

George Michael F/ Lisa Stansfield**"Take That"**

Visit "[Take That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rampage]

Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, Universal

Flipmode, check it out

Ha!

[Rampage]

My shit is sicker latte

Backing out on niggas up at Jimmy's Cafe

Puerto Rican mamis lookin' like Sole

Take 'em to the crib then I fuck 'em that day (true)

Kick them bitches out, you know my gun play (play)

I'm gansgta, livin' street life everyday (day)

Just like Scarface, I still punk the J's

I gotta get mine, that's the America way, now

[Baby Sham]

Jump out the whip, I'm not the type of nigga that trip

Somethin' sick from the nozzle, wanted large when it spit

Hittin' you up, lettin' you bleed in the seat of your truck

And flee the scene when the smoke clear, quiet as fuck

Startin' to lose it, for me that is realer than music

Hold ya plaque up to ya chest and blow right through it

Eight bars on some next shit, probably don't fit

But that don't mean for me to keep quiet and zip up my lips

* Vinia Mojica harmonizes in background of hook

[Hook - Busta Rhymes]

My real niggas wildin' up in the spot

I know y'all niggas want it

What up, what up

(Take that nigga!)

To all my bitches gettin' rowdy with us

I know my bitches want it

What up, what up

(Take that bitches! Take that!)

Weak niggas (Take that!)

Motherfuckers (Take that!)

All my bitches (Take that!)

Thug niggas (Take that!)
East coast (Take that!)
West coast (Take that!)
Dirty south (Take that!)
Well if you want it (Take that!)

[Roc Marciano]
Gangsta nigga
I lace cats, blooded and sober, fuck who you know of
You don't want it, I push 'em dougher
I told you once I'm grippin' the auto
I tap your jawbone, take your broad home, in a Volvo
It's good I can rap, so you don't catch bullets in your
back
And for most that can't see me, I put my foot in they
ass
Word, if I catch your ass sleepin' get clapped
Like some applause, I can't afford weak links
I'm too strong, niggas are meek

[Spliff Star]
In a heartbeat I spark the heat
Who wanna start some beef, then catch a hot one in
they meat
Turn to savage like a caveman, with the guns blazin'
Executioner style, brains on the pavement
Nigga face it, you thought I live a basement
Thought I'd be dead somewhere, or incarcerated
I'm too slick, FBI suck a dick
Your son is my fan, plus your daughters my bitch

[Hook - Busta Rhymes]

[Rah Digga]
Yea, with my rhymes hittin'
I specialize, Grimy spittin' more grimy
Than the Lucy with some Chinese chicken
Now your writin' under pressure 'til your fingers start to
blister
Lookin' like some shit on the neck from rusty flippers
In my BM, fillin' the tank with my Pediem, call 'em as I
see 'em
Underground swingin' to the +Masters+
Tigers Woods liked the goods, tried to turn a new leaf
Just can't fight the hood

[Busta Rhymes]
Na-na, na-na-na-na, na-na
Now let me rip it right, will hit y'all with the
Big, gigantic, oversized, BLADOW!!
It's so amazing how we stuff shit up

How we blaze it, and we fuck shit up
Like when the bitch give me head
And I bust and she suck shit up
Like a motherfuckin' suction-cup
So turn this motherfuckin' truck shit up
While I be spillin' this shit with no remorse
See how we killin' this shit

[Hook - Busta Rhymes]

Visit [George Michael F/ Lisa Stansfield](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.