

Abandon Ship (ft. Rampage The Last Boyscout)

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

You don't know what we doing right here! [Chorus 1: x2]

One two three we gon' turn it out

And make you rock to the beat and then scream and shout

We gonna hit you with the shit we got here

We gonna blow your mind (blow your mind)

Keep it moving like this, keep it moving like that

If I die, I'ma only come back

Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me wrong

Don't even waste your time (waste your time) [Chorus 2]

You niggas talk shit then abandon ship

Niggas talk shit then they abandon ship

Niggas talk shit, then they abandon ship

Niggas talk shit then they abandon ship [Rampage the Last Boy Scout & Busta Rhymes]

I 80Off like the Assassin, now I'm blastin I'm takin over

Stick you for your blue Range Rover

I told ya, Rampage a real live soldier

Been in the game, sinc the age of thirteen

A microphone fiend, so I'm goin to see my P.O.

It's August the 1st, so I guess I'm a Leo

My P.O., look like Vanessa Del Rio

She pulled my rap sheet, just like, Neo Geo Hahahaaa! I always roam through the forest

Just like a brontosaurus, born in the month of May

So my sign is Taurus, kick you in your face

Like my fuckin name was Chuck Norris, make you sing my chorus

Rock to the beat and then, turn into a walrus

You remain nameless, my victory remains flawless

Acting like you wild, but I know you really harmless

While your time is coming, I make the fat shit regardless Many niggas want to know when the Ramp return

Yo I'm getting phone calls from that nigga Howard Stern

He wants to know about my Flip Mode click

The way we get down and BUST niggas shit!

LP after LP, we make G's

I run up in your ganks den take you for your keys

I'm not lying or joking, you get broken

Dead in Flatbush, back to Roanoake and People always asking me, how your shit be selling

For making shit guaranteed to bust your fucking melon

Police throwed me up on charges like I was a felon

There was no telling, when I was striking had you swelling

Cruising in my Lands, watch the police how they be gelling
 Lock you up for days and got a nigga ass smelling
 Yo fuck that! You best believe there ain't no time for dwelling
 If you ain't makin noise you need to kill the fucking yelling[Chorus 1][Chorus 2][Rampage & Busta]
 Yo, yo, yo I run up in your set like a New York city
 I can't slip, I beat you down with my vice grip
 Your lost, that means you way off course
 No remorse, I'm gettin five in The Source I be saddle back biting motherfuckers like a horse
 Turn and toss, niggas all up in my applesauce
 Watch me reinforce, my shit feel good like intercourse
 Ever since I was a shorty rockin Hugo Boss Hey yo bust it Bust (why) you just made my day
 If you didn't put me on I'd be locked like O.J.
 Now I'm writing rhymes hitting shorties everyday
 In the full running drinking ice Tanqueray
 I don't eat pork I take a fish fillet
 Now I'm knocking out niggas from, to, touche!
 Now I'm going back around the way
 I'm ripping shit, like my name was Marvin Gaye Yo, now I'm back with more Bionic like my name was Colt
 Seavers
 Got you niggas open like a bunch of wide receivers
 Time is on the meter, go clean your act up in the cleaners
 Chicken head, give me some of your chicken fajitas
 Yo I beg your pardon, I write my rhymes way past the margins
 Squeeze the Charmin, peace to one million men marchin
 When you talk shit you really don't know what you startin
 Now your shit is done like a fuckin empty milk carton It's on for the nine-six, mad shows at the Ritz
 Now we got you open like Fixx
 Sticking to your stomach like Quaker Oat Grits
 Fisherman hat with my brand new kicks
 On the low, I still rock my Girbauds
 See the show, I got my nickel plated fo'-fo'
 All my rough niggas open the do'
 Cause Boy Scout brings the ruckus and I'm still hardco' Yo, when I walk streets you know my blade's a little
 sharper
 Fuck Peter Parker, I cross you like a magic marker
 Every time I hit I always hit a little harder
 Blazing to the point where niggas look a little darker
 Catching suntans from my music, fans understand
 Making fat shit, I always love to lend a helping hand
 Organized rhyme unit like the Poison Clan
 While your ride is busted, I be your luxury Sedan
 Number one nigga in the chain of command
 Breaking fool in school like my nigga Geechie Dan
 Hey yo, I see intruders on my scan

Singing at your funeral like Bobby Bluebland[Chorus 1]

Songwriters

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