

**Tamperer F/ Maya****"Match the Name With the Voice"**

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[Busta Rhymes Talking]

Greatness, yeah, yeah

Aiiyo, turn the beat up a little bit louder

Truck Volume

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

We bout to play a lil' game, match the name with the voice

So when you pick your favorite emcee you makin' the right choice

SO WHO ARE YOU?

[Baby Sham]

Baby Sham, I'm known for the crud

First night pops off with a couple of slugs

[Busta Rhymes]

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

[Baby Shaman]

You see what I'm workin' wit, it's beyond rap

Stick to the fact, that chapped lips get convexed

Palm that, look where the arm's at, nigga need to launch that

Now tell me what the problem be, is that I'm scorching dem

To flood these streets, hot not partially, cock back the toast

Put your heart for free, so what it feels like to hear me crushin' a beat

[Busta Rhymes]

SO WHO ARE YOU?

[Rah Digga]

The illest broad Digga, reppin' Brick City

If I'm lying may the Lord come strike my left tittie

[Busta Rhymes]

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

[Rah Digga]

Undisputed metaphor rap queen, always cookin' up  
some shit

Like mom's a crack fiend, so what's the word

Strike a nerve when I'm speakin'

Any emcee whether black or white, or Puertorriquen

I'm the big dog, you just a cat stuck in a tree

Not one of y'all cocksuckers fuckin' wit me

[Hook] [Busta Rhymes]

SO WHO ARE WE? (Flipmode)

Got you gaspin' for air, hot shit muthafuckas

Throw your hands in the air

WATCH HOW WE DO IT

How we rep and yo we solemnly swear

To put it down until it's over and our time is up here

SO WHO ARE YOU?

[Rampage]

Rampage, new tenant, pack big still

Fuck what ya heard, I'm ready to kill

[Busta Rhymes]

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

[Rampage]

Day criminal, street thug material

Flipmode Imperial, top breakin' officer

Fuck around we warnin' ya, 21 gun salute

6 official conrads, ain't afraid to shoot

Niggas see us, we got them shakin' in they boots

Flipmode, the streets, bigger than Bayroots

[Busta Rhymes]

SO WHO ARE YOU?

[Spliff Starr]

Yeah, Spliff Starr, cunt-crusher, gun-busta

Hard-to-toucha, one bad muthafucka

[Busta Rhymes]

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

[Spliff Starr]

Gangsta bitch, deadly like cancerous

I bring it where your parents live, show you what your  
status is

Steam-boil your cabbages, I can't take y'all nigaz  
faggotness

You about to die, show him where his casket is

You wanted beans, I had your hood under siege  
Guns get squeezed, and bullets hit your knees

[Busta Rhymes]  
SO WHO ARE YOU?  
Bus-A-Bus now, somethin' fo' sho'  
Keep 'em whilin' till somebody's left a leak on the flo'  
AND HOW YOU DOIN'?  
We've been awaitin' the God, to make an undernovel  
entry  
Controllin' everything in the yard  
Rugged like General Custard it seems  
How we crush grapefruit, niggaz, and make a mustard  
out of your team  
You know we hotter than the 4th of July  
So sit back and watch the fireworks show light up my  
name the sky

[Hook]

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