Goldmine

Busta Rhymes

Old dro bottles and blow, blowin' from both zones
Layin' in them Tahoes we own the projo's
Three for tenement we in the lobby with the big dan dun a nan
Don't move 'cause I'm a representative
Live for the street, ask, you die in the war
'Member that blast that three atcha, hide in the wall
We gangsta, republicans with them big things, big rings
Get your head shot off, daddy you don't believe chains
Loose cameras, big hammers, Station Wagon an' blue Phantoms
Smokin' the block up, y'all witness the zoo gamblers
We ain't takin' no shorts, it's just the early 80's
That made me, now I sit paid and then maybe
Nothing but my Lords and raps, these bags of dope
Under the mattress and I clack like a slave key
Wash your squad up, I roll double refuse to rock
Closed up my door up and murked you on the job
Gettin' money like back in the days
Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug games
Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task forces roll up
In unmarked vehicles who will be layin' niggaz
Stretched out, focus, see you come back triple
When we O.T. cut it with bakin' soda, acquire now
Strategize, gettin' paper like the [Incomprehensible] Jamaicans
And them George Chain niggaz and watch me set up a goldmine
We got guns tucked in our waistlines, wit raps
Hangin' from our back pockets miraculous money nigga
Can't stop at Sherlock Holmes can go's
Medallions so big wit strings you could turn 'em into banjos
Phenomenal property, drug money, scram wrap 'em
A hundred EX - golden like a hundred graham crackers
Sidewindin' niggaz tryna infiltrate blindside
A nigga hit you wit the eight, we in the club
Dumbin' out, drunk in fronta the airbrush
Backdrop ones out, five dollars for bitches wit the guns out
Juggle for a couple days close shop thinkin'
To you the bubble until the strip is hotter than a microwave
Don't stop, travel all my spare time
And keep niggaz wit us to push shit like George Jefferson Airline
No fro niggaz better go chill, 'fore this gun

Goes up your nose like coke sniffin' up your nose, dude
Gettin' money like back in the days
Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug games
Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task forces roll up
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And them George Chain niggaz and watch me set up a goldmine
Ay yo, snoop me kid, coop me in the red room booth
And eatin' Fruit Loops it's all for the loot boo
Designated hammer that'll lay ya up scrambling
Blant ninjas get 'em more popped up
And start blowin' niggaz magnums up
Caught me in the mix wit some rich soldiers
That reaction is a key action, black sent forty doja's up
We hunt 'em like big plans, my big mans and them
Slick as the shit breaks from outtas you, rip dip, then quakes them
See I was always good at science, in the class I was dopin'
Ask 'em for the chemistry temperature now I'm cookin' the coke up
Used to sit and watch them older niggaz for hours
And did acknowledge to how cold water quickly harden the powder
Took your turn into somethin' big to accredit
But ya needs connect shit up from South America
Money calculations, told B.I.G. I sit up on it still
Holdin' old hundred dollar bills, wit small faces
Gettin' money like back in the days
Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug games
Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task forces roll up
In unmarked vehicles who will be layin' niggaz
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