

# Busta Rhymes, Everybody On The Line Outside

-busta rhymes verse-

Flipmode word bond

Flipmode coming word bond

Flipmode here word bond

Feel no fear word bond

Uh-uh-uh uh-uh

Uh-uh-uh uh-uh

1998 hot shit

Hitting you off baby you do it like this yo

Crazy maybey a nigga look shadey

Admire the nigga and let me shine baby

Shine my nickel 380 yo it's all gravy

Never play me, follow orders you better obey me

Sisco and dance all in the discos

Crib show with alot of bitches from here to frisco

Yah-yay my nigga or yippe yai yo

Met a spanish chick I think her name is santiago

The way she blow I never been blowed before

Beyond a level where I could'nt take it no more

Put it on shorty then I bounce through the backdoor

She said hold on baby come here blaze it on the floor

Now I finish with that

Nigga give me my trap

Staking whole lot of money get me before I finish my rap

Think your shit don't stink

Drunk crossed eyed nigga

Walk crooked still spilling your drink

Jam on!

-busta rhymes chorus-

Everybody's on the line outside

Make you feel good make you come for the ride

Going do it to my people till your're satisfied

Cant do it like this no matter how much you try

I know you want to wild out come inside

&gt;from the left to the right lets coincide

All night flipmode coming open wide

Wave your hand up in the air until your hands get tired

-rampage verse-

Now I'm on charge

The party's going down at the club mirage

Rampage I'm still large

Coming in the door with my flipmode squad

Vip pass flex on the blast

Honey's in the corner yo I got to think fast

Play my game right if I want some ass

If I want to spend some cash, moet all night

Dont look at me wrong man your pokets ain't tight

I got a roolly that'll shine all night

This is that jam that make you ballers want to fight

And all you pretty ladies just wild for the night

Put your bottles in the air from your left to your right

Its rampage you can call me legendary

I drink alize with a little cranberry

I clear my throat

Got the flyest mink coat

I told you before yo I'm going for broke

Gebose

-repeat chorus-

-lord have mercy verse-  
Rotate the club  
Locate the love  
Pulsate with the squeeze ass  
Double g cans fatigue shafts  
Out your league math  
Jeeps crash dent like bean bags  
New york city rub squishy touch and theme tags  
Not a dollar to loose  
Man let me hollar at you  
Never head wobble with fool  
Tomorrow was cruel to flock on the moon  
La la bye messaging your crew  
Travel at high speeds  
No id  
God on the move  
Pardon me duke  
Nationwide thick base collide  
The gritty groove, smash fifty-two  
And levitate your side  
Who want it?  
Your back weak running like athletes  
Get on it  
Huh blaze the streets with no warning  
Andale andale my people move for the montary  
Jack cheese collapse streets now put the john away  
Put the john away, put the john away

-repeat chorus 2x-

-busta rhymes-  
Yeah flipmode raw deluxe hot shit  
1998 1999 year 2000  
Say what lord have mercy  
Say what rampage the last nigga  
Say what busta rhymes the lyrical  
Say what say what say what