comes to this rap shit  
Niggas will choke till I'm ghost  
While I breath reefer smoke from my overdose  
Try to put me to the test, gimme some budda bless  
I'll show you who the best, release the vocal trilogy  
Aight God damn slow it up mayn  
M'uhfuckers done felt you mayn  
We can go on to some next shit  
God damn, man, you stoppin' motherfuckers and shit  
Man I'm tryin' to get my zone on  
Let niggas hear what the fuck I'm doin' man  
I mean you done zoned man  
Let's go to the next cut, baby  
Man, fuck that shit

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