## **Busta Rhymes**

The Surgeon General.. of the Flipmode Squad.. has determined.. that the sounds you about to hear.. can be devestatin.. to your ear.. to your mind.. to your body.. to your souuuuuuuuuuuuulll!

You better, pack up your bags, better get out of town Cause when the God come you know he gon' be puttin it down Everything we do be blowin, better get on the ground It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga) He keeps it wicked by creatin the sound That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown Fuck around you'll turn up missin just to never be found It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)

Bodies'll turn up missin, I promise you need to listen Abolish the need for bitchin, I polish and shine and glisten Demolishin while I'm whistlin, 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 Blockin your paper really stoppin that dude from gettin his Poppin the safe and splurgin, havin the crew up in the crib Block 'til these niggaz havin 'em rockin gargle with a bib Shittin and fartin, spittin and vomitin all in the crib Fallin 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 makin you garbage niggaz sit The smartest now you a target only the heartless niggaz win

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You can't believe can you, I'm callin my dog Nathaniel And ballin with all my mans you'll be blowin and all will hand you Accordingly or disorderly bullets are sure to bang you considerably my 9 milli hit you at any angle Shootin, shootin, shootin - high, low, verticle or horizontal And if you were makin plans I do think you gon' have to cancel Sorry I had to ask you, save it I have to blast you Takin a chance to laugh from you makin the masses gas you So now you thinkin 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 talkin need to use all your precautionary measures Washin off the blood haulin the water force of steady weather You can handle it or you can't, it be only gettin better Like a candle, we burn your chandles and make you feel the pressure Cockin it back, articulatin the flow just like a lecture Break it down and rebuildin the flow, now peep the architecture

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Everything we do be blowin, better get on the ground
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)
He keeps it wicked by creatin the sound
That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missin just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)

It ain't safe.. in the current state.. of our democracy Terrorism.. motherfuckers bombin New York.. shit is crazy It ain't safe no more!
All these rappin niggaz goin at other rappin niggaz heads Shit is crazy! But most importantly..
The most unsafe thing.. is that.. niggaz ain't seein, the God comin Watch where you walk!