

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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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