

Flipmode Squad, Run For Cover

-Rampage intro talk-

Yeah, niggas want to talk shit.. in the muthafucking room
I got something for your motherfucking ass...check it out

-Rampage Verse-

Rampage im coming express through your chest
In the Lex-GS, stop talking BS
My watch is still flooded
850 for the budget
Im Rugged, cats get gutted, rhyme then stab
Send their rusty ass friend to the lab
You's a crab, I take mines off the top like Fab
Hit you with a jab for the 98
Number one in billboard with the triangle shape
Flipmode on every mix tape, watch you cats get scrape
Rampage Alexander the great

-1st Rampage chorus-

WHAT

better run for cover for its too late

WHAT

You know we got it locked way out of state

WHAT

-Rah Digga Verse-

Now whose the chick to come ice the cake
Put it through everybody on my licence plate (Aight)
Ripping Mc's then got a rap chick fiending (fiending)
Celine type creaming (creaming)
Make them rappers poof like them crackers did Keenen
Meaning I run that, Waiting on mine like im the LL comeback
Wack rappers crawled out from holes
Now you souped cuz you slithered up the todem pole
Flipmode Squad affiliate of of time-warner
Send all you punks back to decorate the corner

-Second Rampage chorus-

Better run for cover for its too late

WHAT

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WHAT

-Spliff Star-

Now Baby Sham take the safety off hold

-Baby Sham verse-

There's alot of fake cats that jump in their mans Rolls
Come to my show with these fake wallos
Turquoise hid invoiced with plans to blow
See me backstage with the gauge upholds my pantsleg
Hand made suits contracts is in the briefcase
Life Negotiate so when I split these pies
Im sexing your dime
Flow for Flow batteling rhymes
Talking some crime
Now I gotta split your time (what what)
Get your shit pushed back like these seats recline (yeah)

-Repeat second Rampage chorus-

-Spliff Star verse-

Sliff Star throw on my scully tipping my brim (uh huh)
Stand on the Street corner scuffing up my Timbs
Take off my jacket
Pack the four fith cause a racket (thats right)
Freaky fella
Jimmy swaggert (wha)

Kill a sucka
Brothers had it (ha)
Contradiction Crucifiction
False Leadership Richard Nixon
Bouncing and switching the lanes all up in the Range
Heres a fifty for twenty dollars of gas gimme my change!

-Repeat Second Rampage chorus 2x-

-Lord Have Mercy verse-
Hey its the worlds famous international
Sinner irational (ha)
Nigga who dance with wolves (*wolf howl*)
Masterful bash skulls
Crack axles peel out in black fords (*tire screech*)
Splatter brains on dashports
Start anthrax wars
See's cast like task force die on a cross (ha)
July 4th blow your hands off (Blaaow!)
Special delivery
Jam cause with ghetto misery when im killabrese of canine
Last name heard it through the grapevine
Killing your blood millineum bug
United States divide with hate crimes
Roll snake eyes
In the concrete jungle of hell
While Lord Have stays Super like the son of Jor-el

-Rampage Chorus changed order-

WHAT
You know we got it locked way out of state
WHAT
Better Run for cover for its too late
WHAT
you know we got it locked way out of state
WHAT

-Busta Rhymes verse-

I be the last nigga
The quick to bust your ass niggas
Do anything in this world to get the cash niggas
I might even get mad and even slash niggas
Rob them and get away in a car and crash niggas
Whats the world gonna do when I drop the smash nigga
Iron all in your face dont make me pull the trigga
Another reason for me to have to poor my own swigga
Thought I was posing for word up but a fed took my picture
Surgeon general I represent the underneath
The ask for shit beef
The worlds greatest fucking thief
Brick layer hardcore smash your front teeth
Wilding it straight giving their mother mad grief
Rob a nigga strip him down leave him in his briefs
Do so much dirt the priest asked me to turn another leaf
Made the priest flip change his whole belief
Started wildin in the club with them niggas starting beef
Act fool