

Busta Rhymes f/ Nas

"Don't Get Carried Away"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Doctor, yeah

I think we got some shit for 'em (FLIP-MOOODE!)

Yeah I'ma rub these sticks together

Check it, and start a bonfire

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our

FLIPMODE MOVEMENT - bounce in your truck to us

Y'ALL GET STUPID - don't try to fuck with us

Because you will get carried away, yeah you'll get
carried away

[Busta Rhymes]

Now I'm subtle, once I pick up my metal

Put my foot on the pedal, ridin through every ghetto

Analyze the shit I'm seein when I sip Amaretto

A lot of bitches on the strip, struttin in they stilettos

Then they wave and say hello, when my Lambo' is
yellow

Everything they got a jingle when they walk like ah-Jello

See the niggaz on the corner and I never forget it

And I never regret because I see how you get it

Now because of you niggaz, I'm a hustler nigga

'Gnac guzzler nigga, rip your jugular nigga

In the night I become the type to love when it's dark

Cause when I pull up and park, is when I'm makin my
mark

See the fact's that I'm tryin to strive and capitalize in

Start to max-a-mimize and b-build a ent-ter-prise

And wh-while I'm stockin this bread, keep ah-stockin
the lead

And leave a permanent dot, on the top of your head

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Ill Will, Flip-mooode!

I'm the enigma, there is none harder, smarter

Martyr, Godfather, my interest, your departure

Pardon Dre this beat is a monster, catchy

Like sleepin under open windows that's drafty
Then wakin up my throat scratchy, that's how I spit it
nasty
They short, a few inches North of a dwarf
My flow's MurciÃ©lago, ghostin them narcos
Toast in the ways of the original Pablos
Still a pyramid architect, mix liquors like a chemist
Killer lyricist, poetical tyrant
Sneaker store terrorist, Mt. Everest I climbed it
Heat is drawn, no creepin on me whenever I'm bent
My mind spray, my nine spray
And freak styles like 3000 Andre
To keep pilin, keep pushin them drops
Nas, runnin with hot Busta Bust, we don't stop

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Now I'm hot, and we runnin the block
Watch me run in your spot, fiends comin in flocks
Add a little cut to the coke when I'm cookin the pot
DRUGS, BITCH! I got what you want come and get what
I got
Now I almost forgot, I come to close up your shop
I love to fold up a knot, love totin the glock
Helps me feel safer when niggaz try to scheme on my
plot
Try to steal paper from me you gotta deal with a lot
See I will leave you to rot, only defendin my stock
Niggaz know they pussy and struggle to pretend that
they not
Lose your life in the drop, while I harvest the crop
My hot shit; bust a cannon have you run in your socks
See we live on the edge, bang shit with a
sledgehammer
Split up your head, kill a snitch for the feds
Let's go, for the streets I'm always spittin a gospel
Get Nas holdin a barrel size of elephant nostril

[Chorus]

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