

# We Could Take it Outside

Busta Rhymes

I'm a natural born killa that's born to rise  
Flipmode is the squad so it's no surprise  
Niggas want to advertise about how we get down  
You fuck around leave your body in the lost and found  
How you like me now?  
We got the industry on lock  
The world is on shock  
I'm a take a piece of the rock  
Yo, you feel it in the heart when we took you to the park  
Midnight after dark, I'm the raider of the lost ark (ark echo's)  
Now na na na na na na, nana nah  
Super size, super size, right before your eyes  
I bring in treats like giant sweet potato pies  
Wise, sword shift and I spit on flies  
Killing all the tips from studio spies  
Head to bed, beddie bye, beddie bye  
Don't ask why, we'll take your ass to paradise  
Flipmode's the squad don't rest, don't try  
Peace to my people in the friendly sky  
Peace to my outer space ties  
I'm in leather like the ladies  
Bigger than crack in the 80's (80's echo's)  
Drive the buggy I Mercedes  
Blow up like C-4  
Got so much to live for  
Can't play the game no more  
Pick up the cain no more  
Brothers ain't the same no more  
Try to sweat me, what am I aiming for  
Get yourself caught up  
Faggot ass tore up  
In the worst way, the only way you can stop me  
is cock your glock and shot me  
Drop me, pop me, make sure you that you got me  
Cause anytime I live I'm comin back to find you poppy

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Ya'll niggas want something?  
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Push up in the hot rod, alley cats a rah rah  
All my flipmode in the backseats with chrome nods  
Hear to bust mine  
Nigga frat child let his brain fry  
Pretty boy sliced up philly contact from his red eye  
You failed to realize when you macks me you drop the plastic  
Run up in your crib, now you heat me from the mattress  
My crew expanded, QB is where we landed  
Yellow strip you crossed it  
Now I'm forcing you to drink this champotion  
Show me were loaded  
The desert eagle hear it cockin'

Lovin my doggie  
While we shinin' continue flossin  
Steppin on toes I crush the whole shoe  
Pronto like Cru till I'm Triumphant like Wu  
The shit you talkin crazy like niggas turnin in their hand guns  
I be burnin mc's like betty grandson  
Smokin grey poupon boy  
Two lines, I chew rhymes and make niggas fall like they was futons  
All day outsiders, this squad be flipmode  
We get a dick rode a whole shitload

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We the official g-u-rilla to lead militias  
Stack peelin, americana  
Spit sentences like one of missy wanna's  
Reminisce the promise  
Bring drama like Nicaragua  
Fatigues march, army leaders, they count crooked drug dollars  
And sip fresh squeezed milk from the titties of llamas  
Leave cities in carnage  
Prettiest farmers that pour whisky at harvest and hold 16 guananas  
Maintain, maintain, maintain  
I pray like Gussalini Zion fists  
Try on this, you can't see me like vagina lips  
Smugglin diamond chips, bubblin anonymous  
The dominant will resource and count script crews and world wars  
(world wars echo's)  
Yo, you better practice what you preach, I got 7 MC's  
And 10 g's, I'll show each  
Never interfere and shit, souvenirs for your ears and shit  
Clear poetry like William Shakespeare and shit  
Word is bond checkin me out  
Hey what you talkin about  
You lost and walkin about  
Niggas got beef they want to say and start talkin it out  
Hey, oh my god, y'all nigga be buggin me out  
Wish they could lay me down and have the police start chalkin me out  
Now I zoom in on you and my niggas start stalkin you out  
Chuck down that bullshit that you be callin about  
This one's for my people and my niggas up North  
The ruler shit dynasty but Flipmode finally come fourth  
Exports and imports hittin you with flavors of all sorts  
My squad comin through, chop off your ear

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(2x)