Fright Night

Halloween Players

Attention please, attention please
Can I have everybody's attention please
So humorous, we laugh at all y'all
The alliance has now been officially formed
Ruff Ryder, Flipmode, 2000, it's now official baby
It's another head banger
Swizz Beats, who hits on your streets every six weeks
I be on the MP so much that my wrist's weak
Ain't shit sweet, pile 'em in here
All my thugs in the clubs start wildin' in here
Now put your bottles in the air, then light your dutches
Me and Busta keep it tight like liposuction
Niggas that don't like me get the knife for frontin'
'Cause one night in the club gets your life on crutches
You got that whodie, I'll cock that forty
Flyin' in the 5 with the top back on it
Stop that shorty, I know you love me
Probably sample one of my beats then owe me money
Plus you don't know me money, so stop the rumors
Before you need the janitors to come mop the room up
Ryde or Die Volume two, smash the charts
Now put your hands in the air for the black Mozart, oh
Ohh, now come on
Scream, jump baby come on
Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
Ohh, now come on
Scream, jump baby come on
Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
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Y'all niggas try to front, I'll send my crew on a hunt
Bunch of scheming ass niggas smoking gats and blunts
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode represent
For the Ruff Ryder, and my nigga Swizz
And we gonna be here to present
Y'all niggas with some other shit to bang in the street
And block the fuck out, bang the fuckin' floor with your feet
Before we bang y'all niggas all with the heat
Feed y'all niggas more gutters like a mutherfuckin' all you can eat

And make you bounce how poncho will play the Congo
And bang on the bongo, free to bounce on the bongo
From New York to Colorado, so just follow
I'm living for today and livin' tomorrow
Open up your mouth, I got somethin' big for you to swallow
Blow you through the chest with a hollow
Like the foul shit you waste and transpired right in front the impalo
Yo, the general Busta Busta shock and memorable
You know we precious like minerals, and deadly like burials
Ohh, now come on
Scream, jump baby come on
Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
Ohh, now come on
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Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
Listen, Flipmode and Ruff Ryders bang out hits
S W I two Z's bang out clips
Bang out chicks, for fun we bang out whips
Y'all go to war with revolvers that bang out flicks
Now find me on two-fifth in the summer when it starts
And iced up, nice cut, new pair of Jordans
Thinkin' of extortin', nigga your life ain't important
Your camp hotter than ours, the fuck y'all snortin'
My thugs bang out bricks, swing, mix, throw dem grams
Hash smokers, hopin' more and out of soda cans
Yo Swizz, I heard you stole, whoa, listen man
Mindin' my business will make you a missin' man
See the wrist and hand, got plaques on the wall
And a fifth in hand, I'll put your back on the wall
Nigga don't ask me no more about nuttin' you hear
Just scream and shout and just wild in here
Ohh, now come on
Scream, jump baby come on
Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
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Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
Ohh, now come on
Scream, jump baby come on
Get your hands up, what, now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, what, now let me walk you through it
New York, they ain't ready for it
A T L, they ain't ready for it
Oh, oh, oh, they ain't ready for it
Whoa, oh, oh, they ain't ready for it
My ladies
Millennium
Guns bustin' plenty of them, y'all hear that

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