

Flipmode Enemy #1

Rampage

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo remember we was goin down to the mall
To get the juniors with some cheesecake
And these crums was in the front
You know what I was sayin
Yo blast what you was kickin to me, on the way to that piece
You know? I'm about to see a mill, you damn right it's real
I keep it real, from the school of the hard knocks
The brown skinned brother with dreadlocks
That's that's stickin up barber shops and jewelry shops, fuck it
Somebody gotta get dropped, that's my word on hip hop
Rampage is here to stay, I won't stop
The feds tried to get me, and were too thru the cops
I'm on the streets, gotta pass heat everyday
Before I leave my rest, yo I got to pray
My nine spray, get me caught up like boom jakes
I'm in the Bronco with my man Paco, from Puerto Rocko
It's all about the indo
Now I'm in the stereo, what's the scenario
I co rock the house and bo rump the show
Alot of MC's wanna go toe with toe
You got me 6 triggered, H2O, I'm been flatbushed
With my steel on the low
Maintain in the game like a superhero Yo, I'm still on the run, my uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Flipmode Enemy #1
One, one, one
One, one, one
One, one, one My rhymes is red hot, 2010 degrees
Anti Freeze, get these trees count the cheese
Take off them stone wild sleeves, let me breath
I'm boom bakin over seas, I'm comin thru
Like the Killa Bees
High Tech like Japanese

Lyrical lieutenant, Live every minute
I'm bout to shut 'em down boy
Don't forget it
You actin like you still with it
You way ya straight, if you did in the '98
After take two shots to the head for the waste
Six ways to split the cake, Rampage is on the tape
On the I.R.S., now put it around my chest
It's my rebel without a cause, I'm takin yours
In the river like George, just because
Sat it with salad bars and cole slaws, on ya lips
I'm a pilot, I steal ships that flips
Wit the Mo, F ya barcode
And my trunk load to unfold, I'm out to get the gold
My mission is past the globe, get ready
Rock steady, 98 to outbreak
Is it ya life that I take, is it money that I make
I cut you like beef steak I'm still on the run, my uzi ways a ton
Because I'm Flipmode Enemy #1
One, one, one
One, one, one
One, one, one Serious
Yeah boys, straight to dome
Knock knock nobody's home
Rampage the Last Boy Scout, straight to ya head
Yo, that's when I said, if Freddy ain't dead
Haha, That's just the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Once again
Flipmode's the squad
That's word to God
But every nigga ain't even, it's odd
You know you know
Rampage the last nigga
O you just cant make it
Yo we got Busta Rhymes, Lord Have Mercy, Spliff By Spliff
You know, and me Serious, ah
What? ah, man, yo yo yo
We losin them Ramp, we losin them
I can't see them, we losin them

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