

# Calm Down

Busta Rhymes

Turn my mic up  
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(Steady on the right) Ayo, calm down nigga  
(Steady on the left) Ayo, calm down nigga  
(Steady on the right) Ayo, calm down nigga  
(Steady on the left) Fuck it, blackout niggas!  
Oh my Lord

Lower the casket down,  
Sprinkle the ash, you'll get your ass kicked, pow!  
Frown while I shit on your crown  
Skip town grounds will appear on the king cash cow  
Do I make 'em say 'Wow! ', strip, ow, bow  
I sit with the pound, click, pow  
Blow, click, click, pow, click pow  
Stop traffic dropping them classics, flip now  
Bitches I'm making them skip with thou  
Art, you don't really want that when I growl  
Let me come (rawr, rawr, rawr) let me come and mop up the knock offs  
When I pop off I never stop, cause  
What we do? Come through, you better lock doors (PAUSE)  
The wolves wanna eat, be by they lockjaws  
No need to cook up the coke, you see me chop raw  
And if you ain't have enough  
What in the fat fishes of a phenomenal Fahrvergnügen  
Fuck is going on? Back with the beat and the raps is callous  
Bang on another song, I'm a have these niggas nervous  
And clipping they nails and dribbling in wetness  
And nibble them like sunflower seed shell, so  
See these skills got my weight up heavy like three whales  
And I shit on Ishamels 'til the speakers fell into the weed smell  
Nigga your tree fell, see how they Twitter, Facebook, and Instagramming, on email  
Talking, I'm sick and I got them shook banging on retail until they cripple  
See I cook like I'm slanging a weed sale  
And I triple gram and whoop 'em and drag 'em like females (gasp)  
Oh see well, these niggas already know the way that I fuck shit up, minus the details  
The case is shut, your bitch remind me of my replacement but kind of an ancient slut  
Her stomach down like she was a basement fuck  
Swell up this shit like I'm sticking sticks in their gut  
So graciously, ungraciously, I painfully wake niggas up  
Ragdolling these niggas and attack them like apes in the cut  
I'm waiting for the taking while I break niggas neck like a bracelet, fuck  
It's kinda like me having a case in the truck and drinking 'til I'm blasted  
All ratchet and racing (crunk) keeping over 'em blacking  
Until I'm leaving 'em stuck  
I got 'em happier than a child in a park chasing a duck  
When I'm chasing a buck it's funny, niggas be chasing they luck  
I be lacing them up like boots when I'm pushing they face in the mud (ahh)  
Missiles I fling while I spit live wire, 'til this shit circling back around  
With more fire for me to melt the brake's surface, and back the sound  
While I light up shit that I toss  
I quit worshipping Gods, look around  
It's certain this shit splatters click paint that'll make 'em scatter

Shameful the way I shatter, split shit apart it doesn't matter (rip)  
Your head up off your shoulders, bullets bigger than a boulder  
Break 'em and they know that it's a classic  
And the way it's going you could easily get your ass kicked  
See, me and Shady together we're crazy  
Like baking a bomb and a rabies cake like a pastry bitch (you're that sick?)  
Cause I'm from Haiti, I'm suggesting you pay me, don't make me wanna spazz (lalalala)  
Like I'm a crazy Israeli, bastards  
While I bite the beat up put the sparker in a heater  
I'm chopping your foot off now it's mine and I'm putting my feet up  
Back to the hood and off to the whylin' I'm hoping you protect your child  
And I been blacking out so long niggas is asking if the hook has died, naw

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There's a light contagiousness to this tirade  
It just might make you sick  
So irate with this my brain is just like a fucking fried egg  
Is my mind scrambled? (I'm lit) Yes, narrow minded  
But go through such a wide range of this emotion  
That my rage has gotta squeeze through it sideways  
I just pulled up in Clive Davis' driveway  
With his personal memoir saying he's bi  
Waving a nine, a picket sign, yanking his ride, making him cry "rape" then arrive naked  
And drive straight through the gay pride parade Yippee-Ki-Yay  
Cause here I- wait, did the world just pee on my leg?  
And should I take it as a sign? Maybe I'll take em back in the times (Shady)  
Stuck out like a sore thumb, so I gave em the finger  
To take the attention away from my stinking face it was bringing  
Changed the whole complexion of the game, but just in case you was thinking  
An inkling of replacing the kingpin, you're crazy, you're wasting your ink then  
So if this is any indication of what you may be facing  
You better make a distinction cause you fake imitations  
Are leaving a bad taste, fuck making a bad impression  
That's the worst impersonation I've ever seen and  
Who raps nasally, eyes hazily, rhymes crazily  
But sounds like he may need some FLO, nasally speaking?  
What kind of stupid question is that?  
Hey Mrs. Abraham Lincoln  
Other than your husband's fucking brains that were leaking, how'd you think that play was this weekend?  
You ain't the real Slim Shady, sit your ass down faggot  
See me on a ballot? I'm running for class clown  
Rich democrat, bitch, so I'm just a candidate  
To come fuck up the whole party, me and Flipmode starting a campaign  
To have every campus on a fucking rampage  
Act my goddamn age? I am eight, so let's get smashed  
And wake up the next day with the room trashed, covered in Band-Aids  
Glass ashtray smashed, champagne splashed on the lampshades  
But this ain't up for debate, this is undebatable  
Shady for president, ho, don't make me go take it back to the days of old  
Where Sway and Tech radio when I was taking so much NoDoz and LSD  
I almost fell asleep on the wake up show  
Fuck you telling me, fools? I was living shock  
Raising hell up in shoes when Penelope Cruz was still developing boobs  
Me and Bus put it down like a sick pet

You're fucking with vets dawg, fucking internet bloggers  
"I sit in front of my computer all day and comment on  
Everything, I'm an expert on everything, everything sucks, play the next song"  
Guess if I hopped out your freaking laptop, you idiot prick  
With Biggie and kicked the living shit out of you, I'd be dead wrong  
Son of God I'm not soft like a wet log, force never gets clogged  
I'm so full of self-esteem that I sweat fog  
Yes, yes y'all, steady on the left, y'all  
Step off of it or you get stepped on soft  
Bout as commercial as my fucking leo jet  
Jealously'll get you as green as a Geopet  
I can see that you're visibly upset, dawg  
Alert, alert, girl, alert  
Once you went into the house of pain hearing a world of hurt so  
Jump around, jump, jump, get that ass shaking  
Jump around, jump, jump, came to hit you with a fan favorite  
But if you too fly for coach better get them get them arms and freaking hands flailing  
Jump like Van Halen, and pray for a damn tailwind  
More afraid of success than I am of failure  
So what does that tell ya?  
That on a grand scale I don't give a fuck about nothing like Stan mailing  
His last piece of fan mail before he ran straight into the damn railing  
  
Chill, man, chill