

I'll Hurt You

Busta Rhymes

Yeah! Guess who it is!
Aiiyyo Dre! I think they in trouble! (WOO!)
Scott Storch! Why you have to do it like this to them?!
Feels like a new day

Listen, now every time I come and I hit you niggaz with shit regardless
You get retarded and then the niggaz ain't got a clue
On how the fuck I do what I do and say what I say
And spit what I spit you ain't never even gotta question who
Cause you know that I'm the only nigga that can ever come
And spitefully turn the place in to a motherfuckin zoo
Then I come and I spit all crazy sh-sh-sh-shit
And m-m-m-make n-n-niggaz do exactly what I want 'em to
From my point of view instead of trying to step up
You still trying to play catch up and keep up with the way a nigga grew
These niggaz panick and freakin get schizophrenic and let they emotions out
And I doubt they can ever test my crew
Take a second check it I wreckon my records are better than
Whatever record you recorded that's why ya shit is through (WOO!)
You fuckin idiot I don't think you get it
I'm one of the greatest ever period every syllable is true

Now if you ain't runnin you ain't handicappin your vision
I think it's simple enough think that it's really plain to see
No matter how much you try, no matter how much you make an effort
You niggaz can never ever really fuck with me
Cause I'll hurt you, and I will learn you a thing or two
And I'll hurt you, and I'll finish your career for you, I'll

Shit on a mic and do do, my doo-doo
You do not have a fightin chance to move you you were covered in my poo-poo
Smothered in my manure while I spit saliva fluid do-do-do-do-do-do
G-g-g-goobers secluded you
You don't have a clue as to what we're about to do to you
So just sit back and watch somethin you just gon have an a-chew
You just made me sneeze I'm allergic to beats like these
Please excuse me my allergies are actin up thanks a lot Scott
Your probably wonderin why there's thunderin everyone
Is runnin and duckin up under everything up on the block
Cause Bus a Bus and Flipmode just tip toed into the club
With shady quietly tryin not to start up a riot with Doc
But since we always started we might as well have a party
So gather 'round everybody come on let's get our drink on
And you ain't got to do nothin special for this occasion
Just reach in the closet put somethin on and get to the club

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Catch you niggaz and snatch you niggaz you bunch of bumblin fools
Who got me rumblin dudes all way down the block
Keep on stumblin and jumblin over their words and vowels
Throw in the towel see you niggaz is on the clock

And you runnin out of time see I'm tired of all y'all
M-m-m-mumblin-m-m-mumblin n-n-nigga I got it locked
Every single time you put my shit in your cd player and turn up the volume
You bang your head because your shit is not
I - continue with crumblin niggaz and tumblin niggaz
You struggle while I humble a nigga with the glock
Then I watch you while I'll keep on fumblin while I got you tr-tr-tremblin
For one of my niggaz bust ya head with a rock
Before I start to do another thing then to make you crown me the king
With such a butter swing nigga follow the flock
Now watch my brotha bring all my diamonds to summer bling
While I'm climbin and fuck her then tell you bitch to get off my yacht

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