

Stevie Nicks % Tom Petty "Hit Em Wit Da Heat"

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[Rampage]

Yeah, Lieutenant what!

Yeah, motherfucka

It's Flipmode

Yeah yeah, spliff, check it out, uh

[Rampage]

Ramp, I've been ill since back in the days

Rockin' shell-toed Addidas with rags for my waves

Flipmode be the unit now I'm playin' for the Braves

I'm hardcore nigga that's straight from the gutter

I used to play scully plus, hot peas and butta

Now I'm the nigga that's runnin' in your baby motha

Burgundy Ac, you can call me Ramp Lova

And now I'm toppin' pokey with my Louisville slugger

[Baby Sham]

My Squad is sick niggas who pop shit get pistol
whipped

Get your wig pushed back, I react and snap

Like Kodak, these cats get the picture

Put on level black suede Timbs and come and get ya

My target is your feature

we all sport hoods like grim reapers

We shine in the dark blink of an eye the last spark

Get closed up, first thug nigga hold up

21st side see me rounding it up

Chorus: Busta Rhymes

See when we come through we got nuf shit to flaunt

Got u feelin' it and your cousin even your aunt

violate, we coming like ghost we gonna haunt

Hit you with the heat is that what you really want?

What you really want is that what you really want?

We hit you with the heat is that what you really want?

What you really want is that what you really want?

we hit you with the heat is that what you really want?

[Spliff Star]

Y'all niggas wanna test my squad, I doubt it doubt it

All that murder talk, gun talk, you talk, I'm 'bout it 'bout it
Nigga feel my vibe niggas see my vision
P-Y-P nigga play your position
I fuck up this game and make the ref' blow the whistle
My squad be the official, clique in this rap shit
Diss me on the record and watch, you get your ass
kicked
Catch me on Church Ave, flickin blunt ashes

[Rah Digga]

Crazy, thinkin I can't rock buttas
Wont take shit without no type floders
Hectic, Rah on the ill dialect shit
Deliveries harder then girls in obstectrics
Ready to stay on
Smoother then rayon
Takin' out niggas and all they liaisons
Mu'fuckas, black out season
Publishing resume steady increasing

Chorus

[Lord Have Mercy]

Shanghai, Shanghai
New sheriff in town
Rock America's crown and hang 'em high
Who bangin' a fist full?
Brandishing pistols
Pearl handles with the, family initials
Uh-uh, 24 karat gold variuos slow
Uh-uh, planet gets cold, get damaged for dough
Uh-uh!, Savages off balance and blow traveling slow
Uh-uh!, in effect mode, y'all niggas know it

[Busta Rhymes]

Sayonara, send my rivals, slam a guy,
Be damned if I
Had to tell one, tell a lie, get paralyzed
Stay payed, rock shit made in ultra suede
Switch blade yo wack act back to first grade
Even if y'all never seen us you know y'all need us
Suck my penis from here to muthafucking venus
Think back when you was amazed and had to sit back
Imagining me ending your world like Deep Impact
Blood clot, watch me come through and bust a gunshot
Yeah people, come inside of your dance and done that

Chorus 2x

[Busta Rhymes]

Fuckin' y'all up
Flipmode forever
Stays focused
Pay Attention
Pay Attention...*fades to phone interlude*

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