

Last Night

Flipmode Squad

(Busta Rhymes) (Chorus)

Comin in the dance last night (uh hum)
Busta boy fear last night (uh oh)
Me couldn't find me nine (um hum)
So me go, pull out me knife (so me say)
(repeat 2'x)
(Spilff Star)

A lot of brothers don't like me
Screw me when the site me
Pop a lot of shit, but they scared to death to fight me
See me on the stage wit Bust on some rap shit
They see me in the club wit Bust on some lap shit
Before this rap shit, it was the corner crack shit
But now i'm on the world on some autograph shit
Spliff-a-Spliff drop the 4 5th round the waiste
So if you want war, let me deal with the case
Ain't nothin to it, brother i got the heart to do it
Blast in, cover the sidewalk wit ya fluid
Ya niggas stupid, ya got brains, brother use it
Ain't nithin gonna stop my black ass, from gettin cash
On the real, that's how deeply i feel
A born again hooligan, hungry for this meal
Got the iced- out platinum rings that you want to steal
Come get it, watch ya whole shit get wetted
Street colonel cat, got enough cats to set it
So if you ain't doin shit , ya niggas need to dead it
Watchin my money, it cost bullets in ya tummy
It's all ral here, there ain't no fear here
You mess around here, you catch ya death here
I mean it, you could front, but you believe it
Nigga guard your life before i turn around and steal it
Look into my eyes and analyze what you deal wit
If I can't find you, I take it out on who you be wit
Type of bitch nigga i would never smoke a tree wit
(Busta Rhymes) (Chorus)

repeat 2's

(Busta Rhymes)

Nowadays we blow like smoke out the exhaust
Contamenatin smoke still makin me cough
I mean we bout to turn this wak shit off
Wak niggas is sick wit the flu sippin chicken broth
Now here's another winnin ripoff
Gettin money, eatin fine cuisine like buttered shrimp and rice pilaf
Stay heavily armed, Alakun Salom
Watch you bitch ass suffer til you got to beg for ya moms
Now turn the truck on, get ya fuck on, got you stuck on
Stupid right between yo legs, get yo suck on
drink bottles, treat niggas like Gus D'Amoto
Eat avacado, soon to go purchase a white Diablo
Niggas know my motto, lets get money, Macho Camacho
Applaud another rapper, lets go collect the nacho
Oh shit, hope you don't slip, another murder commit
The episode comin on Teen Summit
Little corny nigga talk too quick, think he slick
Throwin a brick, yappin off, lyin on his dick
Too late, you'll be the type o' nigga that I love to hate
Brutally bust ya shit like a nigga turned primate

Time of the year, feel great, clean slate
Throw a nickle plate, property shoppin to but a landscape
How they say street niggas 'ill never have
Now we possess the 5S wit the cherry red Nav
Doin things like signin graffiti on autograph
Gettin so much money staff calculate the math
Laugh you know the half, eyin in the stash
Mediatin watch the wind blow the blunt ash
You had a blast , now how long you gonna last
Ice grillin for nothing, you make yoself ass
Brace yoself one more time, know what i mean dun
Violate cross the foul line, it be yo last one
(Chorus til end)