

Here We Go Again (feat. The Flipmode Squad)

Busta Rhymes

Yeah
The Rulership
Anarchy niggas
Spliff Starr
Bus-a-bus
Roc Marci
Rah Digga
Baby Sham
Rampage
Yeah
Another Voyage nigga One, two, three
Come on Here we go again
Y'all niggas know we have to give it to you
Here we go again
Now feel this banger while it's running through you
Here we go again
We come to hit y'all with that nigga music
Here we go again
More shit for y'all gon' hear the drug abuse it
Here we go again
Now watch the way we always blow the spot
Here we go again
We fuck shit up and take the shit you got
Here we go again
Flipmode you know we always bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it I'm a real wise guy, you can't fuck with me
You could catch a quick bullet like Brandon Lee
Carry my squad on my back like a M.V.P.
I got a sick paddle log that's banned from TV
Charge your whole squad a hundred CC
Straight from the streets, learn from OG's
Rocks ain't nothing my jewels is deep freeze

Blood, sweat, and tears, gotta stack the G's
They don't wanna see me twenty pounds heavier
On the cellular they wanna see me shot and bellied up
I tell you what when I'm switching my whips
I bury one walk around in the streets with heavy guns
Bust it, marinate in your self-source
A couple shells to dry you out to a pale horse
Smashing your image, take it back
Then we crack with a villian
Scratching my d-dick plus be the rapper to liquid
Spliff starr
Rampage
Rah Digga
Roc Marci
Baby Sham
Busta Rhymes
DJ Scratchator
Flipmode Squad
Muthafucker, what y'all niggas want?
Yeah you know we always gonna give it to you
HardcoreI double drop kick niggas run around evict niggas
Give it to you full blown like H.I.V. sick niggas
Act like you know B, I watch you die slowly
Tapped action like Charles Dick to Kobe
Was a blood spilling smack a fagot from the village
Steam boil cabbage and hurt your Mama feelings
Run you off the court, defeat you at your sport
Spit, pop, and twist niggas like Moet corks
What now hardcore sounds, we snatch crowns
Too much mouth you lay down we clear crowds
Send a large threat what you expect
For me to get rich nigga and blow off my set
Never that I'ma rep Flipmode
Till the sky's black turn to macks
And hear how we murdered this track
Do you feel me dogs?
Six blocks, ninety-six buildings
Brick walls, still push rock
'Cause I'm the source
Now make noise one time for the tight little swinger
Posing in flicks sticking up my middle finger
Everybody trying to get they little shine these days
Make a bitch cold flip back to my grimy ways
Ball in my court, those who lack sport
Tear they ass to the roof without the black thought
Coming on the scene thinking you the Don Juan
Type crimes have you pissing all in your Sean Don
Here we go now
Now what the fuck y'all niggas want?
And how we blow

And give you all exactly what you want?
See Flipmode is the squad
Whatever niggas wanna try
We smash you in your face
And make it black around your eye
We out to wreck it no doubt
I'm out to hit y'all with some shit that make you
Bug the fuck out
And make y'all niggas get real arrogant and
Thug the fuck out
And everytime we in the spot
We always smash shit and make y'all niggas
Bust a slug out Here we go again
Y'all niggas know we have to give it to you
Here we go again
Now feel this banger while it's running through you
Here we go again
We come to hit y'all with that nigga music
Here we go again
More shit for y'all gon' hear the drug abuse it
Here we go again
Now watch the way we always blow the spot
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We fuck shit up and take the shit you got
Here we go again
Flipmode you know we always bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it
(What?)
Bring it Ha
Flipmode
New album
Labor Day 2000
Fuckers
The Rulership LP
Flipmode Squad
Unstoppable
Cut the shit off
Cut it off

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