

The Assignment

Noreaga

Word up, Busta Bus, my motherfuckin nigga, man. (Bus) Yeah, this one nigga
right there

[Noreaga]What, what, yo, you know Nore, type a nigga stay real trump

I ain't the type to fight a nigga, just blaze you up
What the fuck? All you niggaz wanna say what, what
While you half way thugs sound a half way what
If you ain't with Busta Bus then shut the fuck up
Niggaz is snakes, in other words just like jakes
Yo, I sell raps, used to sell crack on crates
Its like a stock that shot, oh look what it dropped
Yo, I hate to have to send my niggaz all in you spot

Like Spliff Star

Shootin right all in your car

Busta Bus plug the engine, with bananas

Even if they lose, its like we still got cameras

We play the game like the movie, smoke Lucy

B.I.G. gone, but my favorite song still Juicy

[Busta Rhymes]Yo, ya-yo, yo closed caption, son don't even know what's happenin

Before the second thought, make you feel the wrath of my clappin

(Boom!) Fire flashin, two holes up in your head matchin

Dope fiend in the corner, itch from eight scars scratchin

(Huh) We make the nutta butta, thick creamy shit from the gutter

Paranoid these niggaz, flip and make they heartbeat flutter

You's a sucker, (ha) lace you up with my box-cutter

Your mother love your other son like you ain't even his brother

Pussy nigga, I flip up to the max on you, nigga

Pose the violent threat immediately, black on you nigga

Sky maskin', fuck whatever question you askin

Busta Rhyme and Nore connect on the train, we attachin

Hold your corner, violatin 'cross the border (huh)

Try to catch my jewel, spyin with your tape recorder

Fuck is wrong with you?! Don't you know we raw till the end?

Battlefield shit, Flipmode Squad, CNN

Chorus: Busta Rhymes (Noreaga)

Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)

Thugged Out (What, what!) Spliff Star (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)

Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)

Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what)

Spliff Star (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)

Noreaga (What, what!)

[Maze]

(What, what) Yo, it's the same as any, in this game you wanna lose
Jump out the Ac, run up with the Uz', don't move Magically Maze
Lyrically invade like a SWAT raid, top grade rockin wallaby suede

I'm always coppin, poppin, three in the air

For my niggaz not here

Locked in Whitney, tipsies

Specifically, and twist me when its Cristy

[Noreaga]Let me go again, make sure the shits soakin

Thugged Out and Flipmode is like next of kin

Yo, we do what up, sendin em niggaz that will screw it up

What! Handle your business, God, even if ?Kalu? what up

I rock Clarks, on and off, like John Starks

What? Shoot at your face, God, aim at your heart

Yo, from Indiana to Atlanta, God we got this

Jose Luis, thugs just put me in the hotlist

I rip shows, but never gotta go at hoes

Stay travellin, playin click, just stay froze

I got the left arm, stay in the game like Montan'

My thug charm is everywhere now, dot com

Hear me anytime, you can access it

W dot Nore, yo, suck my dick

Peep me with Akinyele, yo, fuckin for free

On some thug shit, my thugs stay fuckin with me

What!

[Spliff Star]Yo, every battle

Nigga I got your gat, so let me splatter

Into smithereens

Throw some bullets in his jeans

Another thug story, I bust my gun for Nore

Snap a nigga neck, now the law lookin for me

I'm thugged out, bugged out, blow your fucking mug out

No di-doubt, I see you can't eat what you dish out

Watch, I reach in your soul, nigga and pull the bitch out

Watch my tech rise, feel the shells that it spit out

I'm warning you, send twenty niggaz deep to corner you

Dressed in black

From Brook' to I-raq

Blastin Mack 10's, I be killin ya Benz

Live coverage at ten, on CNN

Chorus *order differs slightly*

What,what!

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