

## **Busta Rhymes**

### **"Get Out"**

Visit "[Get Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(Get out)  
Such a remarkable sound  
(Get out)  
Yeah  
(Get out of here)  
Such a remarkable sound  
Flipmode get down, now  
Yeah check it out  
(Get out of here)

Such a remarkable sound  
Busta Rhymes  
(Get out)  
Comin' through, get down  
(Get out)  
What's the deal now  
(Get out of here)  
Yeah, yeah

Are you ready to get on?  
(Who, me?)  
And 'cause such a reaction that the motha fucka's go  
(Ooh wee)  
It's like a group of happy children  
Yo, it's such a feelin'  
To see all of my live nigga's carry on now  
Oh see how I be gettin' so passionate

I get a thrill even when I bust my gun off by accident  
The God bless glory, success story  
Whiteboy Billy put a stash up in my armrest for me  
The way I fucks it up, it's like a fuck-fest for me  
I get on last and demolish everything before me  
We run shit and that's a fact now, you're whack now  
And ain't no fuckin' turnin' back now, so relentless  
I won't even let you niggas finish a fuckin' sentence

Call for my people like a school attendance  
And then I strike with a fuckin' vengeance  
Finger on my trigger  
Figure I'll blast every last one of you bitch niggas

So  
(Get out)  
Bitch nigga just  
(Get out)  
You need to just  
(Get out of here)  
Police'll try to close the club  
(Get out)

You really should  
(Get out)  
You need to just  
(Get out of here)  
Bitch, if you ain't got your own dough  
(Get out)  
You need to just  
(Get out)

You really should  
(Get out of here)  
If you frontin' like you really live  
(Get out)  
And you know you not  
(Get out)  
You need to just  
(Get out of here)

The one world alliance  
Flipmode the most reliant for the thorough guidance  
On how to get most of this money like a secret science  
Only the live nigga's allowed, there's nothin' you can  
do  
Frontin' with your crew while you talkin' to corny bitches  
too  
Nevertheless, address the cheddar for the treasure  
chest  
And bless the spot before the thugs protest, one time  
I hope y'all know just what the motherfuck you dealin'  
with

With so much platinum for the street, you thought I was  
a silversmith  
We phat now, so look at how we brought it back now  
And made it possible for street niggas to hold a stack  
now  
And become the wealthiest, healthiest  
And bring the fire that will reach about a 1000 degrees  
Celsius  
Hold on, banker's money better roll on, or sing a broke  
folk song

My nigga's so long he paid with a big brim hat, just like  
a lampshade  
And bounce, wildin' in the truck, the joints my nigga  
ramp made

We be them new millennium prime time niggas  
Walk a fine line, niggas sippin' fine wine niggas  
Now, if you cross the line and fuck around them blind  
niggas  
With so much pressure it's like we did the illest crime,  
nigga

(What?)

You know I'm like a loco man, noble man  
Turned global man, rippin' bi-coastal like a postal man  
And when we come, you know we came to get it  
And what you need to do is bounce if you ain't fuckin'  
with it

So

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(Get out)

You need to just

(Get out of here)

Police'll try to close the club

(Get out)

You really should

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Bitch, if you ain't got your own dough

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You need to just

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You really should

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If you frontin' like you really live

(Get out)

And you know you not

(Get out)

You really should

(Get out of here)

Get out, get out, get out of here

Get out, get out, get out of here

Get out, get out, get out of here

Get out, get out, get out of here

