

Busta Rhymes, Woo Hah! Got You All In Check (

Intro/Outro 2X: Busta Rhymes (and ODB singin some crazy shit)

Y'alllllll y'alllllll y'allllll, y'all
Y'alllllll y'alllllll y'allllll, y'all
Y'alllllll y'alllllll y'allllll, y'all
Y'alllllll y'alllllll y'allllll, y'all

Chorus: Busta Rhymes, Ol Dirty Bastard

The Flip Mode is the Squad that controls your set
Woo-Hah!! Got you all in check

We on some outta space shit like you watch Star Trek
Woo-Hah!! Got you all in check

You better keep my music bangin till it disconnect
Woo-Hah!! Got you all in check

Architects gettin money let me cash my check
Woo-Hah!! Got you all in check

Verse One: Busta Rhymes, Ol Dirty Bastard

Busta Rhymes up in the place with the Oh-Dee-Bee
Busta Rhymes you rhyme (Dirty) Whaaaaat? (You rhyme after me)
The Oh-Dee-Bee was nominated for a Grammy
Congratulations Bust with your solo EIIIIII-Peeeh!!!
Puttin scratches in my lyrics like my name was Kid Capri
Blow up the spot, regardless of your nationality
And I'm the Dirty Dawg can't fuck (nuhzza uhzza nizza UH!) with MEEEE???
Took Mariah on a Fantasy!! Yo
I had a wet dream that I was bonin Jody Wately
Doin wild shit a NUH ain't allowed to see
But we about to blow up the spot momentarily
Woo-Hah!! Ran stupid all throughout the country
And for youse to kill me? That wasn't meant to be
I know it feel good muthafuckaz want the recipe!!
And whose the vigilante, in the place to be
The Oh-Dee-Bee
Busta Rhymes real quality!
My top priority, is to be the, voluntarily
Nigga, that rip your ass for free, ha-hah-hah, hah!

Intro/Outro 1/2

Ohh baby I like it rawww, get with me!
Baby it's frrrrrreal ecstasy!
Yo ev-ery-time I design a flow, you see in 3D
Flawless victory
Knock a nigguh out, one two three!

Chorus

Interlude: Ol Dirty Bastard

Dibby dabby dibbi dah, then I pass a lot
Let me get more hot, represent the spot
A mad Squad when it comes to the art of rappin
I gotta KEEP your hands clappin
When you look at me, the type of guy I be
I'm a Dirty dancer, making girlies panties move
Let them fly so I can blast up the twat
Girlies watch sayin "God, stop getting me hot!"

Verse Two: Busta Rhymes, Ol Dirty Bastard

Niggaz talk shit, yo kill the yappin
Word is bond baby, tell me how you look so smashin
Now I got your head hurt, you need an aspirin
Bashin your head in the wall, time for some action!
If you want a small piece well here's a fraction
of shhh that will bust your head quick, peep the transaction
of how we keep motherfuckers constantly crashin
They flyest whips, think no shifts, now whose the champion?
I bring the wicked flow, like the latest fashion
Satisfaction baby keep your camera flashin

I was busting the sperm cells mixed with Old Gold
Fungus mold, 'fore-you-should-list.. slum gold
Played for a wild Irish rose
Fat ass nigga, slim bitch with no clothes
in the backseat of a 'back sixty-nine Oldsmoz
Are your soles and toes in the windows? Oh my hoes!
Hey believe me when I say so
You're in need of areal nigC-Ka-Ka-Ka-Crambole

Chorus

Intro/Outro