

# Freestyle (Future Flavas 1) (feat. Lord Finesse)

## Cormega

[Busta Rhymes]  
Busta Rhymes, the place to be  
Flipmode Squad, entirety  
With the God, Cormega  
No fucking deals, we gets biz like that  
Stack bills, why'all niggas chill  
One time, QB, yeah my nigga Cormega  
Busta Rhymes, real MC's  
What the fuck, chill why'all niggas will watch  
From above, up in the heavens, Busta Rhymes, and Cormega  
It's about approximately seven o'clock  
Its get busy while niggas is still riding the jock  
Yeah my gock, stay on cock  
What the fuck you looking at black?  
Relax, chill with all that  
I'm saying though  
Its gets busy with the wild flow  
Busta Rhymes, gets busy, and digging 40 below  
While you shoveling snow  
We freestyle and having a good time  
Busta Rhymes, my nigga named Cormega  
Lets have a seat and play a game of, uh.  
Sega Genesis, we gets busy from here to Nemesis  
It comes through like this  
While all them other niggas is diminishing and blemishing  
We come through with the rhymes, and we still finishing  
The whole show at the end of the night  
Niggas don't feel right, niggas is moving uptight  
Fuck the bullshit, I'm coming through my shit is out of sight  
Play out in tomorrows, while niggas is driving fly cars  
Motherfucker, we driving fat bottles at the bar  
Niggas can't see me and the mega, is superstars  
Now what the fuck is here, Busta Rhymes living legend, dairy  
Cormega, it's very necessary, that we school niggas  
Drop jewels on niggas, fools out of niggas  
We play em like that, word is born  
Guess we comes down like this  
Have fun mega, show them niggas deal shit[Cormega]  
Yo son, we need the silence

Yo shit is real I can't escape the violence  
In my sleep, I see jail cells in Gator Island  
My greatest challenge, to analyze, like I'm weighing ounces  
Lounging in a rover, on a Jamaican island  
I kick the potent grammar, flow like, coke you bag up  
I told my son in mart nine to blow your man up  
My hand to hand soldiers, rep ill  
If my words don't affect you, then death will  
Mega Montana, for real, say hello to the bad guys  
This Busta Rhymes, Mega shit is madd fly, and I  
Keep my heater on standby  
The nine millimeter shine, kill or be killed  
You fuck me you die, you fuck me you die, you fuck me you'll die  
I don't trust a nine, but a I love my nigga Busta Rhymes[Busta Rhymes]  
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Right through the door, the ambassador  
Busta Rhymes will make all you niggas fall on the floor  
Catch a heat stroke, Busta Rhymes is still provoke  
Niggas will choke off my black smoke, what the fuck  
Niggas don't really want the noise, its Busta Rhymes  
I make noise, for all the little girls and boys  
To enjoy when I speak  
It's Busta Rhymes, and I get down every single day of the week  
Motherfuckers talk that bullshit, shit still sound weak  
What the fuck you dealing wit?  
Niggas is bustin' nuts all over your families  
Its Busta Rhymes, and I come through, and I defy gravities  
Niggas can not see the technology  
It's Busta Rhymes, my shit is advanced, take one chance  
My shit is like CD's enhanced  
It's a breakthrough, what the fuck is the deal  
My rhyme skill, is so ill, niggas better chill  
Busta Rhymes coming through for real, Cormega..[Cormega]  
What up my nigga?  
[Busta Rhymes]  
We had fun  
[Cormega]  
Yeah, It's like that, you don't stop  
[Busta Rhymes]  
Then we back niggas guns[Cormega]  
Yeah, Yeah, It's like that and you don't stop  
My nigga Busta Rhymes kicking from the bottom to the top  
In the studio live, me and my niggas lied  
My and my nigga Busta rep'n since 9-5  
Cause 95, that's the year a nigga like me arrived

On the streets I was locked down, doing my time  
I see my nigga Busta in the studio, he like yo  
"Your shit is peace God", I'm like "peace, I like you too bro"  
Ever since then, we've been cool like Hennessey, and Remi  
And rhyme is like extremity  
I'm in the studio, kicking the rhyme again, I'm divine again  
With my black notebook, and ill fucking Heineken  
My nigga motherfucker Busta, the Rhyme  
Yo, shit is real God  
Peace, love, divine (Word is born)[Busta Rhymes]  
It was a nice little moment  
We just coming through breezing, like sea breeze on niggas  
No doubt, we throw niggas on grills and barbeque there ass  
Real hot for the 9-7, Cormega back on the streets, nigga  
What the fuck is the deal with all why'all  
Niggas getting a little sneak previews on how the climate might change  
Fuck is the problem? Stay focused before you miss out on the God  
Violator family like, why'all niggas get familiar with it  
Aiight, chill

Songwriters

REMI, SALAAM/JONES, NASIRPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>