

When Disaster Strikes

Busta Rhymes

Yeah

Good God Yeah, for all you motherfuckers across the whole entire galaxy

Busta Rhymes and the whole entire Flipmode Squad

Back at y'all motherfuckers in 1997

Hah, When Disaster Strikes, When Disaster Strikes

Take a look and sit on the sidelines and bear witness On and on, return from the future like a centurion

All my affiliates, let's stack another mill-ion

While you learn on how the words go to my motherfucking song

Watch me puts it on, it keeps you open all day long

The way we fuck shit up you thinkin' somethin' must be wrong

Set the high standards for corny niggaz to get the gong

Bleach your ass blonde and black your color back to bronze

On Happy Days I be the coolest nigga like The Fonz So spectacular how I touch souls from here to Africa

My Zimbabwe niggaz bangin' my joints up in they Acura

Pssh, OOH! Makin' you feel the funk from bumper to bumper

Drive an imported 500 in foreign license plate numbers, ha ha

Laugh at ya, oh, me and my passengers

Flip-ass niggaz over quick like frying pan spatulas

Why do you be wastin' your time, bein' mad at us?

Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous Yes yes y'all, Flipmode Squad y'all

We reign supreme in 1997

When Disaster Strikes, you will all feel

When Disaster Strikes, you will all see

When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness

To the most high exalted Yo, I keeps flows so ridiculous

Rhyme flow taste good like a handful of cherry licorice

Practice your rhyme or be the local practitioner

Well you can try bein' a doctor or bein a local obstetricianist

See, you can be somethin'

Quit tryin' to work so fuckin' hard to-wards nothin'

This rhyme shit was never designed for every swollen muffin'

Yo, I'm sayin' Why y'all niggaz think that y'all could really see my Squad?

And if we hit you hard that's when you feel the power of the God

Do it right and big up my peeps and A Alikes

On alike, repel, especially feel When Disaster Strikes

Extremely delicate like the blowin' out of candlelights

The quiet killings of projects niggaz whenever they wanna fight That type of shit that shine and blind a nigga
eyesight, aiiight?

We keepin' it tight, y'all niggaz don't want it, right?

You will never ever get no wins inside mi casa
We killin all impostors like we kill the cucurachas
Bounce to award ceremonies, like we winnin' Oscars
Rhymin' rastas, eatin' enough exotic pasta, hah, yoWe keep it movin' for all of y'all
Freak y'all niggaz out while I'm makin' y'all niggaz fall
Disaster will hitcha quick any time you wanna brawl
Perm, press, a nigga back, peel them of the wall
So tell me, why do you be wastin' your time, bein' mad at us?
Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous!Hah, oh yes y'all!
This situation, has now been brought before your very eyes
And as we carry on Flipmode Squad continues to conquer the world
When Disaster Strikes, you will all fear
When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness
To The Most High Exalted, hah!

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