

Stevie Nicks % Tom Petty "Everybody on the Line Outside"

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-Busta Rhymes verse-

Flipmode word bond

Flipmode coming word bond

Flipmode here word bond

Feel no fear word bond

Uh-uh-uh uh-uh

uh-uh-uh uh-uh

1998 Hot shit

Hitting you off baby you do it like this Yo

Crazy maybey a nigga look shadey

Admire the nigga and let me shine baby

Shine my nickel 380 yo its all gravy

Never play me, follow orders you better obey me

Sisco and dance all in the discos

Crib show with alot of bitches from here to Frisco

Yah-yay my nigga or yippe yai yo

Met a spanish chick I think her name is santiago

The way she blow I never been blowed before

Beyond a level where I could'nt take it no more

Put it on shorty then I bounce through the backdoor

She said hold on baby come here blaze it on the floor

Now I finish with that

Nigga give me my trap

Staking whole lot of money get me before I finish my rap

Think your shit dont stink

Drunk crossed eyed nigga

Walk crooked still spilling your drink

Jam on!

-Busta Rhymes chorus-

Everybody's on the line outside

Make you feel good make you come for the ride

Going do it to my people till your're satisfied

Cant do it like this no matter how much you try

I know you want to wild out come inside

>From the left to the right lets coincide

All night Flipmode coming open wide

Wave your hand up in the air until your hands get tired

-Rampage verse-

Now im on charge
The party's going down at the club mirage
Rampage im still large
Coming in the door with my Flipmode Squad
VIP pass flex on the blast
Honey's in the corner yo I got to think fast
Play my game right if I want some ass
If I want to spend some cash, moet all night
Dont look at me wrong man your pokets aint tight
I got a Rolly that'll shine all night
This is that jam that make you ballers want to fight
And all you pretty ladies just wild for the night
Put your bottles in the air from your left to your right
Its Rampage you can call me legendary
I drink alize with a little cranberry
I clear my throat
Got the flyest mink coat
I told you before yo im going for broke
Gebose

-Repeat Chorus-

-Lord Have Mercy verse-

Rotate the club
Locate the Love
Pulsate with the squeeze ass
Double G cans fatigue shafts
Out your league math
Jeeps crash dent like bean bags
New york city rub squishy touch and theme tags
Not a dollar to loose
Man let me hollar at you
Never head wobble with fool
Tomorrow was cruel to flock on the moon
La La bye messaging your crew
Travel at high speeds
No ID
God on the move
Pardon me duke
Nationwide thick base collide
The gritty groove, smash fifty-two
And levitate your side
Who want it?
Your back weak running like athletes
Get on it
Huh blaze the streets with no warning
Andale Andale my people move for the montary
Jack cheese collapse streets now put the john away
Put the john away, put the john away

-Repeat chorus 2x-

-Busta Rhymes-
Yeah Flipmode raw deluxe hot shit
1998 1999 year 2000
Say what Lord Have Mercy
Say what Rampage the last nigga
Say what Busta Rhymes the lyrical
Say what say what say what

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