

# Flipmode Squad Meets Def Squad

## Busta Rhymes

Taking you to the other terrain, we mash strictly for the cream  
Here to kill your whole scene and your motherfuckin team  
Little 'Mal, the raw dawg, I know you heard of me  
You probably know some bitch niggaz who wanna murder me  
Busta Reggie Murray Ramp and Mercy's all we need for disaster  
For me the microphone master  
Look, I crash ya, bash ya skull  
Fucky with Mally G if you're trying to take a fall  
Niggaz talk about killin and never get to it  
Fuck the yappin, be true to it, do it  
Steady scream about your East and your West side  
But you ain't in it when it comes to the homicide  
Niggaz better get up off that bullshit quick  
Caught up in the limelight gettin way too slick  
See em at the shows bout to rock they shit off  
Gettin they peeps fucked up cause they block is soft  
As for terror, I sever the best of MC's  
Look, little Mally G trippin off these indo trees  
About to murder label's jerkin but mercy us  
Def Squad niggaz prophesize like the Perseus  
Droppin degrees to zero with flatlines  
Kill your whole entourage off with just one rhyme  
One rhyme... one rhyme... just one rhyme  
I don't give a fuck I kill em with just one rhyme  
Woo, hah, heh, yahah, you wish that you could get with this  
Terrorist, lyricist, for your era it's  
My time to shine and I'm still payin dues  
And I'ma be famous on either rap or the news, motherfucker  
I only tell you nothin but the real it's  
tight up in the struggle tryin to get this fuckin meal, why?  
Niggaz act shifty so I shift a long  
three tri three chrome, it's the same ol song  
I seen the shades and the suedes from afar Pah  
But hold up do you know who I are?  
The M-A-Double, you want trouble you got it the spot is on  
You blot it I got it then shot it it's hot up in your dome  
Peace with the chrome piece that I pack  
Remember fuck around and catch a Mack to your back Who the fuck I be I, you cannot see I  
Flabbergasted, blasted, my Magnum P.I.

Oops I lie, I got a cannon bout the size of Grand Canyon  
 I'm prime time, giving MC's Knots Landing  
 Duck, heavens to fuckin Merkatroid  
 I drop noise that employs the unbelievable  
 Recline like receding hairline, crime speaks fine  
 with a nine pull line blind keep mines up my sleeve until  
 you start to quiver, metabolism splits rivers  
 I rock so many broads I leave your entourage tender  
 Like bartenders mix liquor  
 I serve you over the rocks, I feed you to my flock, now time to click triggers  
 Manslaughter in alphabetical order for four quarters  
 raw water turn sons to granddaughters  
 Ah ha ha ha ha! I bring trouble where, you sleep  
 So I double dare to bust you in your bubble bear, coat  
 Antidotes cause gunsmoke in Tokyo  
 MC's dosey do your mics up in this rodeo  
 My star roast em up by the thousands, millions, quadrillions  
 Shuttin down national state buildings with high ceilings  
 Funk Doc to the spot freeze  
 Creepin on MC's like Vietnamese in army fatigues  
 Def Squad representer  
 Hit yo' ass up from the bottom when you enter Hey yo once a crack head, always a tack head  
 You have no craftibility all that shit you talk is dead  
 As sex drugs and violence, balance the scales of reality  
 Y'all don't want no parts of Keith Murray  
 I'm nicety and sheisty, I get that ass iced deliciously  
 Niggaz ain't shit to me (word up)  
 You stupid niggaz always got somethin smart to say  
 And probably can't even spell TWA  
 My crew is like police pull up and park anywhere (ERRRRR)  
 Jump out and get it on right then and there (whassup whassup??)  
 Niggaz is pussy and ways and actions show it  
 Most of y'all niggaz dead, and don't even know it  
 And Def Squad L.O.D. for life (word up, yeah fuck your life)  
 Act trife I'll let my dog cold fuck your wife Aiiyyo, you just heard the sounds of Mally G  
 Redman, Keith Murray, bringin the ruckus, the Def Squad  
 Next up is the Flipmode Squad, this is Howard Cossell  
 First up to the ring Rampage the Last Boy Scout  
 Lord Have Mercy For, and the In-fer-mous  
 Busta Rhymes Two one two, I'm living life as a rugged MC  
 When I step up in your jam yo I'm V.I.P.  
 Niggaz and bitches be eyein me  
 I'm spontaneous, I'm wreckin brothers out the frame  
 Because I'm dangerous  
 I'm well known like Keith Murray and my boy Reggie Noble

