

Stevie Nicks % Tom Petty

"Here We Go"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Yes indeed... oh my god
No more games! No more fuckin games!
C'mon... let's do it!

[Rah Digga]

Check, save the yakkedy-yak I ain't a fan black
I tell a cat to his face, his whole plan wack
Couple grand stacks, trizzin hand bags
Target practice, no tellin where they land at
Y'all can't rap, my shows be jam-packed
Panic attacks like they found anthrax on Amtrak
Better stand back, my niggaz get yo man clapped
Rock-a-bye baby like you O.D.ed on Zantac
People love me, see us in the street hawk us
Send little kids to the motherfuckin beat walkers
Model type had to turn down three offers
Leather outlets, wood berry, Nancy Crawford's
Gangsta, hang with murderers and tree-sparkers
Type to sell ya body parts to the meat markets
See me, I'll validate your free parking
I'm the best emcee, and that ain't the weed talkin

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

Let's go! Flipmode to the Squad, we comin through
(here we go)
Everytime we come through we give we give you
(whattchu want)
When we step in the place y'all niggaz know we (blow
the spot)
Shit, throw yo hands high, I wanna see you (heat it up)
Before we break this shit up, you know we got to (break
it down)
And we got so much heat, we got enough to (go
around)
Y'all niggaz know we won't stop, we keep it comin - (all
my niggaz)
All my bitches! (Is you ready?) is you ready? (here we
go)

[Rampage]

Huh, I'm up at One Fish, Two Fish
Sittin in my truck, on the, twenty-inch deepdish
Met this girl from, Victoria Secret
Wanted to take me home, so she can just sleep with
Oh right, cool, the ass is kinda funky
Had to turn her down, plus she looked like a monkey
Rolled up my window, she said I was actin funny
Air was on low, my mink was on the money
Sky blue, matchin hat, the hood was on funny
On the side of me, was my security footies
The word in the clubs; Rampage is a bully
I never stay at one place dawg, I gotta boogie
I keep it cool but I'm addicted to six figures
This year (uh) I'm rollin with them high-bidders (that's
right)
My image is right, I'm here to bang niggaz
Look at how I'm doin it now ya fake niggaz

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

[Busta Rhymes]

Whip twenty-three inches up in the bubble truck
Bitch bounce from the east back to west bubble front
Whip double Duquotis and pop a double clutch
And make bitches skip to my lou and the double dutch
Pass a nigga the spliff, you watchin a nigga smoke it
down
Drag a freak back to my crib and watch me poke it out
Soak it down, now you know when a nigga broke it
down
I put the dick all inside her throat, now watch her choke
it down
Scope around fiends we sling the dope around
Sling the soap around, little faggots see we don't joke
around
Hardcore sound that we bangin just like a
quadropound
international shit be swingin back to my local ground
Hah, hope you see we'll roast you bi-coastal
niggaz only knowin the half, you know we'll fry MOST
YOU!
Gettin money from chef, at lunch I eat TOFU!
And tuck my waist with the gat, now watch a nigga
BLOW THROUGH!

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

[Busta talking]

Yeah, just bounce come on
Yeah, come on, just bounce come on
Yeah, come on, just bounce come on

Yeah, come on, just bounce come on
Yeah, come on, Flipmode come on
Yeah, come on, Flipmode come on
Yeah, come on, Flipmooooooooode!
Hah, yeah, yeah, here we go

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