RIOT

The Heavy Manners

Come on, yeah, ha, yeah
Busta Rhymes baby, yeah, ha
It's flipmode baby, yeah
Come on, come on, come on
We bout to 'cause a riot nigga
Yeah, yeah, yeah, come on
Got a lot of niggaz rollin' with your holla
'Cause you know we ripped it hotter than them other niggaz
Spot a nigga gettin' dollars not another nigga
Can do it the way that we cocked and shot another nigga
Think he deserved the way that he was boppin' with a cherry copper
Glitter blood fella send a cop to get 'em
It's funny the way the iron just to drop you quicker
Why I hit y'all with the fire, think I got a winner
Stackin' a crib with a chick that make a proper dinner
Black in the range with tint, and chrome aqua spinnin'
Parked right next to the Benz with a soap opera and the TV
Up in the dash co-starrin' a opera singer
That be the type of bullshit I be on and stay hot
I stop whippin' a Bentley to whip a Mercedes Maybach
And keep runnin' around the street like my name was Mel Patch nigga
Come through your hood and take your whole block, come on
And while we give it to you
While with me
(Come on)
My niggaz stack money to the sky with me
(Come on)
My niggaz in the place the need to riot with me
(Come on)
And set the whole place up in fire with me
(Come on)
All of my ladies in the beauty salon look bomb put yo shit on
And wait up in the line for me
(Come on)
You come all in the party lookin' fine for me
(Come on)
Holdin 'Gnac spill a little red wine for me
Let's 'cause a riot
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Let's 'cause a riot
Yo, Yo, yo, yo
Let's 'cause a riot
Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo

(Come on)
It's 'bout to get a little bit betta, start to get a little cheddar
Pack a big beretta
Check a nigga resume doin' a alphabet, ah
Go order and brandish the metal hid into your leather
No matter or whether or not you wearin' a vest
So you got your hand on the Cannon I got a bigger plan for you
Call up my mans for you, now watch you vanish
Makin' you family ask for you
You think that your family pay a couple of grand for you?
Like you afraid to hold a mac, like you were made to hold a gat
We made a hole and quickly dug out all the sand for you
The heat'll be makin' you put it on the glass shorty
Wiggle somethin' and get to showin' a little ass for me
(Bling)
Now lets get on and open smokin' and blast for thee
Niggas will really want it and fill the capacity
You muthafuckin' know it has to be
The way we touch it y'all niggas knowin' exactly who the master be
And while we give it to you
While with me
(Come on)
My niggaz stack money to the sky with me
(Come on)
My niggaz in the place they need to riot with me
(Come on)
And set the whole place up in a fire with me
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(Come on)

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