

Busta Rhymes Feat. The Flipmode Squad "Match The Name With The Voice"

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Greatness, yeah, yeah
Aiyo, turn the beat up a little bit louder
Truck Volume

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We bout to play a lil' game, match the name with the
voice
So when you pick your favorite emcee you makin' the
right choice
So who are you?

Baby Sham, I'm known for the crud
First night pops off with a couple of slugs
And how you doin'?

You see what I'm workin' wit, it's beyond rap
Stick to the fact that chapped lips get convexed
Palm that, look where the arm's at, nigga need to
launch that
Now tell me what the problem be, is that I'm scorching
dem
To flood these streets, hot not partially, cock back the
toast
Put your heart for free, so what it feels like to hear me
crushin' a beat

So who are you?
The illest broad Digga, reppin' Brick City
If I'm lying may the Lord come strike my left tittie
And how you doin'?

Undisputed metaphor rap queen, always cookin' up
some shit
Like mom's a crack fiend, so what's the word
Strike a nerve when I'm speakin'
Any emcee whether black or white, or Puerto Riquen
I'm the big dog, you just a cat stuck in a tree
Not one of y'all cocksuckers fuckin' wit me

So who are we?
Got you gaspin' for air, hot shit muthafuckas
Throw your hands in the air

Watch how we do it

How we rep and yo we solemnly swear
To put it down until it's over and our time is up here
So who are you?

Rampage, new tenant, pack big still
Fuck, what ya heard, I'm ready to kill
And how you doin'?

Day criminal, street thug material
Flipmode imperial, top breakin' officer
Fuck around we warnin' ya, 21 gun salute
6 official conrads, ain't afraid to shoot
Niggas see us, we got them shakin' in they boots
Flipmode, the streets, bigger than Bayroots

So who are you?
Yeah, Spliff Starr, cunt crusher, gun busta
Hard-to-toucha, one bad muthafucka
And how you doin'?

Gangsta bitch, deadly like cancerous
I bring it where your parents live, show you what your
status is
Steam boil your cabbages, I can't take y'all nigaz
faggotness
You about to die, show him where his casket is
You wanted beans, I had your hood under siege
Guns get squeezed and bullets hit your knees

So who are you?
Bus a bus now, somethin' fo' sho'
Keep 'em whilin' till somebody's left a leak on the flo'
And how you doin'?

We've been awaitin' the God, to make an under novel
entry
Controllin' everything in the yard
Rugged like General Custard it seems
How we crush grapefruit, niggaz, and make a mustard
out of your team
You know we hotter than the 4th of July
So sit back and watch the fireworks show light up my
name the sky

So who are we?
Got you gaspin' for air, hot shit muthafuckas
Throw your hands in the air
Watch how we do it

How we rep and yo we solemnly swear
To put it down until it's over and our time is up here
So who are you?

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