

Woo Hah! Got You All in Check

Busta Rhymes

When I step up in the place a-yo I step correct
Woo-Hah! Got you all in check
I got that head nod shit that make you break your neck
Woo-Hah! I got you all in check
And you know we come through to wreck the discotheque
Woo-Hah! I got you all in check
Throw your hands up in the air don't ever disrespect
Woo-Hah! I got you all in check Busta Rhymes up in the place, true indeed
Yes I catch wreck and that's word on my seed
I'm guaranteed to give you what you need
One blood everybody like Junior Reid
Wake up every morning yo I must succeed
Nationwide ruckus make the world stampede
Yo Willie mek we roll some weed
Mad charged nigga now I must proceed
Yo we 'bout to make moves, set speed
Peace to Baby Phife, Q-Tip, Ali Shaheed
Watch me knock you out like Apollo Creed
Body blows busting your shit making you bleed
Just feed off dynamic flows and take heed
Need more information homeboy then just read
Ay! You can read all about the pure breed
Do the bogle dance, man, do the pepperseed When I step up in the place a-yo I step correct
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Throw your hands up in the air don't ever disrespect
Woo-Hah! I got you all in check How dare you ever try to step on my suede shoes
Top Gun shut down your firm like Tom Cruise
Please let me get down and blow a fuse
Acting fools breaking shit down to molecules
Yo let me hit you with my ill street blues
Busta Rhymes always headlines the street news
Woo-Hah! Hey baby girl don't be confused
Sail my seven seas and enjoy my boat cruise
I know you really want to know who's
Coming through leaving blunt stains and residues

Sorry homeboy but your flow sound used
Got to pay your dues baby you know the rules
Whenever I travel the world I landcruise
If you choose to fuck around you get bruised
Now I got you gassed on super unleaded fuels
Give me room, give me some space yo excuse When I step up in the place a-yo I step correct
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Throw your hands up in the air don't ever disrespect
Woo-Hah! I got you all in check You now rocking with the best
Busta Rhymes coming through from the Flip Mode Squad
Boy Scout's who I be
Straight to your dome, we coming straight to your dome
Bringing all new ruckus to all you rap motherfuckers
Boy Scout's who I be, Flip Mode is the squ-id-ad
Busta Rhymes break it down like this Yo which motherfucker stole my flow
Eenie, meenie miney mo
Throw them type of niggas right out my window
Blast your ass hit you with a direct blow
Bo! Coming through like G.I. Joe
Star Wars moving ill like Han Solo
Make you bounce around like this was calypso
Always shine cause I got the Hi-Pro Glow
You think that you can hide you think you can lay low
Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0
Macked out with my dreads and my Kangol
Forget the Moet nigga just pass the Cisco
Yo! Take a trip down to Mexico
Come back with that shit that might make you psycho
Maximum frequencies through your stereo
Sorry this is it but homeboy I got to go When I step up in the place a-yo I step correct
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