

A Trip Out Of Town

Busta Rhymes

[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'ma hold it down on the strip
Good looking, word to mother son I give you my wit
But when I get back, I'ma 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
Doing hand to hand with twelve collapsible, stashable 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
Throwing 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 getting five G's pay
For trips that last for only 2-3 day
How these Guyanese niggas be eating pasta but they love zucchini
Rocking valor tennis suits by Sergio Tecchini
Them type of cats that call you because you can't call 'em
Rocking 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 talking 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 laying with 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 white[Intermission]
"Hey yo why don't you tell that crackhead to close the fuckin door
And shut the fuck up"
"Yeah man and clean the motherfucking spot up, smell like"
"Break the fucking 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 shit"[Busta Rhymes]
Yeah, see how we blowing pa
The lookout niggas holding fort like they was watchtowers
Bugging on how we went through, a half a brick every couple of hours
So on and so on, shit is good and we eating
First nigga to short a package will catch the most brutal beating
The whole town, see we now own it
Carrying on and blemishing all in the hearts of the best moments
We stacking cheddar now and shit is all clear
And we was growing as working niggas wit aspiring ideas
We 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 balling like a motherfucker, money was sick
Gas on the cheddar and these bitches ridin the dick
Fucking everything from the local McDonald's bitches with the biggest ass
To attorney bitches that'll beat a charge fast
We used to taking 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 john
Right away the gun buist! straight lifted a nigga
How we moved his organs with kickback, shifted a nigga
Wild shots fire, everybody scatter like rats
Leavingg nothing but gunpowder and a trail of smoke in these gats

Now we got this fagot 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 all
Word, I started bugging 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 want to rip?
Well we deaded three out of the four niggas who tried to jook
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 feelings 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 acting motherfuckers, good acting
That's the shit I'm talking about
Y'all ready to watch the playback?
Fuck around, that shit'll be a box office smash motherfuckers

Songwriters

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