

# Abandon Ship

## Busta Rhymes

Uhh! You don't know what we doing right hereOne two three we gon' turn it out

And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout

We gonna hit you with the shit we got here

We gonna blow your mind

(Blow your mind)

Keep it movin' like this, keep it movin' like that

If I die, I'ma only come back

Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong

Don't even waste your time

(Waste your time)One two three we gon' turn it out

And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout

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Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong

Don't even waste your time

(Waste your time)You niggaz talk shit then abandon ship

Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship

Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship

Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon shipI 8 Off like the assassin, now I'm blastin' I'm takin' over

Stick you for your blue range rover

I told ya, rampage a real live soldier

Been in the game, sinc the age of thirteen

A microphone fiend, so I'm goin' to see my P.O.

It's August the 1st, so I guess I'm a Leo

My P.O., look like Vanessa Del Rio

She pulled my rap sheet, just like, Net GeoI always roam through the forest

Just like a brontosaurus, born in the month of May

So my sign is Taurus, kick you in your face

Like my fuckin' name was Chuck Norris, make you sing my chorus

Rock to the beat and then, turn into a walrus

You remain nameless, my victory remains flawless

Acting like you wild, but I know you really harmless

While your time is coming, I make the fat shit regardlessMany niggaz wanna know when the ramp return

Yo, I'm gettin' phone calls from that nigga Howard Stern

He wants to know about my flip mode click

The way we get down and bust niggaz shit

LP after LP, we make G's  
I run up in your ganks den take you for your keys  
I'm not lying or joking, you get broken  
Dead in Flat bush, back to Roanoke and People always askin' me, how your shit be sellin'  
For makin' shit guaranteed to bust your fuckin' melon  
Police throwed me up on charges like I was a felon  
There was no tellin', when I was strikin' had you swellin'  
Cruisin' in my lands, watch the police how they be gellin'  
Lock you up for days and got a nigga ass smellin'  
Yo, fuck that! You best believe there ain't no time for dwellin'  
If you ain't makin' noise you need to kill the fuckin' yellin' One two three we gon' turn it out  
And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout  
We gonna hit you with the shit we got here  
We gonna blow your mind  
(Blow your mind)  
Keep it movin' like this, keep it movin' like that  
If I die, I'ma only come back  
Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong  
Don't even waste your time  
(Waste your time) You niggaz talk shit then abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship Yo, yo, yo I run up in your set like a New York City  
I can't slip, I beat you down with my vice grip  
Your lost, that means you way off course  
No remorse, I'm gettin' five in the source  
I be saddle back biting motherfuckers like a horse  
Turn and toss, niggaz all up in my applesauce  
Watch me reinforce, my shit feel good like intercourse  
Ever since I was a shorty rockin' Hugo Boss Aiyyo bust it Bust you just made my day  
(Why)  
If you didn't put me on I'd be locked like O.J.  
Now I'm writin' rhymes hittin' shorties everyday  
In the full runnin' drinkin' ice tanqueray  
I don't eat pork I take a fish fellet  
Now I'm knockin' out niggaz from to to touche!  
Now I'm goin' back around the way  
I'm rippin' shit, like my name was Marvin Gaye Yo, now I'm back with more Bionic like my name was Colt  
Seavers  
Got you niggaz open like a bunch of wide receivers  
Time is on the meter, go clean your act up in the cleaners  
Chicken head, give me some of your chicken fajitas  
Yo, I beg your pardon, I write my rhymes way past the margins  
Squeeze the Charmin, peace to one million men marchin'  
When you talk shit you really don't know what you startin'

Now your shit is done like a fuckin' empty milk carton  
It's on for the nine-six, mad shows at the Ritz  
Now we got you open like Fixx  
Stickin' to your stomach like Quaker Oat Grits  
Fisherman hat with my brand new kicks  
On the low, I still rock my Girbauds  
See the show, I got my nickel plated fo' fo'  
All my rough niggaz open the do'  
'Cause boy scout brings the ruckus and I'm still hardco'  
Yo, when I walk streets you know my blade's a little  
sharper  
Fuck Peter Parker, I cross you like a magic marker  
Every time I hit I always hit a little harder  
Blazing to the point where niggaz look a little darker  
Catching suntans from my music, fans understand  
Making fat shit, I always love to lend a helping hand  
Organized rhyme unit like the Poison Clan  
While your ride is busted, I be your luxury Sedan  
Number one nigga in the chain of command  
Breakin' fool in school like my nigga Geechie Dan  
Aiyo, I see intruders on my scan  
Singing at your funeral like Bobby Blue bland  
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