

## Busta Rhymes

### "Abandon Ship(feat. Rampage the Last Boy Scout"

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[Busta Rhymes]

UHHHH!! You don't know what we doin right here!

[Intro/Chorus One: repeat 2X]

One two three we gon' turn it out  
And make you rock to the beat and then scream and  
shout  
We gonna hit you with the shit we got here  
We gonna blow your miiiiinnnd (blow your miiiiinnnd)  
Keep it movin like this, keep it movin like that  
If I die, I'ma only come back  
Yo, I'm saying if you think that you can step to me  
wrong  
Don't even waste your tiiiiimmme (waste your  
tiiiiimmme)

[Chorus Two:]

You niggaz talk shit then abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit then they abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit, then they abandon ship  
Niggaz talk shit then they abandon ship

[Verse One: Rampage the Last Boy Scout, Busta  
Rhymes]

I 80ff like the Assassin, now I'm blastin I'm takin over  
Stick you for your blue Range Rover  
I told ya, Rampage a real live soldier  
Been in the game, sinc the age of thirteen  
A microphone fiend, so I'm goin to see my P.O.  
It's August the 1st, so I guess I'm a Leo  
My P.O., look like Vanessa Del Rio  
She pulled my rap sheet, just like, Neo Geo

Hahahaaa! I always roam through the forest  
Just like a brontosaurus, born in the month of May  
so my sign is Taurus, kick you in your face  
like my fuckin name was Chuck Norris, make you sing  
my chorus

Rock to the beat and then, turn into a walrus  
You remain nameless, my victory remains flawless  
Acting like you wild, but I know you really harmless  
While your time is coming, I make the fat shit  
regardless

Many niggaz wanna know when the Ramp return  
Yo I'm gettin phone calls from that nigga Howard Stern  
He wants to know about my Flip Mode click  
The way we get down and BUST NIGGAZ SHIT  
LP after LP, we make G's  
I run up in your ganks den take you for your keys  
I'm not lying or joking, you get broken  
Dead in Flatbush, back to Roanoake and...

People always askin me, how your shit be sellin  
For makin shit guaranteed to bust your fuckin melon  
Police throwed me up on charges like I was a felon  
There was no tellin, when I was strikin had you swellin  
Cruisin in my Lands, watch the police how they be gellin  
Lock you up for days and got a nigga ass smellin  
Yo FUCK THAT! You best believe there ain't no time for  
dwellin  
If you ain't makin noise you need to kill the fuckin yellin

[Chorus One]  
[Chorus Two]

[Verse Two: Rampage, Busta]

Yo, yo, yo I run up in your set like a New York city...  
I can't slip, I beat you down with my vice grip  
Your lost, that means you way off course  
No remorse, I'm gettin five in The Source

I be saddleback biting motherfuckers like a horse  
Turn and toss, niggaz all up in my applesauce  
Watch me reinforce, my shit feel good like intercourse  
Ever since I was a shorty rockin Hugo Boss

Aiyyo bust it Bust (why) you just made my day  
If you didn't put me on I'd be locked like O.J.  
Now I'm writin rhymes hittin shorties everyday  
In the full runnin drinkin ice Tanqueray  
I don't eat pork I take a fish fellet  
Now I'm knockin out niggaz from .. to .. touche!  
Now I'm goin back around the way  
I'm rippin shit, like my name was Marvin Gaye

Yo, now I'm back with more Bionic like my name was  
Colt Seavers

Got you niggaz open like a bunch of wide receivers  
Time is on the meter, go clean your act up in the  
cleaners  
Chickenhead, give me some of your chicken fajitas  
Yo I beg your pardon, I write my rhymes way past the  
margins  
Squeeze the Charmin, peace to one million men  
marchin  
When you talk shit you really don't know what you  
startin  
Now your shit is done like a fuckin empty milk carton

It's on for the nine-six, mad shows at the Ritz  
Now we got you open like Fixx  
Stickin to your stomach like Quaker Oat Grits  
Fisherman hat with my brand new kicks  
On the low, I still rock my Girbauds  
See the show, I got my nickel plated fo'-fo'  
All my rough niggaz open the do'  
Cause Boy Scout brings the ruckus and I'm still hardco'

Yo, when I walk streets you know my blade's a little  
sharper  
Fuck Peter Parker, I cross you like a magic marker  
Everytime I hit I always hit a little harder  
Blazing to the point where niggaz look a little darker  
Catching suntans from my music, fans understand  
Making fat shit, I always love to lend a helping hand  
Organized rhyme unit like the Poison Clan  
While your ride is busted, I be your luxury Sedan  
Number one nigga in the chain of command  
Breakin fool in school like my nigga Geechie Dan  
Aiyyyyyo, I see intruders on my scan Singin at your  
funeral like Bobby Bluebland [Chorus One]

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