

## Irene

### "The Theme"

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It ain't over (ha) it ain't over, the party's not over  
C'mon.. hah huh, what  
Huh, party ain't over, what, hah  
Bystorm.. RNF no doubt, RNF no doubt  
Flipmode.. Tray Lee..

[Tracey Lee]

Some theme music, after party; startin from the hotel  
lobby  
Lift from the fifth is how the squad be  
Toss pullin chicks and shit discretely (ha)  
In teams of six, I'ma hit at least three  
Completely dipped in the fly shit  
This happens when you fuck with a winner (Bystorm)  
An RNF member; contenders wanna advance  
but chances is slimmer than dinner  
A key figure, Tray Lee the Hennesey swigger  
but scheme to get the cream quicker  
Why niggaz wanna come with it  
all knowin the flow stay acidic; it's bugged  
Let's get down, debut number one with a slug  
Keepin the hip-hop theme drugged  
If you like it hot say what? (What?)  
People throw your Mo' up in the air and show love  
C'mon

[Chorus: Tracey Lee]

Let's get up, let's get down  
People get lifted now - Reepz and Busta  
With Tray Lee don't quit now  
You know we get downwwwn, c'mon  
Let's get up, let's get down  
People get lifted now - Reepz and Busta  
With Tray Lee ahh shit now  
You know we get downwwwn, whoaaaa

[Pirates of the Reepz]

Uh-huh, you know Pi wanna tap that ass  
Uh-huh, can you feel me smackin that ass  
Uh-huh, lipstick press left on the wine glass  
Tree scented when you by-pass

Standard procedure's the third leg stance  
in downward position like permanent creases  
The Reepz get deeper down and explode  
Flip like acrobats and Flipmode  
Seven-six-three (huh) RNF go (huh)  
Busta (what the deal dunn) Mr. Tray Lee (what?)  
Show these MC's how it's supposed to be  
Supposedly, they don't know the meaning of we

[Tracey Lee]

Now it's been many wack MC's after me, wanna die?  
Tray and Pi got a crew to leave your team paralyzed  
Whoa - same show, that shit is mo' betta  
We gettin mo' chedda plus the script is mo' clever  
If sis wanna get it in the club nigga let her  
Spread her like an STD, most def we be  
deadly remain treed in the same PV  
with Nash and the Flipmode entourage, c'mon

[Chorus]

It's party time.. whoa, it's party time  
Havin a parrrrty..

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo, whylin for the night 'til everybody passed out  
Just clap yo' hands get up on the dancefloor baby and  
spread yo' ass out  
Let me all between the creases  
Masterpieces, bang new releases  
Big up my sons nephews and my nieces  
Busta Rhymes comin in and bustin yo' ass  
like my nigga Antonio Banderas  
I'm bout to jet-propel it, bomb-shell it  
Shit on the world and make you all smell it  
Now what da fuck is goin on here?  
Jump back, wiggle and break and watch the ass shake  
Academy fill up the whole capacity  
Who has the audacity? Suffer severe blows  
of lyrical assault and battery, go 'head TAKE OFF YOUR  
CLOTHES  
Shit be hot to death, hold your breath (hoo)  
Flipmode niggaz and RNF  
Makin you wave your hands from right to left  
Busta Rhymes and Tracey Lee  
be like Jim Kelly and Bruce Lee - nigga you wanna  
fight?  
All those who wanna front and deny my nigga  
Pi about to open yo' eye and make yo' body fry  
Bystorm I'm sayin FUCK LUKEWARM!  
We keep it hot, Tray Lee and Bust' creamin on the

same song!

[Chorus]

[Pirates of the Reepz]

Yeah, Tray Lee you don't stop

Big Nash you don't stop

Ha, Flipmode you don't stop

Ha, RNF you don't stop

Ha, Tray Lee you don't stop

Ha, (?) you don't stop

Ha, D-Dot you don't stop

Ha, Mark Pitts you don't stop

Universal, you don't stop

Keep it goin now, you don't stop

C'mon, yeah, you don't stop {\*fades\*}

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