

Flipmode Squad "Whatcha Come Around Here For"

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Yeah, heh
A Flipmode y'all, a Flipmode y'all
A Flipmode y'all, a Flipmode y'all
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

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 acupuncture

Got niggaz from the hood, thinkin' shit all good
I'm askin' all y'all, whatcha come around here for?
Got niggaz outta town, tryin' to come and be down
I'm askin' all y'all, whatcha come around here for?

Got niggaz online, think they fuckin' wit mine
I'm askin' all y'all, whatcha come around here for?
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It makes a lot of sense when you see Sham in black
Benz
With high friends pull up the club wit dark tints
Never jump out, that's 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

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 to
show ya

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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'

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 tsar holdin' golden
Metal and though I hold my arm swollen
On the farm belong for soldiers I control

Is like they seein' Moses

Fendin' for flows, I pose to split you open
Layin' back rappers for motion
Picture me slap on my rappin' boots

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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 and General's turf
Menace incredible work
Land Lord blaze him and gave him the dirt, hah

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