

Parental Discretion

Busta Rhymes

Aiyyo, I'm hard to talk to
If you live, I probably thought you stalked you
Where you walked to at night
Caught you then tried to extort you
New York niggaz is trigger happy, got Pataki scared
This town ain't big enough
For both of us and I ain't goin' nowhere
There it is, plain and simple
Like Jigga, my game is mental
While slow niggaz better know
I blow their brains out they temples
I'm into black magical torture
Romantic dramatical author, compatible with
The average New Yorker, a fast talker
Like Tony, when gas whores I'm the masked enforcer
Out for the cash and the cho-cha
Smash the coca, bottle it up watch the fiends, gobble it up
If I roll up, you do what? Swallow the stuff
I don't give a fuck anymore
I'm only twenty-four years old
And I've already broken every law
I'm horror core, this is for the heads
Runnin' up in your crib
Knot if you still hot in under the bed
Yo, parental discretion advised, please cover your eyes
Little kids, get out of here, this shits is homicide
Drugs and money, this ain't no Bugs Bunny
Little girls too, this ain't for you, it's for the thugs, honey
Hey yo, my shit's the truth, 150 proof, no question
Parental discretion advised, keep out the eyes of the youth
It's too explicit, bullshit, I challenge the statistics
Violence existed before our music was even suggested
Arrested on sight, it's like there's no rights
That's why I rhyme so aggressive and bring every message to life
I fight the power spite the power the 90 percent
Keep 10 and feed twin, half for personal reasons
The seasons change, things rearrange, but I stay the same
Play the game for the wealth until I've made myself a name
So blame it all on the gangster rapper, thanks to Joey Crack

For the chance to do it my way like Frank Sinatra
I ain't a actor so it's all facts, strictly raw rap
Totally intended for yours dressed in all black
with the ski mask, or the pantyhose makin' cameos
in liquor store cameras with the twin Calico's
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So forget the boom, one look, you shook, you know I'm stickin' you
Liftin' you off the ground, look down, that's where I'm puttin' you
Look in my eyes and remember me, how does it feel mentally
Havin' the enemy be the last thing you ever see?
The recipe is death and I'm the chef, fricaseein' your flesh
Be my guest, but I ain't cleanin' the mess
Me and TS, we testin' niggaz faith, just to see they face
Expression when destined to States, that death be in the case
I'm in the state of grace, in the hated race, by the pagan face
Couldn't fight us, made a virus, gave us AIDS
I paint the wake 'cause they ain't get me yet, wet me
Or reflect me yet, I know they comin' they just tryin' to let me sweat
I wreck it like when I was just a boy, eatin' chips, ahoy
Wasn't allowed to raise my voice, now I'm makin' noise
No more toys, strictly Mac's and missiles, shorties with forties
Packin' pistols catchin' bodies
Make sure we'll get you
So they say, I pray there's a better way
My kids don't do as I do, they do as I say
'Cause daddy don't play
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Word is bond, one thing about MC's is that
We don't conceal the truth, we present real pictures
About the positive and the negative, so don't blame
The hip-hop when your seed is learnin' the real life from us

Do your duty at home and raise your child in the house
Parents, you don't do your job we gonna
Put your children to bed at nine o'clock
Past your bedtime, you get your ass in bed
You ain't 'posed to be hearin' this shit
Word up, punishment motherfuckers
By the Punisher and Busta Rhymes, hah
Terror squad, Flipmode squad niggaz

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