

Busta Rhymes "To My People"

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CHORUS

Ya don't stop
To my people in the front
Ya don't stop
To my people in the rear
Say what
Throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop
To my people on the left
Ya don't stop
To my people on the right
Ya don't stop
To my people everywhere
Say what
Throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop
To my people in New York
Ya don't stop
To my people down south
Ya don't stop
To my people out west
Say what
Throw your hands in the air
To my hip hop niggas
Ya don't stop
To my niggas in the street
Ya don't stop
To my niggas gettin money
Say what
Throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop

[Spliff Star]

Uh, straight off the bat
My squad is known across the map
When y'all niggas show love then we show you love
back
Y'all niggas want beef
Fuck it take it to the streets
Y'all niggas gon chill
Then we sit down and we build
My squad finally here

Unit of the year
We settin up shop and we aint going nowhere
We want it all
Even if we gotta brawl for it
We want it all
Even if you gotta fall for it
We stage wreckers
Fifty-two car deckers
Reppin to the world till the law come and get us
You jealous fellas
I'm puttin holes in vendettas
Twist your body
With two shells from a shottie POW!

[Baby Sham]

Niggas wanna get me touched
(Naw they can't touch you)
Shinin and flossin too much
(Naw they can't cross you)
Light on my toes
Left him ten feet
Part from his heat
Play it softly
The truth speaks through this poetry
For me to call shot
Cock block my life
Add a little spice
Devil eyes snake rise on dice
Have your fam call christ
Flipmode battle for mics
All my shit be high priced
I'm slashing dikes
Feel me
Liftin thugs out they crease it's quickly
Shift two keys in two weeks
And gross forty g's
Report me
And live shortly
Slouch cat livin off calibil breeze
You wanna get involved
Better grip on tight
Take the next flight
We got it locked on the next bike

[Rampage]

Check it out
I got the eye of a tiger
That's plan to go higher
My squad is on fire
And till death do us
If the label wanna sue us

Yo I'm taking the reels
I'm the man with the gat that be ready to peel
I'm the one next to Spliff when it's time to ill
I'ma show by astro red cross and blue shields
Watch us make a move
Catch us on smokin groove
Rules house of blues
MTV News
On the bus with my Flipmode loco (loco)
Takin flicks
Hittin chicks by the dozen (dozen)
Keep a shot runnin
Now I'm on a journey
It take you twenty light years to burn me (burn me)
If you want beef call my attorney
All that other wack shit don't concern me
I'm being felt
I got a title under my belt
I'm out to get the wealth
I'm bout my squad and myself

CHORUS

[Rah Digga]
Uhh
Comin correct for all my Flipmode brothers
Stats ratin higher then that of single mothers
Peace to my Outz clique
Bitches that I bounce with
Everybody else get the gas like Auschwitz
Like, flows for real like a rap bitch should
Type takin niggas out like they packaged goods
Rappers wanna contest
They buggin
Straight up and down we run the underground like H.
Tubman
What, I'm the bomb bitch
Nigga RAH
D-I-G got Rah
God be my
Witness
Long as I walk this globe
I be spittin more verses than the Book of Job

[Busta Rhymes]
Why are you ignoring us
Running into hiding and avoiding us
Niggas on the low be recording us
My rhyme flow remain poisonous
Thus
Yo your shit sound wack still annoying us

We alive nigga aint no destroying us
You better off if you come join with us
Perpendicular
Or analyzing my whole molecular
In particular
Roll with my squad or go singular
I aint into bitches who fuck animals like caligula
More hot shit so get your water sprinkler
Fire extinguisher
Rhyme prime minister
C'MON!
Never mistake me for nobody else
Another blast make you shit on yourself
I hope all y'all know that I always master the art
Rip you apart
Put your hand on my heart
Flipmode number one on the charts
Solo or collective
My perspective the objective
Is to win
All praises due to my squad one in the same
Cherish every blessing I have to make y'all witness my
name
Burn another calorie
Come inside my galaxy
Put your money where your mouth is double your salary
Hey dude you know we stay rude high on a aquelude
Bust your shit bouncin in a Honda Prelude
Let's G off
Nigga ease off
I make you breeze off
Brickfull make you rip your jeans off

CHORUS

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