

## **Tamperer F/ Maya**

### **"We Could Take it Outside"**

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[Intro: Rampage (Baby Sham)]

That's that joint (You know that ain't doin it again)

Uh, do it! Do it!

[Verse One: Rampage]

I'm a \_Natural Born Killa\_ that's \_Born to Rise\_

+Flipmode is de Squad+ so it's no surprise

Niggas want to advertise about how we get down

You fuck around leave your body in the lost and found

How you like me now?

We got the industry on lock

The world is on shock

I'm a take a piece of the rock

Yo, you feel it in the heart when we took you to the park

Midnight after dark, I'm the raider of the lost ark (ark  
echo's)

[Verse Two: Serious]

Now na na na na na na, nana nah

Super size, super size, right before your eyes

I bring in treats like giant sweet potato pies

Wise, sword shift and I spit on flies

Killing all the tips from studio spies

Head to bed, beddie bye, beddie bye

Don't ask why, we'll take your ass to paradise

Flipmode's the Squad don't rest, don't try

Peace to my people in the friendly sky

Peace to my outer space ties

[Verse Three: Spliff Star]

I'm in leather like the ladies

Bigger than crack in the 80's {\*echoes\*}

Drive the buggy I Mercedes

Blow up like C-4

Got so much to live for

Can't play the game no more

Pick up the cain no more

Brothers ain't the same no more

Try to sweat me, what am I aiming for

Get yourself caught up

Faggot ass tore up

In the worst way, the only way you can stop me  
is cock your glock and shot me  
Drop me, pop me, make sure you that you got me  
Cause anytime I live I'm comin back to find you poppy

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes (all)]

What y'all niggas wanna do?

(Yo we can take it outside)

Ya'll niggas want something?

(Yo we can take it outside)

What y'all niggas wanna do?

(Yo we can take it outside)

Ya'll niggas want something?

(Yo we can take it outside)

[Verse Four: Baby Sham]

Push up in the hot rod, alley cats a rah rah

All my flipmode in the backseats with chrome nods

Hear to bust mine

Nigga frat child let his brain fry

Pretty boy sliced up philly contact from his red eye

You failed to realize when you macks me you drop the  
plastic

Run up in your crib, now you heat me from the mattress

My crew expanded, QB is where we landed

Yellow strip you crossed it

Now I'm forcing you to drink this Sham's potion

Show me were loaded

The desert eagle hear it cockin'

Lovin my doggie

While we shinin' continue flossin

[Break: Busta Rhymes (Lord Have Mercy)]

(Flipmode, Flipmode) Killa kids

Flipmode we are, 'mode we are..

[Verse Five: Rah Digga]

Fuck steppin on toes I crush the whole shoe

Pronto like Cru till I'm Triumphant like Wu

The shit you talkin crazy like niggas turnin in their hand  
guns

I be burnin MC's like Betty grandson

Smokin grey poupon boy

Two lines, I chew rhymes and make niggas fall like they  
was futons

Rah Digga, all day Outsidadz, this Squad be Flipmode

We get a dick rode a whole shitload

[Chorus]

[Verse Six: Lord Have Mercy]

We the official g-u-rilla to lead militias  
That pillage, americana  
Spit sentences like, venomous iguanas  
Reminisce the promise  
Bring drama like Nicaragua  
Fatigues march, army leaders, they count crooked  
drug dollars  
And sip fresh squeezed milk from the titties of llamas  
Leave cities in carnage  
Pretty as farmers that pour whiskey at harvest and hold  
16 bananas  
Maintain, maintain, maintain  
I reign like Mussolini's iron fists  
Try on this, you can't see me like vagina lips  
Smugglin diamond chips, bubblin anonymous  
The dominant will resource and count on script crews  
and world wars  
{\*echoes\*}

[Verse Seven: Busta Rhymes]

Yo, you better practice what you preach  
I got 7 MC's at 10 G's a show each  
Never interfere and shit, souvenirs for your ears and  
shit  
Clear poetry like William Shakespeare and shit  
Word is bond checkin me out  
Hey what you talkin about  
You lost and you walkin about  
Niggas got beef they really want to chill and start talkin  
it out  
Hey, oh my god, y'all nigga be buggin me out  
Wish they could lay me down and have the police start  
chalkin me out  
Now I zoom in on you and my niggas start stalkin you  
out  
Chuck down that bullshit that you be callin about  
This one's for my people and my niggas up North  
The ruler shit dynasty but Flipmode finally come fourth  
Exports and imports hittin you with flavors of all sorts  
My squad comin through, chop off your ear

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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