

# Busta Rhymes, Break Yo Neck

Uh ah ah OH, ah ah ah  
Check it out  
Flipmode Squad, '98  
Raw deluxe, check it out y'all  
VERSE 1

I be the street kid, the brother your momma freak wit  
Put your people on if y'all know how to keep a secret  
When I get money you know I like to keep it  
How I get money others are tryin to peep it  
Flipmode, will be winners you wanna form a team wit  
The big money figures, the ones to plot the scheme wit  
The brothers who be used to gettin money frequent  
The ones I would always measure up my triple beams wit  
Until they start takin my people to the precinct  
That's all back in the day yo, that ain't nuttin recent  
Cuz nowadays we see women we like to speak wit  
Eat wit, lay 'em down and sleep wit  
Type of women make a brother wanna keep it  
Shorty be so exotic she lookin decent  
Lotta corny niggaz be offerin whack free shit  
I can't hold the heat no more yo, I gotta release it

## CHORUS 1

What y'all gonna do? Don't you know we always comin through, me and my crew,  
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)  
To all my dogs that stay bloody, well around in the 500, all day,  
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)  
C'mon

## VERSE 2

Now everytime that I meet a sucka who's fronted, it's aight  
Gettin money and everybody want it  
Smoke a big blunt, get myself all fucked up  
Fall on the floor, gotta call my X-500  
Iceburg-5 - where you at??  
"No need for alarm, right now I'm cruisin to the sound of my enhanced CD-ROM"  
Hurry up 5, yo you know it's about to get thick  
I see this cat away behind my back about to do a stick  
"Tell me where you at, I will be there in 10 seconds flat, you know I got your  
back, I'll be there just in time to counteract"  
Sometimes I might even forget crew, my X-5 bulletproof, I turbo boost, and  
blast right through in the ceiling and in the roof  
Comin through, hittin you, and knockin other suckas tooth's  
Full speed ahead like we runnin a toll booth  
Produce more flavor that Veryfine juice  
Call a truce, on me and my people and let loose

## CHORUS 2

All my ladies in the place to be, gettin money while they next to me, lemme  
see, Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT  
UP)

All my people just wave your hands, gettin money all across the land, one time  
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)  
C'mon

## VERSE 3

Release the heat, we lettin loose to the extreme  
Me and the Iceburg X-5, bounce from the scene  
Recline my seat, rock to the beat  
Lyrical artist, microphone scarred up in the heat  
Blowin up the spot that we hittin, know what I mean?  
Got you hopin we keepin you people up like caffeine  
Fly guillotine, seein everything on my little computer screen  
From here to Philippines  
Keep it movin, we never run out of gasoline  
Gas me, your arson, but lookin kerosene  
Me and my 5 be runnin the mission you never seen  
Hot shit, makin ya suckas forever fein

Anyone of you comin you better come clean  
Hit you with an overdose of more rhyme amphetamine  
Got you eye bloodshot you need visine  
People in wylin, I think you need to wreak the sirene  
CHORUS' 1 and 2