

Ruff Ryders

"Fright Night - Featuring Busta Rhymes Swizz&hellip"

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Busta rhymes:

Attention please, attention please
Can I have everybodys attention please
So humorous, we laugh at all ayall
The alliance has now been officially formed
Ruff ryder, flipmode, 2000, it's now official baby
Its another headbanger

Swizz beats:

Swizz beats, who hits on your streets every six weeks
I be on the mp so much that my wrists weak
Aint shit sweet, pile em in here
All my thugs in the clubs start wildin in here
Now put your bottles in the air, then light your dutches
Me and busta keep it tight like liposucion
Niggas that don't like me get the knife for frontin
Cause one night in the club gets your life on crutches
You got that whodie, I'll cock that forty
Flyin in the 5 with the top back on it
Stop that shorty, I know you love me
Probably sample one of my beats then owe me money
Plus you don't know me money, so stop the rumors
Before you need the janitors to come mop the room up
Ryde or die volume two, smash the charts
Now put your hands in the air for the black mozart, oh!

Chorus: busta rhymes

(ohhhh), now come on
(screeeam), jump baby come on
Get your hands up, (what!), now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, (what!)
Now let me walk you through it
(ohhhh), now come on
(screeeam), jump baby come on
Get your hands up, (what!), now all my ladies do it
Get your hands up, (what!)
Now let me walk you through it

Busta rhymes:

Yall niggas try to front, I'll send my crew on a hunt
Bunch of scheming ass niggas smoking gats and
blunts
Busta rhymes, flipmode represent
For the ruff ryder, and my nigga swizz
And we gonna be here to present
Yall niggas with some other shit to bang in the street
And block the fuck out, bang the fuckin floor with your
feet
Before we bang yall niggas all with the heat
Feed yall niggas more gutters like a mutherfuckin all
you can eat
And make you bounce how poncho will play the congo
And bang on the bongo, free to bounce on the bongo
From new york to colorado, so just follow
Im living for today and livin tomorrow
Open up your mouth, I got somethin big for you to
swallow
Blow you through the chest with a hollow
Like the foul shit you waste and transpired right in front
the impalo
Yo, the general busta busta shock and memorable
You know we precious like minerals, and deadly like
burials

Chorus

Swizz beats:

Listen, flipmode and ruff ryders bang out hits
S-w-i two zs bang out clips
Bang out chicks, for fun we bang out whips
Yall go to war with revolvers that bang out flicks
Now find me on two-fifth in the summer when it starts
And iced up, nice cut, new pair of jordans
Thinkin of extortin, nigga your life aint important
Your camp hotter than ours? , the fuck yall snortin
My thugs bang out bricks, swing, mix, throw dem
grams
Hash smokers, hopin more and out of soda cans
(yo swizz, I heard you stole), whoa! listen man
Mindin my business will make you a missin man
See the wrist and hand? , got plaques on the wall
And a fifth in hand, I'll put your back on the wall
Nigga don't ask me no more about nuttin you hear
Just scream and shout and just wild in here

Chorus: 3x

New york, they aint ready for it
A-t-l, they aint ready for it
Oh, oh, oh, they aint ready for it
Whoa, oh, oh, they aint ready for it
My ladies
Millenium
Guns bustin plenty of them, yall hear that

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