

Busta Rhymes, When Disaster Strikes

Yeah..
Good God!

[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]
Yeah, for all you motherfuckers across the whole entire galaxy
Busta Rhymes and the whole entire Flipmode Squad
Back at y'all motherfuckers in 1997
[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]
Hah, When Disaster Strikes, When Disaster Strikes
Take a look and sit on the sidelines and bear witness
Hah!

On and on, return from the future like a centurion
All my affili-ates.. let's stack another mill-ion
While you learn on how the words go to my motherfucking song
Watch me puts it on.. it keeps you open all day long
The way we fuck shit up you thinkin somethin must be wrong
Set the high standards for corny niggaz to get the gong
Bleach your ass blonde and black your color back to bronze
On Happy Days I be the coolest nigga like The Fonz
So spectacular how I touch souls from here to Africa
My Zimbabwe niggaz bangin my joints up in they Acura
Pssh, OOH! Makin you feel the funk from bumper to bumper
Drive an imported 500 in foreign license plate numbers, ha ha
Laugh at ya, oh, me and my passengers
flip ass niggaz over quick like frying pan spatulas
Why do you be wastin your time, bein mad at us?
Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous!

[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]
Yes yes y'all! Flipmode Squad y'all
We reign supreme in 1997
When Disaster Strikes, you will all feel
[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]
When Disaster Strikes, you will all see
When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness
to The Most High Exalted

Yo.. now check it out, yo
I keeps flows so ridiculous
Rhyme flow taste good like a handful of cherry licorice
Practice your rhyme or be the local practitioner
Well you can try bein a doctor or bein a local obstetricianist
See, you can be somethin
Quit tryin to work so fuckin hard to-wards nothin
This rhyme shit was never designed for every swollen muffin
Yo, I'm sayin..
Why y'all niggaz think that y'all could really see my Squad?
And if we hit you hard that's when you feel the power of the God
Do it right and big up my peeps and A*Alikes
On alike, repel, especially feel When Disaster Strikes
Extremely delicate like the blowin out of candlelights
The quiet killings of projects niggaz whenever they wanna fight
That type of shit that shine and blind a nigga eyesight, aiiight?
We keepin it tight, y'all niggaz don't want it right?
You will never ever get no wins inside _mi casa_
We killin all impostors like we kill the cucurachas
Bounce to award ceremonies like we winnin Oscars
Rhymin rastas, eatin enough exotic pasta, hah! Yo..
We keep it movin for all of y'all
Freak y'all niggaz out while I'm makin y'all niggaz fall
Disaster will hitcha quick any time you wanna brawl
Perm, press, a nigga back, peel them of the wall
So tell me, why do you be wastin your time, bein mad at us?

Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous!

[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]

Hah, oh yes y'all!

This situation.. has now been brought before your very eyes

And as we carry on Flipmode Squad continues to conquer the world

[in background:] "Tra-la-la-la-lah" [4X]

When Disaster Strikes, you will all fear

When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness

to The Most High Exalted, hah!