

## Flipmode Squad "Here We Go"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Yes indeed... oh my god  
No more games! No more fuckin games!  
C'mon... let's do it!

[Rah Digga]

Check, save the yakkedy-yak I ain't a fan black  
I tell a cat to his face, his whole plan wack  
Couple grand stacks, trizzin hand bags  
Target practice, no tellin where they land at  
Y'all can't rap, my shows be jam-packed  
Panic attacks like they found anthrax on Amtrak  
Better stand back, my niggaz get yo man clapped  
Rock-a-bye baby like you O.D.ed on Zantac  
People love me, see us in the street hawk us  
Send little kids to the motherfuckin beat walkers  
Model type had to turn down three offers  
Leather outlets, wood berry, Nancy Crawford's  
Gangsta, hang with murderers and tree-sparkers  
Type to sell ya body parts to the meat markets  
See me, I'll validate your free parking  
I'm the best emcee, and that ain't the weed talkin

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

Let's go! Flipmode to the Squad, we comin through  
(here we go)  
Everytime we come through we give we give you  
(whattchu want)  
When we step in the place y'all niggaz know we (blow  
the spot)  
Shit, throw yo hands high, I wanna see you (heat it up)  
Before we break this shit up, you know we got to (break  
it down)  
And we got so much heat, we got enough to (go  
around)  
Y'all niggaz know we won't stop, we keep it comin - (all  
my niggaz)  
All my bitches! (Is you ready?) is you ready? (here we  
go)

[Rampage]

Huh, I'm up at One Fish, Two Fish

Sittin in my truck, on the, twenty-inch deepdish  
Met this girl from, Victoria Secret  
Wanted to take me home, so she can just sleep with  
Oh right, cool, the ass is kinda dunky  
Had to turn her down, plus she looked like a monkey  
Rolled up my window, she said I was actin funny

Air was on low, my mink was on the money  
Sky blue, matchin hat, the hood was on funny  
On the side of me, was my security footies  
The word in the clubs; Rampage is a bully  
I never stay at one place dawg, I gotta boogie  
I keep it cool but I'm addicted to six figures  
This year (uh) I'm rollin with them high-bidders (that's  
right)  
My image is right, I'm here to bang niggaz  
Look at how I'm doin it now ya fake niggaz

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

[Busta Rhymes]

Whip twenty-three inches up in the bubble truck  
Bitch bounce from the east back to west bubble front  
Whip double Duquotis and pop a double clutch  
And make bitches skip to my lou and the double dutch  
Pass a nigga the spliff, you watchin a nigga smoke it  
down  
Drag a freak back to my crib and watch me poke it out  
Soak it down, now you know when a nigga broke it  
down  
I put the dick all inside her throat, now watch her choke  
it down  
Scope around fiends we sling the dope around  
Sling the soap around, little faggots see we don't joke  
around  
Hardcore sound that we bangin just like a  
quadropound  
international shit be swingin back to my local ground  
Hah, hope you see we'll roast you bi-coastal  
niggaz only knowin the half, you know we'll fry MOST  
YOU!  
Gettin money from chef, at lunch I eat TOFU!  
And tuck my waist with the gat, now watch a nigga  
BLOW THROUGH!

[Chorus: Busta + (Rampage)]

[Busta talking]

Yeah, just bounce come on  
Yeah, come on, just bounce come on  
Yeah, come on, just bounce come on

Yeah, come on, just bounce come on  
Yeah, come on, Flipmode come on  
Yeah, come on, Flipmode come on  
Yeah, come on, Flipmooooode!  
Hah, yeah, yeah, here we go

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