

Kill Dem (Feat. Pharrell & Tosh)

Busta Rhymes

Ho! (hm! eh!) ho! (hm! eh!) hey! (hm! eh!) ho! (hm! eh!) What di bloodclat yuh a talk bout
When mi in di place and yuh see di bwoy a walk bout (true!)
Don use two ting park outside a di club and yuh see police chalk out (hm!)
A likkle weed bwoy mass out see di pretty gal dem side a di place pass out
(heh heh heh heh!) true mi a laugh out
Come through and mek di people too massive mi can south
Di likkle fool fool bwoy cross out and mi in di place yuh know seh mi a shine floss out
(gwan shine rude boy!) yuh nuh see boss deh bout
True and when mi a talk yuh fi shut yuh mouth
Look, any bwoy wan test blast out pop coppa shot yuh should a tek anoda ras rout
Now before mi get ready fi flash out bring two big batty gal back a mi ras house A kill dem! (and one and two
and three and four lick a shot more fire!)
A kill dem! (and one and two and three and four lick a shot more fire!)
(look at that muffin!) (what di bloodclat dem a talk bout!) (look at that muffin!)
A kill dem! (look at that muffin!) (look at that muffin!)
(dem a know seh we run this bloodclat round here!)
(look at that muffin!) (wha' dem a really a deal wid?) (look at that muffin!)
A kill dem! (look at that muffin!) (yuh nuh know see a we run this bum hole!)
(look at that muffin!) (yah hear mi!!) Concrete control everything ina di bloodclat street (eh!)
It nuh really matta wha' dem wan speak bare cocksman deh bout we nuh eat people meat
(true!) 'nough woman in di place dem a bleach when yuh hear big tune more fire dem a preach (ha!)
When man pull up and di tire dem a screech
Whole heap a excitement when dem find out see we reach
Now, when, big man come through have manners, cau' mi nuh know wha' dem a try do
Yo, oonu fi know seh we nuh skin out bwoy who
Wan test ol' dutty big gunman crew (rah!)
Gal see mi and she seh mr. rhymes tek wine,
Nuh matta gun inna yuh waistline (cho!)
Now yuh know seh she know di routine
Mi a beat dat and tek it to anoda extreme A kill dem! (and one and two and three and four lick a shot more fire!)
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(look at that muffin!) (what di bloodclat dem a talk bout!) (look at that muffin!)
A kill dem! (look at that muffin!) (look at that muffin!)
(dem a know see we run this bloodclat round here!)
(look at that muffin!) (wha' dem a really a deal wid?) (look at that muffin!)
A kill dem! (look at that muffin!) (yuh nuh know see a we run this bum hole!)
(look at that muffin!) (yah hear mi!) Every time mi hear di most wickedest ting I'm still ina mi prime (true!)
Whole heap a people still ina di line watch how dem a wait fi see mi every bloodclat time
Big batty mi must fill up dat when mi touch sound selecta must pull up dat

(bo bo bo bo bo bo bo bo!) yuh see di dance hall packed
Nuff shot fire till somebody lay dung flat
Hey! and if yuh really wanna know who a di maddest is
Mi when mi siddung and a bun nuff chalice
Now! I mon waan know dem a manage and mi dun dance till every bloodclaast vanish (ha!)
From Brooklyn way dung a buckingham palace
Bare pretty gal a par and yuh know we a di baddest
More fire bun di place wid a book a matches
Gal tek wuk from when mi a dig inna yuh crotches A kill dem! (and one and two and three and four lick a shot
more fire!)
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(look at that muffin!) (what di bloodclat dem a talk bout!) (look at that muffin!)
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(dem a know see we run this bloodclaat round here!)
(look at that muffin!) (wha' dem a really a deal wid?) (look at that muffin!)
A kill dem! (look at that muffin!) (yuh nuh know see a we run this bumbohole!)
(look at that muffin!) (yah hear mi!!)

Songwriters

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