

Busta Rhymes "Call The Ambulance"

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Yeah! Busta Rhymes now, Flipmode now, check it
See we in 2003 already
Catch up to us
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hah, huh

Now motherfuckin' case closed
The shit blow your speaker, keep turnin' your base low
Spaz out because I motherfuckin' say so
Before I blow this bitch like we down in Waco

Thick in cock diesel, that's the way we roll
Big truck shit, even my bitch whippin' the range rov'
We 'bout to skyrocket and the way we go
The way the bitches lookin' love the way we blow

Check it, we light shit up like broadway yo
The crack head rappers better just say no
Before I turn stupid and back the heat slow
Lay and wait for niggaz in the back street yo

Weak flow, take your shit like i'm comin' to repo
Create a crowd scene and stack a bunch of people
We bustin' through the doors, shootin' through your
peephole
The shoot that never miss, like shootin' a free throw

All you niggaz better go and

Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out

Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance

Catch sixteen to remove your organs
H2O ridin' round in same orbits
Notorious from New York to New Orleans

House come with the lake swimmin' with dolphins

Fifty G's with large proportions
Caught a few niggaz on money extortions
Niggaz snitch, F.B.I is hawkin'
Call Johnnie Cochran, yo this nigga is walkin'

Shit, we gotta close down the club
Me and my cousin Bust, we like crockett and tubbs
I pushin' lambo's, big chains and dubs
Lead ya' Flipmode security with snubs

Uppin' club levels, hundred G's enough
And if them ducks rollin' bust i'm beatin' it up
The streets ain't safe, yo we heatin' it up
The party's on smashed up, now we tweakin' it up
The bitches want this dick so they eatin' it up

Now all you bitches better go and

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Flipmode, we in heavy conjunction
We shutin' down in every function
Beat you in yo' head until your brain malfunction
Yo Bust, call the label, tell 'em we in production

Pinky ring status so it's no discussion
Stop talkin' shit, niggaz dodgin' and duckin'
I'm cream cheese with the English muffin
I still got respect in the flatbush junction, hey

Huh, it's like we shakin' down a dude
We like a pack of dogs that come to take a nigga food
My niggaz flip quicker than a fuckin' interlude
I beat niggaz head and blood drippin' through a tube

Peep bitch, I'm only here to change the fuckin' mood
And freeze you niggaz money like a nigga gettin' sued
And leave you in the church watchin' your body gettin'
viewed
Don't get it fucked up or even misconstrued

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