

Busta Rhymes

"Keepin' It Tight"

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Yeah flip mode squad, yeah their ain't nothing killer,
woh

Busta Rhymes got another killer, yeah
Niggas be getting all in playing Cee Lo, what?
We be getting money at casinos, money
Gamble my money like gambinos, ahh
Scarface through like appachino, what?
Now my pockets got muscles like Lou Farigno, oh
Got the hot shit, big up my nigga Premo, pretty fine

Stack loot with my nigga Dino and Enno, Julio
Spliff and my other nigga Chico, what?
Uno dos tres quatro cinco, gimme five
Count from ten all the way back to zero, oh
Set it off rep from here to Puerto Rico, oh
Run in the bitches makes me black and Filipino, oh
Trick in the hide or on the Niko, what?
Caught the round trip to Santo Domingo, yeah

My nigga spliff criminal like Max Remo, oh yeah
Thug think he loud then show me your hero, hmm
Nigga tried to play me on the dealo, what?
Tried to short me couple gram on the D-Low, say what?
Thought we didn't know better oh yeah we know, ah
haa
Stepping them niggas for what its gone be yo, what?

Niggas spend money and fuck a pre show, yeah
Your name was shorty who whip in a little Geo, what?
Dare and look niggas get left by the sea show, ah haa
Lock up a nigga and sabotage the keyhole, yeah

Alright y'all, alright
You know we keepin' it tight y'all, real tight, haa
That's how we doin' it ha, that's how we doin' it
That's how we doin' it yeah, that's how we doin' it
Alright y'all, alright
You know we wildin' all night y'all all night y'all
That's how we doin' it ha, that's how we doin' it
That's how we doin' it, yeah, that's how we doin' it

Yo, guess who coming through for dinner, who?

Busta Rhymes bringing another winner, oh
Coming with another all night thriller, yo yo
Shit bang through your bass kicker, through
Don't want the hot shit to boil you move quicker, oh
Should've made the club crowd a little thicker, yeah
Nigga in a club fronting like a killer, what?
You ain't eating my nigga you lookin' thinner, oh

Now you a sinner a partier beginner
You better off if dance to who got the keys to my
beamer, true
You a killer but you never pulled a trigger, what?
How that calculate money you how you figure, oh
Yo, another home run hitter my nigga
Yo we ain't over hit you with a refiller, come again
We keep it moving never label me a quitter, no
Flipmode baby you could call me flipper, ahh

She wildin', we wildin' along with her, yeah
My nigga put me on told me she a stripper, what?
Fronting like he don't really wanna be with her
He told me handle my business 'cause he already did
her, true
He says she used to be Lucy babysitter, oh
Fuck a sloppy second hit the highest bidder for really,
yeah
Keep the champagne in the chiller
Keep it cold while I hit you with another wig-splitter, oh

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