Busta Rhymes, The Return Of Mansa Musa

Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy, yo)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy, yo)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Yo)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Push on his chest and see if he breathe)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (I called the ambulance already)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Jesus)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Bus)

It's the return of Mansa Musa (Mhm)
We ain't changin' shit for the future (Okay)
Shout my nigga Swizz the producer (Uh-huh)
We got 'em hollerin' again like a rooster
Take a couple pull off my hookah (That's right)
Couple bottles, let them chill in the cooler (Yeah)
Talk tough on your computer (Hah)
You don't want me callin' my shooter, probably throw you off the roof, boy
My bitch a twenty when it stone like Medusa (Voodoo)
Grab a nigga, shorty a booster (Oh yeah)
My warrior be movin' like troopers
Most these corny niggas is putas
While I fuck the bad bitch on house in a booster (Yeah)
With pretty young friends, but shorty a cougar (Okay)
I'm the father of this shit, you a junior
Everything about me super

Gun blazing, I'm a soldier
From Accra to Nova Scotia
Run home, go tell your mother
Go home, go tell your father
Crown me now, I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
Run home, go tell your mother
Go home, go tell your father

I'ma tell you what I'm gon' do
Set it off on 'em on the left
Set it off on 'em on the right
I'ma tear this bitch down tonight
The head honcho
Partyin' like we down in the Congo
Shit that she only hear in the bando
Charter the private to Morocco
We be doin' this shit a lot, though
Shorty back of the private, feedin' me Roscoe's
Fill up a nigga like a pot roast
She love my fragrance when it float up in her nostrils
Let's hit 'em with another combo
Fuck the talk, let's get back to the money pronto
Sniff on this coke and get a snot nose
This warrior leavin' shorty actin' like my truth

Gun blazing, I'm a soldier
From Accra to Nova Scotia
Run home, go tell your mother
Go home, go tell your father
Crown me now, I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
Run home, go tell your mother
Go home, go tell your father

Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Jeez)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy)
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Jeez)
Jeez
Damn (Right)
Damn (Bus)
Goddamn (Right)
Woo
Woah
Woah
Oh
Damn
Listen

Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa