

# Goldmine

Busta Rhymes

Old dro bottles, and blow, blowin from both zones  
Layin in them Tahoes we own the projo's  
Three for tenement we in the lobby with the big  
(da dun dun dun) Don't move cause I'm a representative  
Live for the street, ask, you die in the war  
'member that -- blast that three atcha -- hide in the wall  
We gangsta, republicans with them big things, big rings  
Get your head shot off, daddy you don't believe chains  
Loose cameras, big hammers, Station Wagon, blue Phantoms  
Smokin the block up, y'all witness the zoo gamblers  
We ain't takin no shorts, its just the early 80's  
That made me, now I sit paid and then maybe  
Nothing but my Lords and raps, these bags of dope  
Under the mattress and I clack like a slave key  
Wash your squad up, I roll double refuse to rock  
Closed up my door up and murked you on the job (aww)

Gettin money like back in the days  
niggaz get like shower posse in a spec of the drug games  
Slayin niggaz, steady sprayin niggaz, till the task forces roll up  
In unmarked vehicles and will be layin niggaz  
Stretched out, focus, see you come back triple  
When we O.T. cut it with bakin soda, acquire now  
Strategize, gettin paper like the chivey Jamacians  
And them George Chain niggaz, might we set up a goal?

We got guns tucked in our waistlines, wit raps  
Hangin from our back pockets miraculous money nigga  
Can't stop at Sherlock - Home can go's  
Medallions so big wit strings you could turn 'em into banjos  
Phenomenal property, drug money, scam wrap em  
A hundred EX - golden like a hundred graham crackers  
Sidewindin niggaz tryna infiltrate blindside  
A nigga hit you wit the eight, three in the club  
Dumbin out, drunk in fronta the airbrush  
Backdrop ones out, five dollars for bitches wit the guns out  
Juggle for a couple days close shop thinkin,  
To you the bubble until the strip is hotter than a microwave  
Don't stop, travel all my spare time and keep niggaz wit us  
To push shit like George Jefferson Airline  
No fro niggaz better go chill, 'fore this gun  
Goes up your nose like coke sniffin up your nose dude

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Ay yo, snoop me kid, coop me in the red room booth  
And eatin Fruit Loops its all for the loot boo  
Designated hammer that'll lay ya up scrambling  
Blant ninjas get 'em more popped up, and start blowin niggaz magnums up  
Caught me in the mix wit some rich soldiers, that reaction

Is a key action, black sent forty doja's up  
We hunt 'em like big plans, my big mans and them  
Slick as the shit breaks from outtas you, rip dip, then quakes them

See I was always good at science, in the class I was hopin  
Ask 'em for the chemistry temperature now I'm cookin the coke up  
Used to sit and watch them older niggaz for hours  
And did acknowledge to how cold water quickly harden the powder  
Took your turn into somethin big to accredit (uhh)  
But ya needs connect shit up from South America  
Money calculations, told B.I.G. I sit up on it still  
Holdin old hundred dollar bills, wit small faces

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