

Call the Ambulance

Busta Rhymes

Yeah.. Busta Rhymes now, Flipmode now, check it
See we in two-thousand-and-three already, catch up to us
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hah, huh

Now motherfuckin case closed
The shit blow your speaker, keep turnin your base low
Spaz out because I motherfuckin say so
Before I blow this bitch like we down in Waco
Thick in cock diesel, that's the way we roll
Big truck shit, even my bitch whippin the Range Rov'
We 'bout to skyrocket and THE WAY WE GO
The way the bitches lookin love THE WAY WE BLOW
Check it, we light shit up like Broadway yo
The crack-head rappers better JUST SAY NO
Before I turn stupid and back the heat slow
Lay and wait for niggaz in the back street yo
Weak flow, take your shit like I'm comin to Repo
Create a crowd scene and stack a bunch of people
We bustin through the doors, shootin through your peephole
The shoot that never miss is like shootin a free throw
All you niggaz better go and..

Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out
Call the ambulance

Catch sixteen to remove your organs
H-2-O ridin round in same orbits
Notorious from New York to New Orleans
House come with the lake swimmin with dolphins
Fifty keys with large proportions
Caught a few niggaz on money extortions
Niggaz snitch, F.B.I. is hawkin
Call Johnny Cochran, yo this nigga is walkin
Shit, we got to close down the club
Me and my cousin Bust, we like Crockett and Tubbs
Pushin Lambo's, big chains and dubs
Lead the Flipmode security with snubs
Uppin club levels, hundred G's and up
And if them ducks rollin Bust I'm beatin it up
The streets ain't safe, yo we heatin it up
The party's on smash, now we tweakin it up
The bitches want this dick so they eatin it up

Now all you bitches better go and...

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Flipmode, we in heavy conjunction
We shut it down in every function
Beat you in yo' head until your brain malfunction
Yo Bust, call the label, tell 'em we in production
Pinky ring status so it's no discussion
Stop talkin shit, niggaz dodgin and duckin
I'm cream cheese with the english muffin
I still got respect in the Flatbush junction, HEY

Huh, it's like we shakin down a dude
We like a pack of dogs that come to take a nigga food
My niggaz flip quicker than a FUCKIN interlude
I beat niggaz head and blood drippin through a tube
Peep bitch, I'm only here to change the fuckin mood
And freeze you niggaz money like a nigga gettin sued
And leave you in the church watchin your body gettin viewed
Don't get it fucked up or even misconstrued
All you niggaz better go and..

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