

N.T. (ft Busta Rhymes)

Q-Tip

[Q-Tip]

For real though who really got sent
Flown on the edge got the ledge hangin' out of the window
Bird chest niggas with you (wondrous fearaf?)
Fuck around you'll be (hemp's meat) inside of a meal sack
Puny little bucks better hit the Jake
But that doesn't mean nothing to the heart within
You cramped up you and your team I'm amped up
And you asses can't dib me bead
My shine what the fuck is on your mind?
Little weakling rappers better hit the grind
Other brothers ain't motivated they can't do it
Not only did I penetrate it I ran through it
My music comes on and we march at the dance
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?
Musical intention that we have is vast
You sick? Drink a NyQuil well I'm dead on your ass
Oh well then here comes the gelatin
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your selling friends
Now your party is completely blown
Real name is Kamal I'm in completely zone
It's rap time for you that means nap time
Preaching from my joint what the fuck I'ma clap mine
Singing songs of 6 pence it's intense
Surprise your ass at the end like the sixth sense
Heavy hitters knocking shit out the park
You couldn't even really play tell me why did you start
Spitting sharp blades laced with bleach
You wanna play around kid I'm not a walk at the beach
A stroll in the park or your fucking playground
Put on your headphones tell me how grenades sound
Put on your walkmase and go underneath the town
Q-Tip abstract how I gets down[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
All my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure
Let your pussy drip on the dance floor if you wanna[Q-Tip]
Get down[Busta Rhymes]
Fuck that niggas that bust gats
Better let em in 'fore they rush that 'cause they wanna[Q-Tip]
Get down[Busta Rhymes]

Blick shit piano sick shit[Q-Tip]
Get down[Busta Rhymes]
Chill you can get off my dick and[Q-Tip]
Get down[Busta Rhymes]
While I'm on the hook get on your good foot
And blow up the spot for all of you niggas 'cause that's how we[Q-Tip]
Get down[Q-Tip]
Coming with the brand new quickly we pan to
The young black man with intentions to ban you
Seems that people need an aid today
So many fade away so many fiend to stay
I really rhyme 'cause I feel I should say things
While the fraudulent act raps just so they cop rings
Or maybe because when they was young
They was fronted on and left alone to have they own fun
Now they've all grown up to be assholes
I'm giving you the rope will you tie up the lassos
You swing dangling from peach trees
While I sip my Daiquiris in the south west breeze
Writing so exciting the pen it keeps
Dripping out gems that's converted to hems and then
People be humming it from now to they next to kin
My family is starving You know they want me to win
Me forfeit nigga please get off it
Send a check in my name to my office
Mutombo in the lane yo I toss it
Abstract coming through witness the bullshit[Busta Rhymes]
Hey yo, hey yo engineer cut the fucking beat off

Songwriters

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