

## Busa Rhyme - 1/2

Interprété par Missy Elliott.

While I do pop pills, I keep my tube socks filled  
Pop the same shit that got Tupac killed  
Spit gate to these ho's, make a soap opera of an episode  
Punch a bitch in the nose til the whole face explodes  
Three things I hate girls, women, and bitches  
Smack bitches that walk off, and dropkick midgets  
Call me boogie night, the stalker that walks awkward  
Stick figured dick bigger than Mark Wahlberg  
Come through the airport sluggish, walking on crutches  
Its like a dream I can't snap out  
I black out, back out  
Lookin' for some thug to beat the crap out  
I'm bringing you rap singers two middle fingers  
Flip you off in French, and translate it in English  
Then I'ma vanish off the face of the planet  
Come back speaking so much Spanish  
Pun couldn't even understand it

HOOK 1:

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, won't you busa rhyme for me boy  
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, won't you busa rhyme for me boy

I had a huge attitude  
Started off statically  
Mad at you  
Had you mad at me automatically  
I'm not a commodity  
I'm an oddity, who had develop himself to start a Halloween flowing  
It's so big, if I counted up all the freaks  
I would probably owe Ozzy Osborne an apology  
College girls, living in alcoholic world, full of earl  
Their heads swirl'd every time the toilet swirls  
Covered in throw-up, and I refuse to grow up  
I won't budge, still tell a grown up to shut up  
I made this rap game suspenseful, cause now I got an impulse to gain  
An insult you wit a pencil  
They wasted paper on you choppin' down the oakwood  
Cause everything you wrote in your notebook was no good  
As long as I stay in the studio an keep cut'n  
You motherfuckers are put'n your words together for nothing

HOOK 1:

Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, won't you busa rhyme for me boy  
Won't you busa rhyme for me boy, won't you busa rhyme for me boy

HOOK 2:

Turn the music up, we gonna wake the neighbors

## Busa Rhyme - 2/2

We gonna get high, we gonna roll to Vegas  
Me and slim shady on some shit daily  
What you want, what you got, is hot

HOOK 3:

Turn the music up, we gonna wake the neighbors  
We gonna get high, we gonna roll to Vegas  
Me and Slim Shady on some shit daily  
What you want, what you want, huh...

TV Interlude:

I'm homicidal, and suicidal with no friends  
Holdin' gun with no handle  
Just a barrel with both ends  
Sprayin' tec's at you, until you see your fuckin' legs  
With bullet holes, and the exit wounds settin' next to you  
Fuckin' mad dog foaming at the mouth, fuck mouth  
My whole house is a foamin' at the couch  
Jumped out of the ninety-third floor of a building  
An shot every window out on the way down to ground, keep filming  
Woke up to a hospital staff, got up and laughed  
Chopped them in half and suffocated the oxygen mask  
Shit if I get any higher  
I'ma get the East-n-West beefin' again  
Fly back to Detroit an stand in the cross fire

Missy:

Y'all better call the police before I kill this track  
Don't shoot Missy, get back huh...  
I'ma put you all in a line, huh...  
I'ma watch you MC's die, yo mommy mommy  
Missy done lost her mind  
I think somebody done pissed her off this time, huh...  
I'ma have to you bus' through your chest, huh...  
You gonna have to clean up the mess, it's raining an raining  
And it's pouring loud,  
Never fear cause pissy Missy through the crowd, huh...  
I can hear the gats go chu-pow, you shot me damn it  
Bitch get down, don't walk when I talk,  
Never talk when I smile, lay 'em on down  
Like they lived underground  
For the sounds that me and Timbaland  
We found, get your ass kicked later  
Or get your ass kicked now