

We Put It Down For Y'all

Busta Rhymes

Shit is about to get real serious
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode Squad, Swizz Beatz check it out
Yo, it's like tic tac toe
God is back, make bitches say, "Hoe"
Blow shit, roast shit 'n' down in Waco
Big foot raps nigga, let's make dough
Pull up to the lot, valet the Range Rove
Flier than a motherfucker, all day glow
In the club nigga, glow in the dark and lay low
Bang your head to this shit while the beat plays slow
Junior varsity niggas while we play pro
Ringside seats, we all in the same row
Like a crew of bitches pull up in Dodge Durangos
And how we dazzle these bitches with how we change flows
We take your slot, how a bitch take half
And rock chains with pieces the size of spacecrafts
You know what I rep, that's Flipmode Squad
Wildin' like a thousand niggas up in the wreck yard
Callin' all live niggas
Booyah!
Callin' all live bitches
Ooh ooh!
Yes, I hold a pound for y'all
Say what?
Busta Rhymes hold it down for y'all
Get money!
Callin' all live niggas
Booyah!
Callin' all live bitches
Ooh ooh!
Yes, I hold a crown for y'all
Say what?
Flipmode put it down for y'all
Yea, yea!
Yea, yo, the empire strikes back
Shit is official, street niggas fight back
The way we set it off even the bitches might black
Raunchy as fuck, even they like it like that
Busta Rhymes in this bitch, you know, I got another batch

More hotter shit nigga strike another match
Bang this shit in your truck, nigga open up the hatch
And hold on your jewels before your shit get snatched
Better lock your doors, slide across the latch
Before we figure out the next vic to catch
So much lyrics flowin' to throw in a teacup
More crack for y'all, we just reed up
Gutter like a piss test in a pee cup
Switch the bounce for the streets, had to change the speed up
Raw for the bitches who thick and beefed up
Strip a club, big titty bitches double D cup
We all up in the truck, what the fuck, we treed up
Pure coke for niggas, get skeed up
Let me bang somethin' hard on your head like Vince Carter
And charter jets for my niggas with automatic starters
Blow shit regular like the UniBomber
Surprise attack you, niggas, like fuckin' Pearl Harbor
Jailhouse raps, let it bang a little harder
While I rep for the fam, Busta Rhymes, the godfather
Callin' all live niggas
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Yes, I hold a crown for y'all
Say what?
Flipmode put it down for y'all
Yea, yea, yea!
So remarkable
Classic rugged nigga music
Big truck shit
Twenty inch rims on a UConn or somethin'
A fuckin' Escalade, Navigator

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