## **Ready For War**

## **Busta Rhymes**

Tri-lateral commission
Berkowitz, Fizzy Wo', Bust-Down
(AiYAHHHHHHHH!)

Everytime I take a look, the only thing I see is MY LIVE NIGGAZ IN THE SPOT Tell me what y'all want GIVE ME EVERYTHING YOU GOT Y'all niggaz ready to do it LET'S BLOW THE MOTHERFUCKIN SPOT All my niggaz ATTENTION.. (LOUD AND CLEAR) WHERE MY NIGGAZ READY FOR WAR? (WE RIGHT HERE!) GET EM (WHEN WE SPOT EM) HIT EM (KID WE GOT EM) WHERE MY NIGGAZ READY FOR WAR? (WE RIGHT HERE!)

I got reason to believe, some of you niggaz feel the man isn't live and direct (GET AT EM BILL!) LONG, breathe easy pop, this is Hip-Hop in the HARM WAY, we do it the war way, all day I never procrastinate (you shouldn't) I'm from where the war games fascinate (you couldn't) You wouldn't believe what they've been tellin me The perfect match is jail and me cause I was born with a felony (uh uh uh) Fuck that! How this shit look when a nigga stretched out, with his chest out and a mess out in Brooklyn, HI-YAHHHHHH

Y'all motherfuckers is back?! Y'all motherfuckers don't know how to act Y'all motherfuckers attack!!

And those motherfuckers are wack, I travelled a rocky road Swift to the Flipmode, quick grip for the unload Father forgive me for my sins but I'ma raise hell to the bitter end - I'm a soldier!

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Fuck the bullshit! I kick a bone out yo' ass Hardrock nigga?! I kick a stone out yo' ass! Warning, to all those, caps get peeled quicker than e-mail to your ass sayin, "Kill kill kill!" Curb chasin, straight lacin, with a Mac-10 blazin Split yo' ass up like a Temptation You cats is animated cartoons (WHO YOU?) The return of Goodfellas Part Two BITCH throw your fuckin guns up, put your fuckin hands down HOT FLAMES UP, [buck you with], (BUSTA BUST DOWN) We sneak the guns right in, y'all keep tryin and I'ma check all pussies like a G-Y-N Open up your can of "Whoop Ass"; I'll open up a fresh can of "I'll Fuck Yo' Ass Up Quick Fast" Flipmode, M.O.P. Fizzy Wo-mack, Wo-mack Y'all know who the fuck I am!

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Aiyyo yo-yuh-yo, and now I hear no one (you) would let less than a motherfucker fear no one None of y'all niggaz don't really wanna fuck with the dread The street brawler stomp your face into the back of yo' head C'mon now, I'm quick to roast fry boil and even toast a guy  $% \mathcal{C}^{(m)}$ Multiply the ghosts like the world's greatest coke supply Shit changed, you sellin WEED over the damn computer Introduce the millenium STOMP nigga for the future I be that prime honorary nigga that'll voluntarily blast the last, Tom & Jerry ass nigga And write raps to the sound of these gats Perhaps my raps will paralyze a bitch-ass and make him collapse Yo, see they be quick to bust they fashion of a calico My niggaz Berkowitz and that other motherfucker Fizzy Wo' Mashin through the city yo, and the foot it don't lie Ready to blow this bitch up at the drop of a dime

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