

# The Next Shit

Pharoahe Monch

Yea yea yea yea yea yea  
We bout to introduce the next millennium rap now  
Pharoahe Monch (yea yea yea), Busta Rhymes (uh huh uh huh)  
That'll bang your head shit (right right yea yea yea)  
What you talkin' about yea

The next millennium rap now everybody listen  
Condition yourself to be knocked out of commission  
Watch out! Cause this is a new world transmission  
Permission to shine now our time to glisten

The next shit  
Yo yo yo, I scatter data that'll hammer niggas' catamaran then,  
Around yaks cop figures like not stranded  
The last batter to hit, blast shattered your hit  
Smash any splitter or fastball, that'll be it  
Didn't figure the ridiculous flow will hit vigorously  
Triggerin' a rigorous amount of energy  
That'll be definitely needed defeat a foe who retreated  
Back, see no need to repeated it  
Permission to shine, stop this and rewind that  
Back, listen and find Pharoahe Monch, the rhymes phat  
You run up on him without a gun I run up on 'em  
Excel 'em, sell 'em verbally never seen me comin'

Yo Busta Rhymes, the imperial lyrical you heard  
Kill like the one syllable word  
The criminal of the lyrical killin' you pitiful  
Niggas, leavin' you in a critical, destroyin' ya mineral  
Back when I was scramblin' in front of the deli  
Live on a celly, which was in a street rippin' on shiny for really  
Now every milli-second I try to reckon with niggas for jackin'  
Like they really thuggin' I ain't even checkin'  
How niggas could try to act like they really them foul niggas  
Fuckin' with now niggas, better bow niggas  
For moderation niggas going to hibernation  
While I legally chase the situation of hyper nation  
Now that we credible I require a busy schedule  
Collectin' federals being put on a pedestal  
While we clean and we keep on your feedin', you know the meanin'  
Start to holla and screamin' and teach you how to stop bleedin'

10:pack a stadium and let's begin  
9:new millennium rhymes by design now  
8:get it straight no time to hesitate  
7:universally bonded with all my present men  
6:rub on ya titties, guys hold ya dick, yea  
5:stop holdin' the wall and get live  
4:yea yea yea 3 come on come on 4 3 2 1

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