

# There's Not a Problem My Squad Can't Fix

Busta Rhymes

C'mon, yeah.. villain  
C'mon, aight?  
I got this side right here  
Take this side right there  
C'mon do this  
Busta Bus  
C'mon, aight?  
C'mon (here we go) stayin street

Paws, to the wall, with the dirty dog, raw rap-ture  
If you ain't with it bite crotch til it break your jaw  
(Your jaw) For tryin to knock us  
Tryin to kill or stop us, jack our props  
Busta Bus, they fakin, the cake is for the takin  
While they runnin they face, I'm lettin the plan bake  
Formulate, now look at the plot, we got  
more and more shit that's hot, show to rock the spot  
Clock or knot, nigga the whole pot  
Ready or not, we comin, snatchin every comer  
witcha hoe in the Benz-O, dumbin like a motherfucker

You can be my lady, you coul even be my lollipop sucker  
The road dawg baby comin like the mad trucker  
Lot of jealous niggaz lookin funnier than Chris Tucker  
God bless, oh yes, I stay fresh  
Full of finesse, my congress show progress  
Stylish, hit you with the shit to digest  
In this rhyme shit we be some of the world's finest  
Your Highness, leavin corny niggaz spineless  
Attack it with the classic rhyme flow timeless (ha ha)

Not a problem my squad can't fix  
Cause we can do, it in the mix  
So when you niggaz talk trash, you can get a bust ass  
Cause you know we don't fuck around  
When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the ground,  
ground ground, ground ground  
When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the ground,  
ground ground, ground ground

This is how we ride, throw your hands from side to side  
It's party time, and don't forget get yours, cause I'ma get mine  
(Who dat?) The villain til I'm peelin a million  
Ridin dirty, and bustin like thirty-thirty, til a nigga end  
Knowin that the shit is fucked I'm still here to win, cheddar  
If you ain't about it then I think you better  
hang the little plot you got, don't sweat it main  
My nigga, my life's uncut like Kane, real \_Raw\_  
Y'all don't know shit about Jamal or what I'm in it for:  
cash, cars, fly whores and tours  
Fillin my pipe, with no messes and no limits  
Them other one scrimpin, has the tent froze frigid  
Fall as a gimmick, dick lickin chasin chickens  
I mash for the cash with the click and  
rip a show then I'm dippin in the whip and high trippin

While y'all niggaz hoppin and skippin I stick the clip in, yo

Accelerate on the gas, move fast  
Blast, find a nigga FOOT in your ass  
Colorful niggaz, just peep the whole contrast  
Flipmode is the Squad, a news flash  
Bust your shit up, what the fuck, nigga get up  
Violate, niggaz get they whole SHIT lit up!  
Break fool, niggaz know the rules, rob jewels  
Champagne bath, throw the Mo-et in the pool  
Nigga caught a motherfuckin strain on the brain  
ridin on the train, I'ma whip a Benz in the rain  
Oversized click on the rise so realize we be  
dem niggaz that dead up all you funny little small fries  
The franchise, Flipmode damagin all of you Fall Guys  
Yo I'm tired of niggaz they full of True Lies  
No time.. we got the right surprise  
Need a new beginnin, need to get a baptise  
You need to get a baptise  
Word is bond, aiyyo

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Ground, a-ground, a-gr-gr-ground-ground  
Just party to the shit like this c'mon  
Just bounce to the motherfuckin beat c'mon  
You niggaz don't know my brand new song c'mon  
Aiyyo, hear me out y'all, UHH  
Yo, and just feel my shit  
C'mon bounce what the fuck?