

Foreign Objects

"Flipmode Iz Da Squad"

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[Rampage]

Drop it

Uh, ladies and gentlemen

Chorus:

Y'all siga siga sing it x6 (Flipmode is da squad)

It's the Ramp auto nigga you've been waiting for, the outlaw

Throwing brothers off the seashore, this is your derour
Flipmode take you to war, kids in the hood can't take it
no more

I'm the one you looking for

If eight is enough, I rock my stuff, watch you get cuff

Yo, you fucking with the wrong bluff

I got more King than Just

Niggas make me mad, now I got to squeeze and bust

Bringing harm with my lucky charm, me and Saddam

I can't keep calm, release the bomb, (boom)

Radiation, to the nation, call your congregation

My Squad is on plantation

And word up, Rampage, last nigga scout

Quick to punch a nigga in his mouth

That's word to down south

Brothers bite my rhymes, acting on preps, spinning my
lyrics

Putting in their lyrical concepts

This is rap with no rules

Fuck being cool, old school or new school

I'm supreme, I'm on the fat winning team

A lot of clicks wanna dream, peep my theme

I'm in it to win it, you damn right I'm getting cream

Microphone fiend, uh

[Serious]

Ehhh, eh eh eh eh eh eh eh, eh eh eh eh eh eh, eh

Hallelujhah, kids hear this (this), you got to hear this
(this)

Flipmode's the one and your shit should hear this

Splitting the guns, causing a earthquake

My contradict thick like a Mickey D shake
I give the shit that I know you can't take
Fuck out my way for heaven's sake
I got my eye on you (you), what you gonna do (do), you
ain't got clue
(clue)
Shoo fly shoo fly shoo
Everything's peachy keen neat
Tommy coming fast like Speedo
Make a blast like a torpedo
Deep like Captain Nemo
I brings the primo
My life will be nitro large, jumbo
Your shit be itty bitty bitty bitty micro
In your ass like a vaccine
Point MC's to my hilly bill jeans
I eat MC's with rice and beans (beans), rice and greens
(greens)
I wreck the whole scene
Serious, true brother, should not scream

[Spliff Star]

Yo yo, yo, yo
Yo check this here, I be the thug up in your ear
From here to Cakalaka, the microphone attacker
Spliff I split psycho soloist, one of the dopest
Singing songs on recess when I'm giving one fuck, uhh
Pastor of disaster, I brings it on
My Flipmode niggas be like Children Of The Corn
Running through your block blasting (pow)
With no questions asking
Putting bullet holes through your fucking latest fashion
The ignorant immigrant
Magnificent, like Morrocco
Stacking that cheddar like nacho
The number one honcho
Dirty nigga desperado rhyme well bravo
Freestyle felon oops upside your fucking melon
Breaking fool on they ass just like George did to Helen
I got the world yelling
Hit the punashatach unitl it start smelling

Chorus:

Y'all siga siga sing it x6 (Flipmode is da Squad)

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo yo, yo, yo, yo let me continue
Motherfucker I'm about to send you (ha ha ha ha)
Check me out, the demon done got up in you

What the fuck you talking about I've been waiting
I wanna talk to you, shit, watery shit
Caught the 24 hour flu, soft
Of course, blow you off course
Flying through the sky like the Pegasus horse
You lost to be the boss, I toss
Kill corny niggas with no remorse
Turn my lights off, turn my mic on
Yo Busta Rhymes could manifest so who'd be the true
lyric icon
It really don't matter how much bigger
I storm all over motherfuckers, like some end of the
world niggas
Like rapid fire, chicka cha, blaow!
Bust a shot all up in your face, nigga what now
Mistaken enough I just breaking chicken
Prepare for the undertaking, your whole body faking
I always try my hardest to keep communicating
But you ain't relating
You fucked up on what I'm making
Watch, how we attract like magnets, break your body
down to fragments
Cut you down to half size, quarter size, eighth size,
nigga
Get up off my dick
Chop you up and bag you up just like a half a brick
Reversible, rehearsable, Busta Rhymes, almighty
merciful
Dismantle, example, your whole crew will get trampled
Follow the example, the lyrical nutritionist, the
abolitionist
I revolutionize the music like a fucking revolutionist
Busta Rhymes will stay snapping while bitches keep on
yapping
When my shit is done, you fuckers start clapping, what
the happened
Rhymes feel like a bunch of diesel niggas, hype niggas
We be them type niggas, them side swipe niggas
While you be the apprentice
My dick up in your mouth just like a dentist
You Seventh Day Adventist
My rhymes is in the, uhh
For memory laps, no halves, caught up in traps
I cross country like traveling maps
Worldwide (echoed)

[Lord Have Mercy]

One, nation indivisible, with, liberty the god individual
Cripple you
Colonize like pirates and criminals

Convicted of world crimes while I'm world wide in flows
Modernize and digital
Evacuate civilize
Billions tumble
My skill guzzle
Iced tea with cop killas, top billas now
So binoculars to follow
Blood drops in spillage
In treetops my gorillas collapse shit, like Alaskan
winters (ha)
Sinners (ha) frostbit
Lost sleds and lost fingers
Lord, commander of large missile militias
Pick, up, dust, like the share croppers galoshes
And spray Agent Orange from helicopters on impostors
Then I, return like a
Jed-i, with guns are Han Solo and never, seen, three,
P.O's
The good against evil, flash forever
Spread mash and take
Drastic measures, blast berrettas
I carry nines like math professors
Lord Have, drop jewels, sword slash
Rob crews that snatch treasures
Halt, the global giant unfolds the science
Unify blends the fire to the sea
I bring crisis and crucifixion with the newest Scriptures
Rugged who control hundreds
Who stay cold blooded like anemics
Paint pictures that keep minds twisted like spinal
defects
Spit jewels
Watch your platoon
Lick wounds
And form scabs before they grif again
It's Lord hittin 'em
And as the world turns, like, Holy Koran scripts
My response is to keep repping, son
Terrorize, for six days
And gon' rest on the seventh one

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