

DJ Clue, Whatever You Want

[Busta:]

Uh-uh

Fears, real fears

The universal Flipmode Squad

Known to every existing life form as the Imperial 6

Has formed an alliance with the official Cluemannatti

Whatever you want, we do whatever you want

[in the background as Busta speaks]

Whatever you you want [x4]

Do whatever you want, whatever you want [x5]

[Baby Sham:]

Yo it's time to make these moves

Me and my Flipmode crew

Baby Sham spit the hot shit just for you

Make you get off your seat so you can cop the Clue

Q.B.C. and killer kids never obey these rules

That's why we roll deep and always carry the two

Smack a nigga face, fuck up his mood EXCUSE YOU

When we perform, bitches stand still like statues

Borrow this game, so y'all can proceed to move

[Rah Digga:]

Uh-uh the ruggedest thing as far as chics go

Watch nigga grow away faster than a pit bull

I tell them all they ain't got nothing for 'em

Platinum and album with no singing in the chorus

You get ate like you was peanut butter and swarma

Go tell yo' people I got a shitty karma BRICK CITY

Home of the crush MC's and my shit be the joint like I was Black Eyed

Peas

Hook (Busta Rhymes and Lord Have Mercy)

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want

When you get a lot of money, spend it how you want

We always got the new, always coming through

Buck wild, do whatever that y'all wanna do

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want

When you get a lot of money, spend it how you want

We always got the new, always coming through

With my nigga Clue, rapping with my Flipmode crew

[Rampage:]

Ramp, I'm still jig

I'm in the party taking a swig

I'm rich, yo I gotta think big

Holding the bar, me and Busta Bus, Lord Have and Spliff Star

Driving foreign cars, open club speed

Sham and Rah Digga had the weed, pass the duche

That all a nigga need

Twenty to one, y'all know the whole gamble

All my life I had to scramble WHAT

[Spliff Star:]

I be that thug back in the club

Puffin' on bud, chics eyein' me

Niggaz through the street show me love

Gettin' paper now, Bill Gates is my neighbor now

Chics all flavors now, cause a nigga kinda famous now

This here, my year turn millionaire

If it's well, cop a beach house, kick a seashell

If I got it, Imma flaunt it

That Brooklyn shit, I'm on it
Spliff Star, America's nightmare most wanted

[Hook: DJ Clue shout outs]

[Busta Rhymes:]

You want beef, my name Beef Steak Charles
With deeper frequency than Lou Rawls
Drop like Niagara Falls
Soft like Quaker Oats whippin' in speed boats
Make y'all niggaz BA-AH-AH like a bunch of billygoats
BA-AH-AH back to you, while you take notes
Rippin' shit down from the arena to parade floats YO
Yo, Flipmode Squad lock yo' house up
Quick to talk shit, nigga we lock yo mouths up

[Lord Have Mercy:]

Landlord confusing you chumps
Doing it up off rhymes
Scarring, shooting up the club
Like pharmaceutical drugs
You stupid as fuck, doing 'em up
Losing your blood
It's a cold world, with beautiful sluts screwing for ones
King of the jungle(jungle), swing on a humble(humble)
Stay grippin' on bundles, scattered in pieces
Chatted with Jesus
Niggaz salute the dead and gone, the dead and gone
Flipmode and Desert Storm, Desert Storm

[Hook x2]

[DJ Clue:]

DJ CLUE

[Busta Rhymes: talking]

It only gets better motherfuckers
Flipmode the Imperial, Cluemanati
Do whatever the fuck y'all wanna do