

## **Busta Rhymes**

### **"We Put It Down For Y'all"**

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Shit is about to get real serious  
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode Squad, Swizz Beatz check it  
out

Yo, it's like tic tac toe  
God is back, make bitches say, "Hoe"  
Blow shit, roast shit 'n' down in Waco  
Big foot raps nigga, let's make dough  
Pull up to the lot, valet the Range Rove  
Flier than a motherfucker, all day glow  
In the club nigga, glow in the dark and lay low  
Bang your head to this shit while the beat plays slow  
Junior varsity niggas while we play pro  
Ringside seats, we all in the same row  
Like a crew of bitches pull up in Dodge Durangos  
And how we dazzle these bitches with how we change  
flows  
We take your slot, how a bitch take half  
And rock chains with pieces the size of spacecrafts  
You know what I rep, that's Flipmode Squad  
Wildin' like a thousand niggas up in the wreck yard

Callin' all live niggas  
Booyah!  
Callin' all live bitches  
Ooh ooh!  
Yes, I hold a pound for y'all  
Say what?  
Busta Rhymes hold it down for y'all  
Get money!  
Callin' all live niggas  
Booyah!  
Callin' all live bitches  
Ooh ooh!  
Yes, I hold a crown for y'all  
Say what?  
Flipmode put it down for y'all  
Yea, yea!

Yea, yo, the empire strikes back  
Shit is official, street niggas fight back  
The way we set it off even the bitches might black

Raunchy as fuck, even they like it like that  
Busta Rhymes in this bitch, you know, I got another  
batch  
More hotter shit nigga strike another match  
Bang this shit in your truck, nigga open up the hatch  
And hold on your jewels before your shit get snatched  
Better lock your doors, slide across the latch  
Before we figure out the next vic to catch  
So much lyrics flowin' to throw in a teacup  
More crack for y'all, we just reed up  
Gutter like a piss test in a pee cup  
Switch the bounce for the streets, had to change the  
speed up  
Raw for the bitches who thick and beefed up  
Strip a club, big titty bitches double D cup  
We all up in the truck, what the fuck, we treed up  
Pure coke for niggas, get skeed up  
Let me bang somethin' hard on your head like Vince  
Carter  
And charter jets for my niggas with automatic starters  
Blow shit regular like the UniBomber  
Surprise attack you, niggas, like fuckin' Pearl Harbor  
Jailhouse raps, let it bang a little harder  
While I rep for the fam, Busta Rhymes, the godfather

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Yea, yea, yea!

So remarkable  
Classic rugged nigga music  
Big truck shit  
Twenty inch rims on a UConn or somethin'  
A fuckin' Escalade, Navigator

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