

# Match the Name With the Voice

**Busta Rhymes**

Greatness, yeah, yeah  
Aiiyo, turn the beat up a little bit louder  
Truck Volume

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
We bout to play a lil' game, match the name with the voice  
So when you pick your favorite emcee you makin' the right choice  
SO WHO ARE YOU?

Baby Sham, I'm known for the crud  
First night pops off with a couple of slugs

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

You see what I'm workin' wit, it's beyond rap  
Stick to the fact, that chapped lips get convexed  
Palm that, look where the arm's at, nigga need to launch that  
Now tell me what the problem be, is that I'm scorching dem  
To flood these streets, hot not partially, cock back the toast  
Put your heart for free, so what it feels like to hear me crushin' a beat

SO WHO ARE YOU?

The illest broad Digga, reppin' Brick City  
If I'm lying may the Lord come strike my left tittie

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

Undisputed metaphor rap queen, always cookin' up some shit  
Like mom's a crack fiend, so what's the word  
Strike a nerve when I'm speakin'  
Any emcee whether black or white, or Puertorriquen  
I'm the big dog, you just a cat stuck in a tree  
Not one of y'all cocksuckers fuckin' wit me

SO WHO ARE WE? (Flipmode)  
Got you gaspin' for air, hot shit muthafuckas  
Throw your hands in the air  
WATCH HOW WE DO IT  
How we rep and yo we solemnly swear  
To put it down until it's over and our time is up here  
SO WHO ARE YOU?

Rampage, new tenant, pack big still  
Fuck what ya heard, I'm ready to kill

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

Day criminal, street thug material  
Flipmode Imperial, top breakin' officer  
Fuck around we warnin' ya, 21 gun salute  
6 official conrads, ain't afraid to shoot  
Niggas see us, we got them shakin' in they boots  
Flipmode, the streets, bigger than Bayroots

SO WHO ARE YOU?

Yeah, Spliff Starr, cunt-crusher, gun-busta  
Hard-to-toucha, one bad muthafucka

AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

Gangsta bitch, deadly like cancerous  
I bring it where your parents live, show you what your status is  
Steam-boil your cabbages, I can't take y'all nigaz faggotness  
You about to die, show him where his casket is  
You wanted beans, I had your hood under siege  
Guns get squeezed, and bullets hit your knees

SO WHO ARE YOU?

Bus-A-Bus now, somethin' fo' sho'  
Keep 'em whilin' till somebody's left a leak on the flo'  
AND HOW YOU DOIN'?

We've been awaitin' the God, to make an undernovel entry  
Controllin' everything in the yard  
Rugged like General Custard it seems  
How we crush grapefruit, niggaz, and make a mustard out of your team  
You know we hotter than the 4th of July  
So sit back and watch the fireworks show light up my name the sky

SO WHO ARE WE? (Flipmode)

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