

# Everybody On The Line Outside

## Flipmode Squad

-Busta Rhymes verse-  
Flipmode word bond  
Flipmode coming word bond  
Flipmode here word bond  
Feel no fear word bond  
Uh-uh-uh uh-uh  
uh-uh-uh uh-uh  
1998 Hot shit  
Hitting you off baby you do it like this Yo  
Crazy maybey a nigga look shadey  
Admire the nigga and let me shine baby  
Shine my nickel 380 yo its all gravy  
Never play me, follow orders you better obey me  
Sisco and dance all in the discos  
Crib show with a lot of bitches from here to Frisco  
Yah-yay my nigga or yippe yai yo  
Met a spanish chick I think her name is santiago  
The way she blow I never been blowed before  
Beyond a level where I could'nt take it no more  
Put it on shorty then I bounce through the backdoor  
She said hold on baby come here blaze it on the floor  
Now I finish with that  
Nigga give me my trap  
Staking whole lot of money get me before I finish my rap  
Think your shit don't stink  
Drunk crossed eyed nigga  
Walk crooked still spilling your drink  
Jam on!-Busta Rhymes chorus-  
Everybody's on the line outside  
Make you feel good make you come for the ride  
Going do it to my people till your're satisfied  
can't do it like this no matter how much you try  
I know you want to wild out come inside  
>From the left to the right lets coincide  
All night Flipmode coming open wide  
Wave your hand up in the air until your hands get tired-Rampage verse-  
Now I'm on charge  
The party's going down at the club mirage  
Rampage I'm still large

Coming in the door with my Flipmode Squad  
VIP pass flex on the blast  
Honey's in the corner yo I got to think fast  
Play my game right if I want some ass  
If I want to spend some cash, moet all night  
don't look at me wrong man your pokets ain't tight  
I got a Rolly that'll shine all night  
This is that jam that make you ballers want to fight  
And all you pretty ladies just wild for the night  
Put your bottles in the air from your left to your right  
Its Rampage you can call me legendary  
I drink alize with a little cranberry  
I clear my throat  
Got the flyest mink coat  
I told you before yo I'm going for broke  
Gebose-Repeat Chorus--Lord Have Mercy verse-  
Rotate the club  
Locate the Love  
Pulsate with the squeeze ass  
Double G cans fatigue shafts  
Out your league math  
Jeeps crash dent like bean bags  
New york city rub squishy touch and theme tags  
Not a dollar to loose  
Man let me hollar at you  
Never head wobble with fool  
Tomorrow was cruel to flock on the moon  
La La bye messaging your crew  
Travel at high speeds  
No ID  
God on the move  
Pardon me duke  
Nationwide thick base collide  
The gritty groove, smash fifty-two  
And levitate your side  
Who want it?  
Your back weak running like athletes  
Get on it  
Huh blaze the streets with no warning  
Andale Andale my people move for the montary  
Jack cheese collapse streets now put the john away  
Put the john away, put the john away-Repeat chorus 2x--Busta Rhymes-  
Yeah Flipmode raw deluxe hot shit  
1998 1999 year 2000  
Say what Lord Have Mercy

Say what Rampage the last nigga  
Say what Busta Rhymes the lyrical  
Say what say what say what

Songwriters

RHYMES, BUSTA / MCNAIR, ROGER / NOTISE, WAYNE / SPIVEY, GEORGE / FROESE, EDGAR /  
FRANKE, CHRISTOPHER G / BAUMANN, HANS PETER  
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