

# Riot

## Deep Street Soul

Come on, yeah, ha, yeah  
Busta Rhymes baby, yeah, ha  
It's flipmode baby, yeah  
Come on, come on, come on  
We bout to 'cause a riot nigga  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, come on  
Got a lot of niggaz rollin' with your holla  
'Cause you know we ripped it hotter than them other niggaz  
Spot a nigga gettin' dollars not another nigga  
Can do it the way that we cocked and shot another nigga  
Think he deserved the way that he was boppin' with a cherry copper  
Glitter blood fella send a cop to get 'em  
It's funny the way the iron just to drop you quicker  
Why I hit y'all with the fire, think I got a winner  
Stackin' a crib with a chick that make a proper dinner  
Black in the range with tint, and chrome aqua spinnin'  
Parked right next to the Benz with a soap opera and the TV  
Up in the dash co-starrin' a opera singer  
That be the type of bullshit I be on and stay hot  
I stop whippin' a Bentley to whip a Mercedes Maybach  
And keep runnin' around the street like my name was Mel Patch nigga  
Come through your hood and take your whole block, come on  
And while we give it to you  
While with me  
(Come on)  
My niggaz stack money to the sky with me  
(Come on)  
My niggaz in the place the need to riot with me  
(Come on)  
And set the whole place up in fire with me  
(Come on)  
All of my ladies in the beauty salon look bomb put yo shit on  
And wait up in the line for me  
(Come on)  
You come all in the party lookin' fine for me  
(Come on)  
Holdin' 'Gnac spill a little red wine for me  
Let's 'cause a riot  
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Let's 'cause a riot  
Yo, Yo, yo, yo  
Let's 'cause a riot  
Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo

(Come on)

It's 'bout to get a little bit betta, start to get a little cheddar  
Pack a big beretta

Check a nigga resume doin' a alphabet, ah  
Go order and brandish the metal hid into your leather  
No matter or whether or not you wearin' a vest  
So you got your hand on the Cannon I got a bigger plan for you  
Call up my mans for you, now watch you vanish  
Makin' you family ask for you  
You think that your family pay a couple of grand for you?  
Like you afraid to hold a mac, like you were made to hold a gat  
We made a hole and quickly dug out all the sand for you  
The heat'll be makin' you put it on the glass shorty  
Wiggle somethin' and get to showin' a little ass for me

(Bling)

Now lets get on and open smokin' and blast for thee  
Niggas will really want it and fill the capacity  
You muthafuckin' know it has to be  
The way we touch it y'all niggas knowin' exactly who the master be  
And while we give it to you

While with me

(Come on)

My niggaz stack money to the sky with me

(Come on)

My niggaz in the place they need to riot with me

(Come on)

And set the whole place up in a fire with me

(Come on)

All of my ladies in the beauty salon look bomb put yo shit on

And wait up in the line for me

(Come on)

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(Come on)

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