

Call the Ambulance (feat M.O.P & Rah Digga)

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, Busta Rhymes now, Flipmode now, check it
See we in two-thousand-and-three already, catch up to us
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, haha, huhNow motherfucking case closed
The shit blow your speaker, keep turning your base low
Spaz out because I motherfucking say so
Before I blow this bitch like we down in Waco
Thick in cock diesel, that's the way we roll
Big truck shit, even my bitch whipping the Range Rov'
We 'bout to skyrocket and the way we go
The way the bitches looking love the way we blow
Check it, we light shit up like Broadway yo
The crack-head rappers better just say no
Before I turn stupid and back the heat slow
Lay and wait for niggas in the back street yo
Weak flow, take your shit like I'm coming to Repo
Create a crowd scene and stack a bunch of people
We busting through the doors, shooting through your peephole
The shoot that never miss is like shooting a free throw
All you niggas better go and[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance[Rampage]
Catch sixteen to remove your organs
H-2-O riding round in same orbits
Notorious from New York to New Orleans
House come with the lake swimming with dolphins
Fifty keys with large proportions
Caught a few niggas on money extortions
Niggas snitch, F.B.I. is hawkin
Call Johnny Cochran, yo this nigga is walking
Shit, we got to close down the club
Me and my cousin Bust, we like Crockett and Tubbs

Pushing Lambo's, big chains and dubs
Lead the Flipmode security with snubs
Upping club levels, hundred G's and up
And if them ducks rollin Bust I'm beatin it up
The streets ain't safe, yo we heatin it up
The party's on smash, now we tweakin it up
The bitches want this dick so they eatin it up[Busta] Now all you bitches better go and[Chorus][Rampage]
Flipmode, we in heavy conjunction
We shut it down in every function
Beat you in yo' head until your brain malfunction
Yo Bust, call the label, tell 'em we in production
Pinky ring status so it's no discussion
Stop talking shit, niggas dodging and ducking
I'm cream cheese with the English muffin
I still got respect in the Flat bush junction, hey[Busta Rhymes]
Huh, it's like we shaking down a dude
We like a pack of dogs that come to take a nigga food
My niggas flip quicker than a fucking interlude
I beat niggas head and blood dripping through a tube
Peep bitch, I'm only here to change the fucking mood
And freeze you niggas money like a nigga getting sued
And leave you in the church watching your body getting viewed
Don't get it fucked up or even misconstrued
All you niggas better go and[Chorus]

Songwriters

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