

## Clinton Sparks "Get Down"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Flipmode Squad, let's keep it hip-hop  
Rah Digga, Rampage

[Rampage]

Yo Bust' (yeah)  
Let's smack these niggaz all in they motherfuckin face

[Verse One: Busta Rhymes]

This be the shit to go for broke on  
'Til we own ships that carry big freight and niggaz  
harbor coke on  
Now let me get my fuckin smoke on  
I'll have your mother recitin my shit like she singin the  
fuckin boat song  
Now watch the story unfold nigga  
Bullets smackin your face and your chest just like a  
fuckin drumroll nigga  
You ain't know me and my crew, we lockin it up  
And rubberband stackin dough in Timberland shoebox  
nigga, and stockin it up  
Too many of my niggaz at the door of the club  
That be always gun cockin it up  
We put together niggaz like the dick to these bitches  
Givin it to 'em in the worst way for actin too {?} bridges  
Crackin it down, backin it down  
How we give it to niggaz, you know we only smackin it  
down  
Before I bring it to a closure nigga  
You think we finished cause my lil' 16 bars is over  
nigga?

[Chorus]

Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down y'all  
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode y'all  
Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down y'all  
Get down, get-gi-get down y'all  
Aiyyo, aiyyo, get down y'all  
"We smashin all y'all" - "Flip-Flipmode represent"  
Aiyyo, aiyyo - Flipmode "motherfuckers"  
Swear to only bring you hot shit, everyday

[Verse Two: Rah Digga]

Keep the five for ya, the ruggedest chick  
Spread shit like Tom Sawyer, bitch Will Smith  
Be I the Fresh Princess, rulin shit run things  
Your efforts is senseless, Hariett Thus  
Ridin rare breed, fuck buyin a jar  
I smoke the engineer weed motherfucker  
Bitch got stuck in Wells Fargo, Brick City hooligan  
Squattin at the car show - couldn't be a girly girl  
If I tried; crazy slave to the live  
But I'm still fly, love four by fours  
Cause they ride like a toy, steady jumpin the curb  
Pedestrians like "oh boy" I can sing, rap DJ  
Work the instant replay  
"Even though I'm slurrin my voice" like I was Freeway  
Get it right cuz-o, I keep the rhymes runnin  
Kind of terror FBI don't even see comin, motherfuckers

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Rampage]

Ashes is ashes and dust to dust  
Y'all see the low Ro', y'all ain't fuckin with us  
Rampage nigga, I'm a sick man  
Chop you in your face, cut off both of your hands  
Wrap your body up, put it in a sedan  
Drop yo' ass in a river, this is how I deliver  
Got the maggots just eatin your liver, untold mystery  
Your name is Swany River, you not a legend  
Youse one dead nigga, six feet under  
Never comin back, one year later  
This is real facts (yeah) tell the feds  
Just to back up off me  
Keep eatin donuts and drinkin that coffee  
They say they know my M.O. from Philly to Milwaukee  
Got my house tapped with the walkie talkies, shit  
I'm just a victim in this case  
My lawyer's good, so get the FUCK out my face

[Chorus]

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