

Busta Rhymes, Against All Odds ft. Flipmode Squad

(Featuring Flipmode Squad)

Baby Sham:

Ay Yo

Balls your pencils

As hollow tips get in you

Bots cutting to slice your face you

Rhymes is natural

Hold two lives and four wives

Up in the crack capsule

Flipmode cruddy styles has been past you

Rush pass

You couldn't touch cash

If it was under your nose

Like a mustache

Nigga

What ass

Show your whole cheek

Slugs with no heat

Diamonds that don't break

You thugs is so sweet

Rampage:

I flow so much I can see sick

Flipmode is the squad who I bees with

Who I get plucks with

And push German V's with

Rampage I'm psychic I can see shit

To the next millenium

You not gon be shit

Scratch your name off the list

Cut your wrist

You know the issue

I'm official

When you die none of your niggas is really gon miss you

Chorus:

FLIPMODE SQUAD

Here to drop bombs

AGAINST ALL ODDS

Still remain gods

GRIP YOUR ARM

We always come hard

THE WORLD IS OURS

Call a National Guard

Rah Digga:

Here we go

Any bitch that rhyme wanna flex she ass

I'm stomping all things like I'm plexi-glass

Niggas make way like when they hear sorry's

Treat you like park and too close to fire hydrants

All up in the board

Kicking back long islands

Get your wig split first solid defiance

Rah

Earth and sun in this Imperial alliance

You do the science

Spliff Star:

I'm getting money shitting

Turn intruders into vixens

Fall off

Beeper uh-uh

Niggas stay getting

Dirty nigga for life

That's how Spliff's living

Throwing niggas in caskets

Tired of a yellow ribbons

I buck my duck
If you touch my one
Rather Jamaican than belly boy make you people for fun
Fact my son
Street educated
The colonel of ghetto jurors
Still thug related
Chorus:
Lord Have Mercy:
We enemies of three strike felony laws
Gorilla dicking
K-Y jelly for whores
Lapdances
Trap grands without laws
My baby moms
Three eighty for your arms
That bust with loud force
The ghetto with us
That bang makaveli and trucks
That whatever the fuck to give a cheddar in chunks
Who gazey chase
Fake thugs with lazy aid
Track marks
Rap stars
And a rain of aids
Busta Rhymes:
Yo
What you want from us
Now visualize more of us
Stay toting under my given flavor from Nauticas
Destroy every arch rival or any challenger
Make you remember this day
Nigga mark it on your calendar
I'm showing you something
You ain't saying nothing
My niggas make noise
Like a bunch of volcanoes erupting
None of y'all niggas really wanna war
The type of nigga to crack my plane in your building
In the name of the law
Chorus: