

Call the Ambulance (feat. Rampage)

Busta Rhymes

Yeah! Busta Rhymes now, Flipmode now, check it
See we in 2003 already
Catch up to us
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hah, huhNow motherfuckin' case closed
The shit blow your speaker, keep turnin' your base low
Spaz out because I motherfuckin' say so
Before I blow this bitch like we down in WacoThick in cock diesel, that's the way we roll
Big truck shit, even my bitch whippin' the range rov'
We 'bout to skyrocket and the way we go
The way the bitches lookin' love the way we blowCheck it, we light shit up like broadway yo
The crack head rappers better just say no
Before I turn stupid and back the heat slow
Lay and wait for niggaz in the back street yo
Weak flow, take your shit like i'm comin' to repo
Create a crowd scene and stack a bunch of people
We bustin' through the doors, shootin' through your peephole
The shoot that never miss, like shootin' a free throwAll you niggaz better go andCall the ambulance, come and
pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass outCall the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulanceCatch sixteen to remove your organs
H2O ridin' round in same orbits
Notorious from New York to New Orleans
House come with the lake swimmin' with dolphins
Fifty G's with large proportions
Caught a few niggaz on money extortions
Niggaz snitch, F.B.I is hawkin'
Call Johnnie Cochran, yo this nigga is walkin'Shit, we gotta close down the club
Me and my cousin Bust, we like crockett and tubbs
I pushin' lambo's, big chains and dubs
Lead ya' Flipmode security with snubsUppin' club levels, hundred G's enough
And if them ducks rollin' bust i'm beatin' it up
The streets ain't safe, yo we heatin' it up
The party's on smashed up, now we tweakin' it up
The bitches want this dick so they eatin' it upNow all you bitches better go andCall the ambulance, come and

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I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance
Flipmode, we in heavy conjunction
We shutin' down in every function
Beat you in yo' head until your brain malfunction
Yo Bust, call the label, tell 'em we in production
Pinky ring status so it's no discussion
Stop talkin' shit, niggaz dodgin' and duckin'
I'm cream cheese with the English muffin
I still got respect in the flatbush junction, hey
Huh, it's like we shakin' down a dude
We like a pack of dogs that come to take a nigga food
My niggaz flip quicker than a fuckin' interlude
I beat niggaz head and blood drippin' through a tube
Peep bitch, I'm only here to change the fuckin' mood
And freeze you niggaz money like a nigga gettin' sued
And leave you in the church watchin' your body gettin' viewed
Don't get it fucked up or even misconstrued
All you niggaz better go and
Call the ambulance, come and pick up
your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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