

It Ain't Safe No More... (feat. Meka)

Busta Rhymes

The Surgeon General, of the Flipmode Squad
Has determined, that the sounds you about to hear
Can be devastating, to your ear, to your mind
To your body, to your soul! [Chorus]
You better, pack up your bags, better get out of town
'Cause when the God come you know he gon' be putting it down
Everything we do be blowing, better get on the ground
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)
He keeps it wicked by creating the sound
That make the people want to spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missing just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga) Bodies'll turn up missing, I promise you need to listen
Abolish the need for bitching, I polish and shine and glisten
Demolishing while I'm whistling, astonished while you're witnessed
Hardest to smash another artist son, regardless if it is A nigga who think he the greatest son I'll lock him in the
fridge
And hang him from both of his ankles when we drop him from the bridge
Blocking your paper really stopping that dude from getting his
Popping the safe and splurging, having the crew up in the crib Block 'til these niggas having 'em rocking gargle
with a bib
Shitting and farting, spitting and vomiting all in the crib
Falling into shock from the bullets we shot up in they ribs
Hot up the block and blew up the spot and got up out the mix Tried it a couple stops and spotted the Squad up in
they whips
Plotted and then I signed on the dotted line and made a wish
Return us even the hardest making you garbage niggas sit
The smartest now you a target only the heartless niggas win [Chorus] You can't believe can you, I'm calling my
dog Nathaniel
And balling with all my mans you'll be blowing and all will hand you
Accordingly or disorderly bullets are sure to bang you
Considerably my 9 milli hit you at any angle Shooting, shooting, shooting, high, low, vertical or horizontal
And if you were making plans I do think you gon' have to cancel
Sorry I had to ask you, save it I have to blast you
Taking a chance to laugh from you making the masses gas you So now you thinking that you tough and that we
can't get at you
Change up your mind and leave you stiffer than a massive statue
Tired of talking need to use all your precautionary measures
Washing off the blood hauling the water force of steady weather You can handle it or you can't, it be only
getting better

Like a candle, we burn your chandles and make you feel the pressure
Cocking it back, articulating the flow just like a lecture
Break it down and rebuilding the flow, now peep the architecture[Chorus]It ain't safe., in the current state, of
our democracy
Terrorism, motherfuckers bombing New York, shit is crazy
It ain't safe no more!
All these rapping niggas going at other rapping niggas headsShit is crazy! But most importantly
The most unsafe thing, is that, niggas ain't seeing, the God coming
Watch where you walk!

Songwriters

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