A Buncha Niggas

Heavy D

Who's on the microphone? A buncha niggas
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I got my crew so other niggas better leave us alone
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The Group Home's down yo, flippin' with West and me
Charge a gap quick kid, best believe it G
Oh, I like to flip the script and have a track record
Wreckin' it swift, I'm tellin' ya to heck with tell to get with the
Crazy hairy thinkin', drinkin', cripple, drunken monkey
Style back alley freaky ass to gas technique
So peak, it's about to get deep, we just kick
Your Third Eye right open don't let your eyeball sleep
The next step is the check, let's tell theses niggas wassup
'Cause we get freaky G, no you can't get with me
Save yourself the trouble step back black and don't even bother
Word to Shop and Swift they get called in like I'm your father
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Ayo, it's time for me to flow and get down with this
I'm pullin' out my mic, spittin' off some rounds to this
I gotta known rep, so son you better slide out
'Cause when I'm flippin', I'll be rippin' your pride out
So called gangsters play roles like in the movies
Oughta save that, they're way bad, you could never do me
I'm real as they come, I'll beat ya numb with my vocal tones
Words hit like aluminum bats to your dome
No charges against me 'cause I'm jumpin' the law man
A-men, punks should cancel their plans
As the invincible principle gang, is gettin' bigger
Sayin' peace to the Heavster rollin' with a buncha niggas
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I got my crew so other niggas better leave us alone
I bring drama like ya spit on my momma
Cannibalistic like that nigga Jeffrey Dahmer
I'ma, head peeler, girl stealer
Coffin sealer, ex-drug dealer, huh
When I hit you with the blow of death I leave nothin' left
I cook you up so quick they call me Biggie Smalls the Chef
My burner's in my left, I'm not the type to fight
I'm blowin' up quick like a stick of dynamite
So call nine-one-one, Biggie's got a gun
The gat to your back, I'm smokin' everyone
Quick to pack, quick to squeeze on the trigger
Who's in the house? Huh, a buncha niggas
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Like yo, beg your pardon, whoa
When I put one to the head nuff funk shit startin'
Fine, so I headline for the public
Get mine for my rap subjects
Packed with potential, wisdom versatile elements
To quench your sense, I get down so feel the mental
Rhyme pro I'm Rob-O, the super spectacular
Brown skinned junior from Africa
Blowin up so it's, possible to freak
See the highlight, in fly writing, don't give a fuck
I split when it's through then it's get with the Guinness brew
And give a shout out to my Uptown crew and still I'm wreckin'
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Yo, here I go, here I go, here comes the man again gain
Ruff with a pad and pen, so run go tell your friends
It's the big belly babalu boogaloo big, boy
And I got plenty honies, there's no need for no sex toy
Free me, slavery, let me go oh, no, no, no
No longer will you treat my beautiful sisters like they're filthy hoes
Never ran from static men to crew get dramatic
And I get crazy respect from crazy crews with automatics
Now push could come to shove because they love the way I flip a skip
And that's what keeps me kinda popular with all the honeydaps
So look at me now, and tell me who is bigger?

When I'm on the block I'm with my flock
And I'm rollin with a buncha niggas
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Well, hello, hi, hello, hello, how ya doin'?
Hi, hello, hi hey, how ya doin'? Voltronic
Busta Rhymes comin' with the mad ultrasonic
Esophagus to rock it, wreckin' niggas need to stop it
You get your style busted that's just what they get for comin'
You want some? Yes, I know you want some of the talent
But you can juice up and emotionally get wicked
To stick it in your inner groove, watch a nigga kick it
Oh, hah, yo B, Busta Rhymes
Be my nigga, never muggin', only lovin' and huggin'
My niggas, as we get bigger we come diesel
As masculine figures, L.O.N.S. we gettin' thicker
With a buncha niggas, yes
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