

Busta Rhymes, Come Get It

Hurricane's in the house..

[lord have mercy]

Land-lord, up in the house□*come get it*

Rah digga, up in the house□*come get it*

Rampage, up in the house□*come get it*

What? baby come get it□□(rah: what? nigga come get it)

Chorus: lord have mercy, rah digga

L: turn the heat up

Cause we about to creep up *come get it*

L: it's off the meter

Plus we tear the street up□*come get it*

R: ladies g'd up, what?

Don't smoke the weed up□*come get it*

L: what? baby come get it□(rah: what? nigga come get it)

[rah digga]

Check it, I come in sweeter than la femme nikita

Be all up in your hood like I'm a c&c two liter

The little honey that be doin her she thing

On some mya shit, like "it's all about me" see?

I bleed things, blunt slicer on my keyrings

Bra top, lots of g-strings, havin weed dreams

I'd be queen if this the 1900's

Cause niggaz gon get it, and e'rybody want it

I'm totin bags, eyes redder than a photo lab

The spins on your single, won't even top my promo ad

Hard drops quicker than jackers at the car lots

Couldn't get no harder if you went to school of hard knocks

The grimy bitch, sometime be punchliney bitch

So don't make me go there! (*starts singing to "the p is free"*)

Because the groupies are free, but the rhymes cost money..

Oh yeah!!

Chorus 2x

[rampage]

All my flipmode niggaz just bounce to this

All my rampage niggaz just bounce to this

All my hurricane niggaz just bounce to this

All my niggaz if you with me just, bounce with this

Okay, this is how it goes, pimpin all you, hoes

Catch em outside the shows, time to get the dough

Up in the studio, smokin the hydro

Writin the hot shit, you waitin for me to go

Threw on the ram' bounce, just shakin yo' ass yo

Bump this in your lex coupe or your expo'

Flipmode squad, we the ones in them videos

Catch us with the fly shit, but you don't hear me doe

Rampage, professional, just move your feet

We bout to make you do the jerk, get out your seats

Seven days a week and we the squad that don't sleep

Catch me in the street I'm on the midnight creep, so what?

Chorus 2x

[lord have mercy]

I walk the path, that allah made, +smooth+, like sade

Got pickup tracks -- high-beam with the fog rays

International capital, checks cashed in full

Damage your hood, natural, spend grands for goods
Traditional niggaz know -- scream on these players like
Dj call in some mo', invincible pretty flow
Grammar god, swing like gold from panama
Twenty-four carat charms, with smooth cuts like sarah vaughn
Here we go, here we go -- attitude
Spit the vocals hotter than soul food from baton rouge
Come, sharp-tongued like malcolm, on any album
Some got chrome like sly stone, what you about son?
Here it is, here it is -- handcraft the raw
Who the boss? human torch any fantastic four
Player, I be a point guard, controllin things
In the 4th quarter, it's all water like holdin springs

Chorus 2x

Dj hurricane in the place baby c'mon
Flip--mode, up in the spot baby c'mon
Ram--page, up in the place baby c'mon
Rah, digga up in the house baby c'mon
Lord have mercy in the place baby c'mon
Busta rhymes is in the house baby c'mon
Whylin out, for the night yeah c'mon
Hollis crew, represent baby c'mon
Dj hurricane represent baby c'mon
All the ladies c'mon, shake it baby c'mon
All the females c'mon, shake it baby c'mon..