

Straight Spittin'

Flipmode Squad

I'll bust all you cats in the game for malpractice
I'm in Jersey, where I'm paying no taxes
I'll stick your girl, Agnus
Flipmode bring the madness
Platinum status, Rampage I'm the baddest
Check the credit, yo you might as well dead it
I said it, fuck the edit, it's uncut
Nigga what, it's crunch time for me to shine
I'm a show you easily for me to take mines
Pass my nickel plated nine, call me Einstein
Buck a shot two times and stick you for your rhyme
Put you in a pine box
You and your whole family's on detox
Hustlin' crack for Reebok's
Holy socks, cut you with my ox
Rampage got the city locked
And your function, to the Flat Bush junction
'Causin' rambunction, watch me do you somethin'

Baby Sham on some new shit
New and exclusive
Five three, Caramel, tight grip on a four fifth
Leave em all stiff, blow smoke from this foul drift
Nigga with the 6 story, throw em off the cliff
As I speak the shit to put my name on the list
The small thug with a slug put a mark on his wrist
A tattoo of pyramids, puttin' hollows in clips
Peeped your gat, jammed tight, Ross your lookin' to riff (what the fuck?)
QB's type shit, cause we runnin' your clique
See me in the drop, with your six, sayin' she snitched
But never that, 'cause-o, high beam through the window
My lookouts move slow, they heard you never blast though
Got a safe in your crib, sham, you know the code
Search, spoke out, 3, 2, 1, that's zero
Took the c notes and flip mode left on the quietest note
Swallowed these then cleared your throat
Bitch ass, you should have spoke

Gimmie an F
Fuck the bullshit, fire my gun
Fly a nigga head, fuck it for fun
Fuck where you from
Gimmie an L
Layin on beaches, killin' all leeches
Love to break a liar face
Pick up the pieces, yo
Gimmie an I
Intelligence eliminates all irrelevance
Icon of immaculate rhyme common sense
Gimmie A P
Powerful professional
Poppin my pistol
Make a pack of people paranoid like 20 pitbulls
Gimmie an M
Master of all missions
Maker of decisions
Head on collisions

Massacre the meat rack, ask the women
Gimmie an O
Got niggas open, open heart surgery
Rhyme so official, overthrow governments
Shit is nursery
Gimmie A D
Diggin my dick all inside your chick
Dominate the heavyweight division
Rhymin district
Gimmie an E
Everlasting slang
Eternal ebonics
Lyrical e-mail
Stabilize livin' in all my economics
Squad
Group of men, women
Unified force
Squadron
Movin' like one in unison
Beg your pardon

What they call me
A hundred on a Harley
Out of nowhere, and keep you surfin' like Brawley
Narley! I'm the bitch with the pistol
Woody Woodpecker or L.L. at the Bristol
Official stand, hold it down in Trent
Then link up at the tunnel with the rest of my camp
Paper like Meade, I'm in the mix like Speed
And be screamin' on the mic till my tonsils bleed
Yeah that's the way it is
Like when a kid get christened
Like comin' to the bricks to find your whip missin'
Rockin' uptown, on down to west Howston
Houston, peace to my bitches that's boostin'
After juicin', I'm a straight black ball a rapper
Tap a nigga's nerves like them hackers
Be goin' on the modem, I get the call from the dispatcher
Then show them mother f'ers what I'm after

Yo I back slap a wack m.c. for trying to be
Something he not, pull his card, blow up his spot
Nigga talkin' bout murder but ain't committin' one
Niggas talkin' bout gats but ain't bustin' one
Yo, I see you in the ? portayin' like you a thug
Yea, your man got a gat, but he ain't bustin' no slug
You
You's a local black spokesman, I split your front open
Vicious knife wound, fucked up like Ron Goldman
Spliff, I spit, fully equipped for any bullshit
Grew up with the bad and ugly, quick to pull shit
Ignorant, vulgar, on your tape recorder
Idol to your son and probably lover to your daughter
Fatman son, wilted grandson, ? nephew, Frank the cousin

Uh huh, one more time, uh huh, spliff, come on
Bust my gun, like Colombians
Make niggas collapse like fucked up lungs

Better obey the laws of the land
Or lay still like soldiers of fortune in Nam
Closed coffin with flags folded in half
Triangular shape, blow out the candles with grace

For fabulous tastes, some will, battle for space
Pay the ultimate price, poltergeist
Put the holy ghost in your life, bring you closer to Christ
Focus your dice, when the vulture's in flight
Re-sculpture the mic, then smash heads like the opium bite
Prophet in vein, Metropolis claim body and soul
ID's controlled in the optical frame
Never stoppin' the game
Remove your squad with steady plans
I body slam punks like Superstar Billy Gramm'