

# Where You Think You Goin'

Flipmode Squad

Intro:

Yeah, where you think you goin. Where you think you goin.  
Ladies and gentlemen, it's the unit for the 9-8.  
Flipmode Squad baby. That's my word.  
All you sucker MC's, try to hide this stuff. Come back here.  
Where you think you goin, nigga. Come back here.  
Y'all niggaz ain't seein Jack. Shit !!!

Verse 1: Baby Sham

Aiiyo, speak the truth.  
Too short to let it hurt. Some talk dirt, and be the first slangin hertz.  
Freestylin of the hum of the birds.  
Fall back when I shine on my shine, two shows follow behind.  
It's a fucked up vehicle. Switchin my lines.  
Hotel asks a nigga: "Could I share my dimes?  
Picture that, when you scared to draw toes.  
Playin me close.  
Rollin with the dogs wearin yesterdays clothes.  
Left a fouled sin into my squad without permission.  
I started dissin, hopin you listen. Pay attention.  
Fathere'sly. The shadow leads you back to the hood.  
You wanna switch up because some niggas stalked you up.  
Or is the fact that they thought you was rollin with us.  
Left you all draged, like two trains crashin it up.

Verse 2: Spliff Starr

Aiiyo, Spliff Starr drama.  
Bullet him to sonna.  
Type of nigga that would sell crack to your mama.  
Take the cash and give me a bind Marijuana.  
Check me bound, and some turn bull panic .  
Back in the days. I'm off the drugs like a sonna.  
Nigga pushin ! boy. Kill emselves like no other.  
Kid don't like Blues brothers.  
Cold weather rock the ramma.  
Lye in front off the Jerry D.A. And ya .  
I represent street niggas, carry heat niggas.  
Wants to keep niggas. Ain't nothing but these sweet niggas.  
I stay tooken. Gun but cha scar open.  
If you fuck wit my squad nigga where you think you goin.

Corus:

Where you think you goin.  
Where you think you goin.  
Aiiyo, what you doin nigga.  
Where you think you goin.  
Where you think you goin.  
Where you think you goin.  
Aiiyo, what you movin for.  
Where you think you goin.  
Where you think you goin.  
Where you think you goin  
Aiiyo, what you doin nigga.  
Where you think you goin.

Verse 3: Busta Rhymes

You think that you can run (ha)

You think that you can hide (haa)  
You best believe you still comin. I think you better slide.  
While you stay bitchin, another nigga missin.  
Bodies snatch you up.! Behold the cream. .  
Cought in hells kitchen. My trigger fingers itchin.  
Nervous system□ fucked up.  
That□ why my nerves twitchin.  
Inslave your mentality. Nigga brain fried.  
We after you, runnin sergeant for a free ride.  
Where you think you goin son ?  
We gon?catch you soon.  
We here to take over this shit.  
Pour the tycoon.  
Blossom and gloom. Capture any nigga sober in a little dark room.  
Ha ha ha ha ha.

#### Verse 4: Rah Digga

Uh oh. You lil league boy I know your beats.  
You sound bullshittely, You rock .  
Swearin you to ball, when you know you□e wack.  
In a studio settin of a reverends track.  
Boy ! Rah gets busy, my shit be way slaver.  
Curder rapper Ernest like the one slave labour.  
One first be like the bitch tap oil.  
Loyal to my niggas. Enemies are fucked around, and riders rappin for you.  
Spot stays blowin. Goin?to the top.  
Where you think you□e goin.  
Pocket stay throwin. Smooth like the lowin.  
Rap chick flowin.  
Where you think you□e goin.

#### Chorus

#### Verse 5: Rampage

I□ a hard man at work.  
Lyrical expert.  
Look out before you get hurt.  
Bury the dirt. Line for line.  
Ramp I be the mastermind.  
That□ be full time watch me shine.  
I know the seven sign.  
I□ rich, and still life is a bitch.  
Losin?snitch like camey fake beggar.  
Jim Baker. I take you□e life like the undertaker.  
Flipmode money-maker, make that kill for this paper.  
It□ on the poppin.  
People wanna know when the album droppin.  
Start talkin. Keep walkin.  
Flatbush New York and we live for you.  
Sling for you.  
My squad struck oil.  
Now we coppin platinum things.  
Diamond rings. Nice cosy things.  
And a party for free.  
From the tunnel to envy.  
Ramp□ the rugged MC.  
My squad ke! eps growin.  
Where you think you goin.

#### Verse 6: Lord have Mercy

Chief gunnin to.  
Splash rain potters pooves.  
Fuck is you. Start stand peach.

Chuff for choose.  
Scoffer booves.  
Now low muscles moves.  
Smash crew like statue with jungle jewels.  
Son gets school, wit the dummin crew.  
Pay double dues. Cradle to the graves, hustle grooves.  
Flesh tissue. Death kiss you. No love for you.  
Oooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.  
And me the most wanted fool.  
Unfriendly in horrical, make power moves.  
Snatch colors loose. A dollar rule.  
Raw business shit in my hands, and shakes yours with it.  
Till you cause fridget.  
Local or long distance.  
Gets master served.  
And crash a burn  
Like James Evans when I□ blowin.  
Fuck is wrong wit cha.  
Where you think you□e goin.  
Where you think you□e goin.  
Where you think you□e goin.

Chorus (\*Fades\*)