

Riot

Paranoya

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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