

Busta Rhymes, Break Yo Neck

Uh ah ah OH, ah ah ah
Check it out
Flipmode Squad, '98
Raw deluxe, check it out y'all
VERSE 1

I be the street kid, the brother your momma freak wit
Put your people on if y'all know how to keep a secret
When I get money you know I like to keep it
How I get money others are tryin to peep it
Flipmode, will be winners you wanna form a team wit
The big money figures, the ones to plot the scheme wit
The brothers who be used to gettin money frequent
The ones I would always measure up my triple beams wit
Until they start takin my people to the precinct
That's all back in the day yo, that ain't nuttin recent
Cuz nowadays we see women we like to speak wit
Eat wit, lay 'em down and sleep wit
Type of women make a brother wanna keep it
Shorty be so exotic she lookin decent
Lotta corny niggaz be offerin whack free shit
I can't hold the heat no more yo, I gotta release it

CHORUS 1

What y'all gonna do? Don't you know we always comin through, me and my crew,
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)
To all my dogs that stay bloody, well around in the 500, all day,
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)
C'mon

VERSE 2

Now everytime that I meet a sucka who's fronted, it's aight
Gettin money and everybody want it
Smoke a big blunt, get myself all fucked up
Fall on the floor, gotta call my X-500
Iceburg-5 - where you at??
"No need for alarm, right now I'm cruisin to the sound of my enhanced CD-ROM"
Hurry up 5, yo you know it's about to get thick
I see this cat away behind my back about to do a stick
"Tell me where you at, I will be there in 10 seconds flat, you know I got your
back, I'll be there just in time to counteract"
Sometimes I might even forget crew, my X-5 bulletproof, I turbo boost, and
blast right through in the ceiling and in the roof
Comin through, hittin you, and knockin other suckas tooth's
Full speed ahead like we runnin a toll booth
Produce more flavor that Veryfine juice
Call a truce, on me and my people and let loose

CHORUS 2

All my ladies in the place to be, gettin money while they next to me, lemme
see, Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT
UP)

All my people just wave your hands, gettin money all across the land, one time
Lemme here you say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP), say "fire it up" (FIRE IT UP)
C'mon

VERSE 3

Release the heat, we lettin loose to the extreme
Me and the Iceburg X-5, bounce from the scene
Recline my seat, rock to the beat
Lyrical artist, microphone scarred up in the heat
Blowin up the spot that we hittin, know what I mean?
Got you hopin we keepin you people up like caffeine
Fly guillotine, seein everything on my little computer screen
From here to Philippines
Keep it movin, we never run out of gasoline
Gas me, your arson, but lookin kerosene
Me and my 5 be runnin the mission you never seen
Hot shit, makin ya suckas forever fein

Anyone of you comin you better come clean
Hit you with an overdose of more rhyme amphetamine
Got you eye bloodshot you need visine
People in wylin, I think you need to wreak the sirene
CHORUS' 1 and 2