

# Mad Caddies

## "Riot"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Come on, yea, ha, ya, Busta Rhymes baby, yea, ha  
It's Flipmode baby, yea, come on  
We bout to cause a riot nigga

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

Got a lot of niggaz rollin' with ya holla  
Cause you know we ripped it hotter than them other  
niggaz  
Spot a nigga gettin dollars not another niggacan do it  
the way that we cocked and shot another nigga  
Think he deserved the way he was boppin with a cherry  
copperglitter blood fella send a cop to get 'em  
It's funny the way the iron just to drop you quicker  
Why I hit y'all with the fire, think I got a winner  
Stackin a crib with a chick that make a proper dinner  
Black in the range with tint, and chrome aqua  
spinnin' Parked right next to the Benz with a soap opera  
and the TV up in the dash co-starrin a opera singer  
That be the type of bullshit I be on and stay hot  
I stop whippin' a Bentley to whip a Mercedes Maeboch  
And keep runnin' around the street like my name was  
Mel Patch nigga  
Come through your hood and take your whole block,  
come on  
And while we give it to ya

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

While with me (Come on) My niggaz stack money to the  
sky with me (Come on) My niggaz in the place need to  
riot with me (Come on) And set the whole fire with me  
(Come on) All of my ladies in the beauty salon look  
bomb put yo shit on  
And wait up in the line for me (Come on) You come all in  
the party lookin' fine for me (Come on) Holdin 'Gnac  
spill a little red wine for me

[Bridge: Busta Rhymes 9x]

Let's cause a riot  
Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo (Come on)

[Verse 2: Busta Rhymes]

It's bout to get a little bit betta, start to get a little  
cheddar  
Pack a big beretta  
Check a nigga resume doin' a alphabet-ah  
Go order and brandish the metal hid into ya leather  
No matter or whether or not you wearin' a vest  
So you got your hand on the cannon I got a bigger plan  
for ya  
Call up my mans for ya, now watch you vanish  
Makin' you family ask for ya  
You think you family pay a couple of grand for ya? Like  
you afraid to hold a mac, like you were made to hold a  
gat  
We made a hole and quikly dug out all the sand for ya  
The heat'll be makin' you put it on the glass shorty  
Wiggle somethin' and get to showin' a little ass for me  
(Bling!)Now lets get on and open smokin' and blast for  
thee  
Niggas will really want it and fill the capacity  
You muthafuckin' know it has to be  
The way we touch it y'all niggas knowin exactly who the  
master be  
And while we give it to ya

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

While with me (Come on)My niggaz stack money to the  
sky with me (Come on)My niggaz in the place need to  
riot with me (Come on)And set the whole fire with me  
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spill a little red wine for me

[Bridge: Busta Rhymes 9x]

Let's cause a riot  
Yo, Yo, Yo, Yo (Come on)

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