Get Down

Clinton Sparks

[Busta Rhymes]
Flipmode Squad, let's keep it hip-hop
Rah Digga, Rampage

[Rampage]
Yo Bust' (yeah)
Let's smack these niggaz all in they motherfuckin face

[Verse One: Busta Rhymes]
This be the shit to go for broke on
'Til we own ships that carry big freight and niggaz harbor coke on
Now let me get my fuckin smoke on
I'll have your mother recitin my shit like she singin the fuckin boat song
Now watch the story unfold nigga
Bullets smackin your face and your chest just like a fuckin drumroll nigga
You ain't know me and my crew, we lockin it up
And rubberband stackin dough in Timberland shoebox nigga, and stockin it up
Too many of my niggaz at the door of the club
that be always gun cockin it up
We put together niggaz like the dick to these bitches
Givin it to 'em in the worst way for actin too {?} bridges
Crackin it down, backin it down
How we give it to niggaz, you know we only smackin it down
Before I bring it to a closure nigga
You think we finished cause my lil' 16 bars is over nigga?

[Chorus]
Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down why'all
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode why'all
Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down why'all
Get down, get-gi-get down why'all
Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down why'all
"We smashin all why'all" - "Flip-Flipmode represent"
Aiyyo, aiyyo - Flipmode "motherfuckers"
Swear to only bring you hot shit, everyday

[Verse Two: Rah Digga]
Keep the five for ya, the ruggedest chick
Spread shit like Tom Sawyer, bitch Will Smith
Be I the Fresh Princess, rulin shit run things

Your efforts is senseless, Hariett Thus
Ridin rare breed, fuck buyin a jar
I smoke the engineer weed motherfucker
Bitch got stuck in Wells Fargo, Brick City hooligan
Squattin at the car show - couldn't be a girly girl
if I tried; crazy slave to the live
But I'm still fly, love four by fours
Cause they ride like a toy, steady jumpin the curb
Pedestrians like "oh boy" I can sing, rap DJ
Work the instant replay
"Even though I'm slurrin my voice" like I was Freeway
Get it right 'cause-o, I keep the rhymes runnin
Kind of terror FBI don't even see comin, motherfuckers

[Chorus]
[Verse Three: Rampage]
Ashes is ashes and dust to dust
why'all see the low Ro', why'all ain't fuckin with us
Rampage nigga, I'm a sick man
Chop you in your face, cut off both of your hands
Wrap your body up, put it in a sedan
Drop yo' ass in a river, this is how I deliver
Got the maggots just eatin your liver, untold mystery
Your name is Swany River, you not a legend
Youse one dead nigga, six feet under
Never comin back, one year later
This is real facts (yeah) tell the feds
just to back up off me
Keep eatin donuts and drinkin that coffee
They say they know my M.O. from Philly to Milwaukee
Got my house tapped with the walkie talkies, shit
I'm just a victim in this case
My lawyer's good, so get the FUCK out my face

[Chorus]

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