

Flipmode Squad "Watcha Come Around Here"

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Verse 1: Spliff Star

Yeah
Heh
A Flipmode y'all (x4)
Hah
Heh
Hahahaha
Yo
Yo, Uh
I spits rhymes for thug cats
Neighborhood drug rats
Hardcore
Keep it raw
What
Niggaz love that
Stack the greenbacks
And stay steady with the weed sack
Spliff Star one of the famous foreigners
>From East Flat-Bush
Fire arms till you no longer breather black
Make it hot
Standin on the corner wit the G-Pack
Look at me
Lampin in defiance wit my seats back
Got the game to fuck wit ?Jane? where you and her
sleep at

Verse 2: Rah Digga

Lyricaly inclined
And inclined to get lyrical
Checkin for residuals
Rhymin be the ritual
Ill individual
Bad habitat
Watch my voice battle cats
While i'm spittin battle raps
On the high horse
And i keep my saddle strapped
You'd be headin up the river like 'where the paddle at?'
Got a rhyme overload

Rah Digga always front ya
Leavin niggaz stuck like I was accupuncture

Chorus:

Got niggaz from the hood
Thinkin shit all good
I'm askin all y'all
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!
Got niggaz outta town
Tryin to come and be down
I'm askin all y'all
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!
Got niggaz online
Think they fuckin wit mine
I'm askin all y'all
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!
I'm askin all y'all
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!
I'm askin all y'all
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!

Verse 3: Baby Sham

It makes alot of sense
When you see Sham in black Benz
With high friends
Pull up the club wit dark tints
Never jump out
Thats why they lookin dead in my mouth
They must have doubts
Like who the stars wit no lookouts
You'd be amazed and surprised to who would run in
your house
And tag their names on the stomach of your pregnant
spouse
I shall leave you wit dat
BIB from QB
Boys In Black
And foul attitudes to match

Verse 4: Busta Rhymes

Yo
Now who you be god
I be the soul controller
I burst gas like the fizz outta your Coca Cola
Live shit like the energy of solar
With thug niggaz wit names like Bullet Head and Cobra
Street niggaz be feelin the nights gettin cold, the rock
Bear skin furs like Australian polar

Hang up on whack bitches who call the Motorola
And smack faggots like you don't make me have ta
show ya

Chorus

Verse 5: Rampage

Ramp i'm not talkin son I'm comin out clappin
All you whack niggaz be poppin shit y'all niggaz actin
Flipmode number 1 squad that make shit happen
I'm rippin down shit while y'all other niggaz slackin
Money cats is stocked and locked plus I'm stackin
Them grimy niggaz rollin with me
Them niggaz packin
Bust 4 in your face pop 4 in your back and
8 bullets total in all I'm street trackin

Verse 6: Rocky Marciano

2 for my block like 10 in the mornin
Squish your organs like Swiss scheese whippin the arm
And flava blaze I play the corner
Wake up your neighbors wit my tape in order to feel my
aura
Mauziano I'm like a silver Tzar holdin golden
Metal & dough I hold my arm swollen
On the farm belong for soldiers I control is like they
seein Moses
Fiendin for flows I pose to split you open
Layin back rappers for motion picture me slap on my
rappin boots

Chorus

Verse 7: Lord Have Mercy

The earth is the globe
Where I work my magic like Merlin unfold
Surface enclosure
Life worthless no goals
Perfect controls
Like Ayatola's turbans and robes
From the counties of kings
Bails, bounties, pissie lobbies
50 armies
Probably bring hell on this earth
Legend of dirt
Smash ghettos & General's turf
Menace incredible work
Land Lord blaze him and gave him the dirt

Hah

Chorus

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