

Wyclef Jean F/ Butch Cassidy

"Busta Rhymes - Freestyle"

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(Busta Rhymes)

Yes y'all, in the parTY

I be Busta Rhymes y'all

And my nigga Ramp, The Last Boy Scout

Showin you what we talkin bout, HAAAH!

Feel me out, listen to what I say

Listen to what I talk

Listen to how we walk

Hey, check it out, listen to what I do

Yo bust it out, yo, what, hey yo yo yo

And Busta Rhymes coming in live

Some of you niggaz had me knock shit down for nine-
five

[I'm ready to set it nigga] Yeah yeah yeah

[Check it out check it out]

(Rampage)

I told you last year that I burned you in a flame

Now this year, I'm wreckin average niggaz in the game

A lotta niggaz got two albums I can't explain

How they maintain to keep the same migraines

I can't help it if my brain is supersonic

The way I play the game you think I'm smoked by the
chronic

It's the Boy Scout, stand for LBS from East to West

I'm still gonna bring it to your chest

My throat'll recoil as I bounce the ball, I can never fall

Now I got you open like the mall

With Funkmaster Flex boom bangin in your projects

To my niggaz in the Lands, Beemers, to the Lex

Now Busta Rhymes, what you wanna do

Represent for the motherfuckin Flip Mode crew

(Busta Rhymes)

Aiyyo-y'awwwwl, one more time I come

Knucklehead flow that make you act real dumb

Yo, I burn your food like Florence

Run up in your crib like my name was search warrants

Shut your mouth nigga don't you complain

Fix you up, mix you cut like pro-caine

Ooooh, I be insane to your brain

Right on your subconscious I leave my shit stain
I be the mostest with rhyme overdoses
Hot stepping over shit like Ini Kamoze's
Sick lyrics like multiple sclerosis
Focus while I display flows ferocious
Weak niggaz just fall, keep tumbling
Distribute lyrics like I'm hand to hand herb hustling
Hardcore like Quick Draw McGraw
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before
Yo, everything remains raw
Outlaw nigga living right next door
When I step in the place I leave damages
Nuff bandages on pussy from miscarriages
Yo, watch me bring the newest recipe
Fuck you up quick and condemn you all with leprosy
Let me hit you with flows, that come various
Hahh, send you home and make you lie about your
alias
Ha-ha, niggaz can't see my routine
When I round up my Flip Mode niggaz and get cream
Hey you, you know what the fuck I mean
Now I'm on the scene, stepping through like Mean Joe
Green
Now I'm making you feel the extreme
Till I black you out then turn on my real high beam

[Flex blends this into the beginning of Mobb Deep's
"Give up the Goods"]

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