

# Here We Go Again

Busta Rhymes

Yeah (Uh)  
The Rulership (Word)  
Anarchy niggas (Yeah yeah)  
Spliff Starr (Spliff Starr)  
Bus-a-bus (Bus-a-bus)  
Roc Marci (Roc Marci)  
Rah Digga (Rah Digga)  
Baby Sham (Baby Sham)  
Rampage (Rampage)  
Yeah  
Another Voyage nigga (Another one)

ONE TWO THREE  
Come on

Here we go again  
Y'all niggas know we have to give it to you  
Here we go again  
Now feel this banger while it's running through you  
Here we go again  
We come to hit y'all with that nigga music  
Here we go again  
More shit for y'all gon hear the drug abuse it  
Here we go again  
Now watch the way we always blow the spot  
Here we go again  
We fuck shit up and take the shit you got  
Here we go again  
Flipmode you know we always bring it (What)  
Bring it (What)  
Bring it (What)  
Bring it (What)  
Bring it

I'm a real wise guy, you can't fuck with me  
You could catch a quick bullet like Brandon Lee  
Carry my squad on my back like a MPV  
I got a sick paddle log that's banned from TV  
Charge your whole squad a hundred CC  
Straight from the streets, learn from OG's  
Rocks ain't nothing my jewels is deep freeze  
Blood, sweat, and tears, gotta stack the G's

They don't  
Wanna see me twenty pounds heavier  
On the cellular  
They wanna see me shot  
And bellied up  
I tell you what  
When I'm switching my whips  
I bury one  
Walk around in the streets  
With heavy guns  
Bust it  
Marinate in your self-source  
A couple shells to dry you out  
To a pale horse

Smashing your image  
Take it back  
Then we crack with a villian  
Scratching my d-dick  
Plus be the rapper to liquid

Spliff Starr  
Rampage  
Rah Digga  
Roc Marci  
Baby Sham  
Busta Rhymes  
DJ Scratchator  
FLIPMODE SQUAD  
Mutha fucker  
What y'all niggas want  
Yeah you know we always gonna give it to you  
HARDCORE

I double drop kick niggas  
Run around evict niggas  
Give it to you full blown  
Like HIV sick niggas  
Act like you know B  
I watch you die slowly  
Tapped action  
Like Charles Dick to Kobe  
Was a blood spilling  
Smack a faggot from the village  
Steam boil cabbage  
And hurt your momma feelings  
Run you off the court  
Defeat you at your sport  
Spit, pop, and twist niggas  
Like Moet corks

What now  
Hardcore sounds  
We snatch crowns  
Too much mouth  
You lay down  
We clear crowds  
Send a large threat  
What you expect  
For me to get rich nigga  
And blow off my set  
Never that  
I'ma rep Flipmode  
Till the sky's black  
Turn to macks  
And hear how we murdered this track  
Do you feel me dogs  
Six blocks  
Ninety-six buildings  
Brick walls  
Still push rock  
Cause I'm the source

Now  
Make noise one time for the tight little swinger  
Posing in flicks sticking up my middle finger  
Everybody trying to get they little shine these days  
Make a bitch cold flip back to my grimy ways

Ball in my court, those who lack sport  
Tear they ass to the roof without the black thought  
Coming on the scene thinking you the Don Juan  
Type crimes have you pissing all in your Sean Don

HERE WE GO NOW

Now what the fuck y'all niggas want  
And how we blow  
And give you all exactly what you want  
SEE FLIPMODE IS THE SQUAD  
Whatever niggas wanna try  
We smash you in your face  
And make it black around your eye  
WE 'BOUT TO WRECK IT NO DOUBT  
I'm 'bout to hit y'all with some shit that make you  
BUG THE FUCK OUT  
And make y'all niggas get real arrogant and  
THUG THE FUCK OUT  
And everytime we in the spot  
We always smash shit and make y'all niggas  
BUST A SLUG OUT

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We come to hit y'all with that nigga music  
Here we go again  
More shit for y'all gon hear the drug abuse it  
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Now watch the way we always blow the spot  
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Bring it (What)  
Bring it (What)  
Bring it (What)  
Bring it

Ha

Flipmode  
New album  
Labor Day 2000  
Fuckers  
The Rulership LP  
Flipmode Squad  
Unstoppable  
Cut the shit off  
Cut it off