Busta Rhymes, The Hive (feat. Giggs)

Yeah
Uh
(Meed got the keys)

Alright, she's lookin' alright
I'm thinkin' I might (Might)
Ain't lookin' to
Just lookin' to pipe
Love a nigga that— (Ah, what?)
Love a nigga that tries
Gotta get me them kicks (Kicks)
They're checkin' my size

Lovely jugglin'
Pussy galore (Yeah), nobody judgin' me (Nah)
Nobody's tellin' me nothin' (Nothin'), not even subtly
Hollow came in with the somethin', nobody trouble me
Waste, these niggas are fake
Don't put in that take (Take)
That nigga got— (What?)
Got put in his place (Yeah)
You was heavy, but (What?)
That was back in that days (Yeah)
Had to level up (Yeah)
Now I'm back in that space
Rocks like in a mag full
This crack in a capsule (Capsule)
Yeah, she said I'm sexy, I'm Black and I'm natural (Natural)
Yeah, if it's me with your city, I'll chat me a handful (Handful)
What? If I play that card, would that be a gamble?
Alright, I'm livin' that life
And I'm lookin' to slide
It's lookin' that time
It's twenty to five
Good lookin' out, I'm high
My niggas are fried
Yeah, my killer bees sting
Don't look in my hive

Yeah
Big jugs ting, put your hand up, mhm
See the way the mandem stand up
One foot kick up
Amongst everyone, see the way we stand out
And we a shine pon dem
Bloodclaat boy, them a plan out
How them a conquer
Conglomerate, boy, hold your likkle hand up
Beat them like old people with a belt
Even when we drink and we hang out
Mhm
Shots fly like a likkle missile out a rocket
Clean gun with the washcloth inna me pocket
Eediat boy, if you don't know, you better stop it
Stop it
Mi love the way di gyal dem a get low and them a drop it
Legal shot, everybody have gun and them a pop it
I make them lay down flat, submission
I make them sick until them vomit
Bare big chune every single time we drop it
Yeah

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