

Busta Rhymes

"Woo Haa! Got Ya All In Check"

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Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah
Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah
Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah
Yah Yah Yah, Yah Yah

(Chorus)

When I step up in the place
ay yo I step correct
Woo-Hah
got you all in check
I got that head nod shit
make you break your neck
Woo-Hah
I got you all in check
And you know we come through
to wreck the disco tech
Woo-Hah
I got you all in check
Throw your hands up in the air
don't ever disrespect
Woo-Hah
I got you all in check

(1st verse)

Busta Rhymez up in the place true indeed
yes I catch wreck and that's word on my seed
I guarantee to give you what you need
One blood everybody like Junior Reid
Wake up every morning yo I must up seed
Nationwide darkhorse make the world stampede
Yo really let me roll some weed
mad charged nigga now I must proceed
Yo we 'bout to make you set speed
Peace to Baby Phife, Q-Tip, Ali Shaheed
Watch me knock you out like Apollo Creed
Body blow bustin' your shit making you bleed
Just feed off dynamic flows an take heed
Need more information homeboy then just read
Ay-Ya!! you can read all about the pure breed
Do the bogle dance I'll do the pepperseed

-Chorus-

How dare you ever try to step on my suede shoes
Top Gun shut down your Firm like Tom Cruise
Please let me get down and blow a fuse
Actin' fool breakin' shit down to molecules
Yo let me hit you with my ill street blues
Busta Rhyme always headlines the street news
Woo-Hah!!! Yo baby girl don't be confused
Sail my seven seas and enjoy my boat cruise
I know you really want to know who's
comin' through leaving bloodstains and residues
Sorry homeboy but your flow sounds used
Gotta pay your dues baby you know the rules
Whenever I travel the world I landcruise
If you choose to fuck around you get bruised
Now I got you gassed on super unleaded fuels
Get me through give me some space you excuse

-Chorus-

[Rampage]

You now rockin wit the best
the boy scout is who I be.....
...Flip Mode is the sqiddaud
Hah
Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah (8X)

Verse

Yo which muthaphucka stole my flow
eenie....meenie miney mo
Throw that type of nigga right out my window
Blast your ass hit you with my direct blow
Bo!! Coming through like G.I. Joe
Star Wars movie deal like Han Solo
Make you bounce around like this was calypso
Always shine cause I got the high pro glow
You think that you can hide you think you can lay low
Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0
Mad out with my dreads in my kango
forget the Moet nigga just pass the Cisco
Yo!! Take a trip down to Mexico
Come back with that shit that might make you psycho
Maximum frequencies through your stereo
Sorry this is it but homeboy I got to go

-Chorus-

Hah
Yo Yo Yay Yo Yay
Yo Yo Yay

. . . Yay Yo Yay

. . . Yay

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