

# N.T. (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Q-Tip

For real though who really got sent  
Flown on the edge, got the ledge hangin' out of the window  
Bird chest witcha winderous fearaf?  
Around you'll be hems meat inside of a meal sack  
Puny little bucks better hit the jake  
But that doesn't mean nothin' to the heart within  
You cramped up you and your team, I'm amped up  
And you can't dib me beadMy shine, what the is on your mind?  
Little weakling rappers better hit the grind  
Other brothers ain't motivated, they can't do it  
Not only did I penetrate it I ran through it  
My music comes on and we march at the dance  
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?  
Musical intention that we have is vast  
You sick, drink a Nyquil, well, I'm dead on your  
Oh well, then here comes the gelatin  
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your sellin' friends  
Now your party is completely blown  
Real name is Kamal, I'm in completely zone  
It's rap time for you, that means nap time  
Preachin' from my joint, what the I'ma clap mine  
Singin songs of 6 pence it's intense  
Surprise your at the end like the sixth senseHeavy hitters knockin' shit out the park  
You couldn't even really play tell me why did you start  
Spittin' sharp blades laced with bleach  
You wanna play around kid, I'm not a walk at the beach  
A stroll in the park or your playground  
Put on your headphones, tell me how grenades sound  
Put on your walkmase and go underneath the town  
Q-Tip abstract how I gets down  
All my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure  
Let your drip on the dance floor if you wanna  
Get down  
That, that bust gats  
Better let 'em in 'fore they rush that 'cuz they wanna  
Get downBlick, piano sick  
Get down  
Chill you can get off my and  
Get down  
While I'm on the hook get on your good foot  
And blow up the spot for all of you 'cuz that's how we  
Get downComin' with the brand new quickly we pan to

The young black man with intentions to ban you  
Seems that people need an aid today  
So many fade away, so many fiend to stay  
I really rhyme 'cuz I feel I should say things  
While the fraudulent act raps just so they cop rings  
Or maybe because when they was young  
They was fronted on and left alone to have they own fun  
Now they've all grown up to be  
I'm giving you the rope will you tie up the lassos  
You swing dangling from peach trees  
While I sip my Daqaris in the south west breeze  
Writing so exciting the pen it keeps  
Drippin' out gems that's converted to hems and then  
People be hummin' it from now to they next to kin  
My family is starvin', you know they want me to win  
Me forfeit, please get off it  
Send a check in my name to my office  
Mutombo in the lane, yo I toss it  
Abstract comin' through witness the bull  
Hey yo, hey yo engineer cut the beat off  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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