

# Busta Rhymes, Straight Spittin'

Straight spittin'  
Flipmode squad  
the imperial

&lt;rampage&gt;  
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, f\*\*k 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 reeboks  
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  
5'3&quot;, 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 f\*\*k? )  
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\*  
F\*\*k the bullshit, fire my gun  
Fly a nigga head, f\*\*k it for fun  
F\*\*k 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 irrelavance  
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  
Stabalize livin in all my economics  
\*squad\*  
Group of men, women  
Unified force  
Squadron  
Movin like one in unison  
Beg your pardon

&lt;rah digga&gt;  
What they call me  
A hundred on a harley  
Out of nowhere, and keep you surfin like brawley(sp? )  
Narley! I'm the bitch with the pistol  
Woody woodpecker or I.I. 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 chirstened  
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

&lt;spliff starr&gt;  
Yo I back slap a wack mc 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 gatt, but he ain't bustin no slug  
You  
You's a local black spokesman, I split your front open  
Viscious knife wound, f\*\*ked 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 taperecorder  
Idol to your son and probably lover to your daughter  
Fatman son, wilted grandson, ( ? ) nephew, frank the cousin

--more--(82%)  
\*uh huh, one more time, uh huh, spliff, come on\*  
Bust my gun, like columbians  
Make niggas colapse like f\*\*ked up lungs

&lt;lord have mercy&gt;

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  
Resculpture 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

\*straight spittin...word is bond...flip mode squad...straight spittin...lyrical  
Ass whippin...we straight spittin....\*