Chickenheads get gassed, so they call me on my mobile  
I'm great distance like AT&T  
I stroke like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Yo I Fades Them All like my man Mally G  
Whip a nigga ass for free  
And makin sure he see visions of me  
Rampage the talk of the town  
The stalker of New York that fucks up the underground (no doubt)  
I'm comin thorough like a pack of Life Savers  
Ask Marley Marl who's the real Future Flavors  
My technique I freak seven days a week  
I'm undefeated, you can see my Quantum Leap  
I'm hittin brothers where it hurt, lyrical expert  
Those who got no publishing they need to get jerked (no doubt)  
a hundred percent, I gets down what I invent  
Rap artists be dying to a certain extent  
Sometimes they use the underground to make a comeback  
That shit is wack, fade away and never come back  
For now and forever, it's the, evil that men do  
Mental, my inner center Winter  
Frosted froze crews inventor, inventor  
Invader, evacuate I collapse your major  
Straights and lose minds  
You're splits two times, for intruders, for these losers  
My maneuvers, drop like lugers  
Illegal, maybe Lethal, like Gibson's  
Splittin blessings, with three Weapons  
Lay in the cut like C-Sections, infestin the nine-six  
For you mindless, niggaz I smack spineless  
Or lay back like recliners, as inject jewels  
As flesh, moves, when in vaginas, ooh, ooh ooh ooh  
Corrupt your minors, like New York City's finest  
lineups, on LSD fine fust, in your sinus  
Crush like chinas, opiuMC grinders  
My dust, these rhymers I hijack like airliners  
The infiltrator, creator, I'm sinful  
Papers stay viscous like religious cults  
Leaders that drop scriptures, and rock clips or assault heaters  
My Flipmode niggaz, we're like Afghanistan guerillas  
If you want more information look listen and read  
While I sit back and I roll another fat bag of weed  
We about to take control of your set like cruise control speed  
Satisfy my lyrical semen, plants my Johnny Apple-seed  
Mental slave grip on your brain like white people  
My music will dominate the population like black people  
Utilize my efforts to excersize my inner thoughts  
I capitalize on my many and various styles of all sorts

Hold down the forts smokin drinkin mad quarts  
For sports talk to chickenheads in botty lik shorts  
Let's get the cream so that we can move up in this fortress  
Bounce to art galleries and purchase exotic portraits  
Here we go again, another phenomenon when I get on  
Busta Rhymes and my nigga named Stretch Armstrong  
We represent the ultimate unit for the nine-season  
Flipmode Squad will bust your shit for even the wrong reasons  
Chaotic sample make a nigga wanna get down  
Till they come through like the ATF and shut your shit down  
Alcohol tobacco and firearms is how we movin  
Raw rapid fire flows while the music keeps you niggaz groovin  
I don't know who the fuck you really think you foolin  
You're so far from up to par and your shit needs improvin  
From your conversation the way you come across your shit is off  
Malfunctionin my nigga you about to feel the real force  
Lay you on your face while I beat you up your head with the holy cross  
Exotic niggaz blastin off to the Land of the Lost  
If you can't see this  
I recommend some school for the blind by Helen Keller  
Big ups to Lord Have Mercy, Rampage and the Cella Dwellas  
Redman and the Rockafellas  
Big ups to Mally G, Keith Murray sunny days and bad weathers  
But still we travel the world like National Lampoon  
It's Busta Rhymes for the whole entire ninety-six SO STAY TUNED!!!  
Hahahahahahahahah  
Flipmode COMPLETELY getting inside that ass  
Def Squad, respek

Songwriters

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