

#1

Joe Budden

[Intro: Joe Budden]Let me just make this statement

Loud and clear - Jersey's here

Some dude's got problems wit me

Over there - I ain't care

Some people see me creep

They mack all type - that's alright

You know I slurp my drink

I'm clipped inside - kids aight (Just Blaze!)

[Verse: Joe Budden]Yes y'all it's the one and only (what else?)

And I came to have fun, here homie (what else?)

And I came wit a ton of money (but!)

Don't get it twisted the gun is on me (now)

This chick's wit her man frontin on me

I'll holla at her when she done wit homie

Cause, Jump Off I got a ton of grown freaks

One named Tasha, one named Monique

One's diva'd out, keep her make-up tight

She got her good heels on wit her Jacob ice

And ma love to club, so she stay up nice

And she give me brains just the way I like!

One's real ghetto, don't give a reason

She knows I'm not her man, she don't riff bout cheating

Joey only go to her crib on weekends

Real real late when the kids are sleeping

'Tis the season, no more BS music

Watch and learn, see us do this

Geeks here's new shit

Playboy I keep exclusives to make dudes see less units (c'mon!)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]Can't stop won't stop

Rock it to the rhythm

Cause we - ah get down

Cause we - ah get down

Cause we - ah get down

Joe Budden, Busta Bus

Cause we - ah get down

And we seeing that

There's some hoes in this house

There's some hoes in this house

Light that 'dro in tha house

Smoke that 'dro in tha house
Bring that doe in this house
Bring that doe in this house
Where dem hoes in this house?
Where dem hoes in this house?
Where my niggas at?
[Verse: Busta Rhymes]Guess who's coming?
It be the God of the flows
It be the God of the spitting
It be the God of the blows

You'll be black and blue up your shit
And probably swell up your nose
Lotta bitches love when I spit so let me dazzle you hoes
Let me prazzle your head, do and skidattle wit Joe
And get a stack of that money and get a stack of the 'dro
Better back it up money before they crack through the dome
I got a pack of them niggas that leave a crack in yo skull
HOLD UP!! ... see I ain't finished wit y'all
Before I diminish let me handle my business wit y'all
Watching you niggas, you shook! all you looking all nervous
Maybach infront the club, parked crooked on purpose
Now ladies my Mercedes Maybach
Probably hold six in the back and three if ya fat
Probably hold more in the back if they sit on the lap
I gotta go and move to the party to see where it's at

[Chorus][Bridge: Joe Budden]Let me just make this statement
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Over there - I ain't care
Some people see me creep
They mack all type - that's alright
You know I slurp my drink
I'm clipped inside - kids aight

[Verse: Joe Budden]Yes yes y'all who ain't believe me?
Don't be fooled it ain't this easy
All y'all so 'n so's shamed, that cheesy
You wonder why people don't go and spend they change on a weekly
(But) Who's fly in rap? I in fact
By myself, no one behind the attack
And fuck Sound Scan, I ain't BUYING that
Cause y'all sell em to the stores then buy 'em back
Now one hot storm, we'll fly and rap
If the rest of you provide is wack
I see creativity dying fast

I'm glad producers charge so high for they tracks (tell em why though)

Now they do it all, you just applying the rap

Honestly now, it's not the economy's down

Now rap dudes suck they own pee hole

The wacker the music the bigger the ego

Fans left suffering, gasping!

And it's embarrassing! Jump Off I'm the aspirin

I'm still hungry, I'm still fasting

Y'all fade out, I'm just getting it cracking

[Chorus][Outro]Whoo! [repeat to fade]

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