

# Da Beatminerz, Take That

(feat. Flipmode Squad, Vinia Mojica)

[Rampage]

Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, Universal  
Flipmode, check it out  
Ha!

[Rampage]

My shit is sicker latte  
Backing out on niggas up at Jimmy's Cafe  
Puerto Rican mamis lookin' like Sole  
Take 'em to the crib then I fuck 'em that day (true)  
Kick them bitches out, you know my gun play (play)  
I'm gangsta, livin' street life everyday (day)  
Just like Scarface, I still punk the J's  
I gotta get mine, that's the America way, now

[Baby Sham]

Jump out the whip, I'm not the type of nigga that trip  
Somethin' sick from the nozzle, wanted large when it spit  
Hittin' you up, lettin' you bleed in the seat of your truck  
And flee the scene when the smoke clear, quiet as fuck  
Startin' to lose it, for me that is realer than music  
Hold ya plaque up to ya chest and blow right through it  
Eight bars on some next shit, probably don't fit  
But that don't mean for me to keep quiet and zip up my lips

[Vinia Mojica harmonizes in background of hook]

[Hook: Busta Rhymes]

My real niggas wildin' up in the spot  
I know y'all niggas want it  
What up, what up  
(Take that nigga!)  
To all my bitches gettin' rowdy with us  
I know my bitches want it  
What up, what up  
(Take that bitches! Take that!)  
Weak niggas (Take that!)  
Motherfuckers (Take that!)  
All my bitches (Take that!)  
Thug niggas (Take that!)  
East coast (Take that!)  
West coast (Take that!)  
Dirty south (Take that!)  
Well if you want it (Take that!)

[Roc Marciano]

Gangsta nigga  
I lace cats, blooded and sober, fuck who you know of  
You don't want it, I push 'em dougher  
I told you once I'm grippin' the auto  
I tap your jawbone, take your broad home, in a Volvo  
It's good I can rap, so you don't catch bullets in your back  
And for most that can't see me, I put my foot in they ass  
Word, if I catch your ass sleepin' get clapped  
Like some applause, I can't afford weak links  
I'm too strong, niggas are meek

[Spliff Star]

In a heartbeat I spark the heat  
Who wanna start some beef, then catch a hot one in they meat  
Turn to savage like a caveman, with the guns blazin'  
Executioner style, brains on the pavement

Nigga face it, you thought I live a basement  
Thought I'd be dead somewhere, or incarcerated  
I'm too slick, FBI suck a dick  
Your son is my fan, plus your daughters my bitch

[Hook: Busta Rhymes]

[Rah Digga]

Yea, with my rhymes hittin'  
I specialize, Grimy spittin' more grimy  
Than the Lucy with some Chinese chicken  
Now your writin' under pressure 'til your fingers start to blister  
Lookin' like some shit on the neck from rusty flippers  
In my BM, fillin' the tank with my Pediem, call 'em as I see 'em  
Underground swingin' to the +Masters+  
Tigers Woods liked the goods, tried to turn a new leaf  
Just can't fight the hood

[Busta Rhymes]

Na-na, na-na-na-na, na-na  
Now let me rip it right, will hit y'all with the  
Big, gigantic, oversized, BLADOW!!  
It's so amazing how we stuff shit up  
How we blaze it, and we fuck shit up  
Like when the bitch give me head  
And I bust and she suck shit up  
Like a motherfuckin' suction-cup  
So turn this motherfuckin' truck shit up  
While I be spillin' this shit with no remorse  
See how we killin' this shit

[Hook: Busta Rhymes]