

# Flipmode Iz Da Squad

## Rampage

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Drop it

Uh, ladies and gentlemen Y'all siga siga sing it

(Flipmode is da squad) It's the ramp auto nigga you've been waiting for, the outlaw

Throwing brothers off the seashore, this is your detour

Flipmode take you to war, kids in the hood can't take it no more

I'm the one you looking for

If eight is enough, I rock my stuff, watch you get cuff

Yo, you fucking with the wrong bluff

I got more King than Just

Niggas make me mad, now I got to squeeze and bust

Bringing harm with my lucky charm, me and Saddam

I can't keep calm, release the bomb, (boom)

Radiation, to the nation, call your congregation

My Squad is on plantation

And word up, Rampage, last nigga scout

Quick to punch a nigga in his mouth

That's word to down south

Brothers bite my rhymes, acting on preps, spinning my lyrics

Putting in their lyrical concepts

This is rap with no rules

Fuck being cool, old school or new school

I'm supreme, I'm on the fat winning team

A lot of clicks wanna dream, peep my theme

I'm in it to win it, you damn right I'm getting cream

Microphone fiend, uhEhhh, eh eh eh eh eh eh, eh eh eh eh eh eh, eh

Hallelujhah, kids hear this (this), you got to hear this (this)

Flipmode's the one and your shit should hear this

Splitting the guns, causing a earthquake  
My contradict thick like a Mickey D shake  
I give the shit that I know you can't take  
Fuck out my way for heaven's sake  
I got my eye on you (you), what you gonna do (do), you ain't got clue  
(Clue)

Shoo fly shoo fly shoo  
Everything's peachy keen neato  
Tommy coming fast like Speedo  
Make a blast like a torpedo  
Deep like Captain Nemo  
I brings the primo  
My life will be nitro large, jumbo  
Your shit be itty bitty bitty bitty micro  
In your ass like a vaccine  
Point MC's to my hilly bill jeans  
I eat MC's with rice and beans (beans), rice and greens (greens)

I wreck the whole scene  
Serious, true brother, should not scream Yo yo, yo, yo  
Yo check this here, I be the thug up in your ear  
From here to Cakalaka, the microphone attacker  
Spliff I split psycho soloist, one of the dopest  
Singing songs on recess when I'm giving one fuck, uhh  
Pastor of disaster, I brings it on  
My Flipmode niggas be like Children Of The Corn  
Running through your block blasting (pow)  
With no questions asking  
Putting bullet holes through your fucking latest fashion  
The ignorant immigrant  
Magnificent, like Morrocco  
Stacking that cheddar like nacho  
The number one honcho  
Dirty nigga desperado rhyme well bravo  
Freestyle felon oops upside your fucking melon  
Breaking fool on they ass just like George did to Helen  
I got the world yelling  
Hit the punashatach unitl it start smelling Y'all siga siga sing it  
(Flipmode is da squad) Yo yo, yo, yo, yo let me continue  
Motherfucker I'm about to send you (ha ha ha ha)  
Check me out, the demon done got up in you

What the fuck you talking about I've been waiting  
I wanna talk to you, shit, watery shit  
Caught the 24 hour flu, soft  
Of course, blow you off course  
Flying through the sky like the Pegasus horse  
You lost to be the boss, I toss  
Kill corny niggas with no remorse  
Turn my lights off, turn my mic on  
Yo Busta Rhymes could manifest so who'd be the true lyric icon  
It really don't matter how much bigger  
I storm all over motherfuckers, like some end of the world niggas  
Like rapid fire, chicka cha, blaow  
Bust a shot all up in your face, nigga what now  
Mistaken enough I just breaking chicken  
Prepare for the undertaking, your whole body faking  
I always try my hardest to keep communicating  
But you ain't relating  
You fucked up on what I'm making  
Watch, how we attract like magnets, break your body down to fragments  
Cut you down to half size, quarter size, eighth size, nigga  
Get up off my dick  
Chop you up and bag you up just like a half a brick  
Reversible, rehearsable, Busta Rhymes, almighty merciful  
Dismantle, example, your whole crew will get trampled  
Follow the example, the lyrical nutritionist, the abolitionist  
I revolutionize the music like a fucking revolutionist  
Busta Rhymes will stay snapping while bitches keep on yapping  
When my shit is done, you fuckers start clapping, what the happened  
Rhymes feel like a bunch of diesel niggas, hype niggas  
We be them type niggas, them side swipe niggas  
While you be the apprentice  
My dick up in your mouth just like a dentist  
You Seventh Day Adventist  
My rhymes is in the, uhh  
For memory laps, no halves, caught up in traps  
I cross country like traveling maps  
WorldwideOne, nation indivisible, with, liberty the god individual  
Cripple you  
Colonize like pirates and criminals  
Convicted of world crimes while I'm world wide in flows  
Modernize and digital  
Evacuate civilize  
Billions tumble  
My skill guzzle  
Iced tea with cop killas, top billas now

So binoculars to follow  
Blood drops in spillage  
In treetops my gorillas collapse shit, like Alaskan winters (ha)  
Sinners (ha) frostbit  
Lost sleds and lost fingers  
Lord, commander of large missile militias  
Pick, up, dust, like the share croppers galoshes  
And spray Agent Orange from helicopters on impostors  
Then I, return like a  
Jed-i, with guns are Han Solo and never, seen, three, P.O's  
The good against evil, flash forever  
Spread mash and take  
Drastic measures, blast berrettas  
I carry nines like math professors  
Lord Have, drop jewels, sword slash  
Rob crews that snatch treasures  
Halt, the global giant unfolds the science  
Unify blends the fire to the sea  
I bring crisis and crucifixion with the newest Scriptures  
Rugged who control hundreds  
Who stay cold blooded like anemics  
Paint pictures that keep minds twisted like spinal defects  
Spit jewels  
Watch your platoon  
Lick wounds  
And form scabs before they grif again  
It's Lord hittin 'em  
And as the world turns, like, Holy Koran scripts  
My response is to keep repping, son  
Terrorize, for six days  
And gon' rest on the seventh one

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