

# Busta Rhymes, Don't Get Carried Away

(feat. Nas)

[Busta Rhymes]

Doctor, yeah  
I think we got some shit for 'em (FLIP-MOOODE!)  
Yeah I'ma rub these sticks together  
Check it, and start a bonfire

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our  
FLIPMODE MOVEMENT - bounce in your truck to us  
Y'ALL GET STUPID - don't try to fuck with us  
Because you will get carried away, yeah you'll get carried away

[Busta Rhymes]

Now I'm subtle, once I pick up my metal  
Put my foot on the pedal, ridin through every ghetto  
Analyze the shit I'm seein when I sip Amaretto  
A lot of bitches on the strip, struttin in they stilettos  
Then they wave and say hello, when my Lambo' is yellow  
Everything they got a jingle when they walk like ah-Jello  
See the niggaz on the corner and I never forget it  
And I never regret because I see how you get it  
Now because of you niggaz, I'm a hustler nigga  
'Gnac guzzler nigga, rip your jugular nigga  
In the night I become the type to love when it's dark  
Cause when I pull up and park, is when I'm makin my mark  
See the fact's that I'm tryin to strive and capitalize in  
Start to max-a-mimize and b-build a ent-ter-prise  
And wh-while I'm stockin this bread, keep ah-stockin the lead  
And leave a permanent dot, on the top of your head

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Ill Will, Flip-mooode!  
I'm the enigma, there is none harder, smarter  
Martyr, Godfather, my interest, your departure  
Pardon Dre this beat is a monster, catchy  
Like sleepin under open windows that's drafty  
Then wakin up my throat scratchy, that's how I spit it nasty  
They short, a few inches North of a dwarf  
My flow's Murcielago, ghostin them narcos  
Toast in the ways of the original Pablos  
Still a pyramid architect, mix liquors like a chemist  
Killer lyricist, poetical tyrant  
Sneaker store terrorist, Mt. Everest I climbed it  
Heat is drawn, no creepin on me whenever I'm bent  
My mind spray, my nine spray  
And freak styles like 3000 Andre  
To keep pilin, keep pushin them drops  
Nas, runnin with hot Busta Bust, we don't stop

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Now I'm hot, and we runnin the block  
Watch me run in your spot, fiends comin in flocks  
Add a little cut to the coke when I'm cookin the pot  
DRUGS, BITCH! I got what you want come and get what I got  
Now I almost forgot, I come to close up your shop  
I love to fold up a knot, love totin the glock  
Helps me feel safer when niggaz try to scheme on my plot  
Try to steal paper from me you gotta deal with a lot

See I will leave you to rot, only defendin my stock  
Niggaz know they pussy and struggle to pretend that they not  
Lose your life in the drop, while I harvest the crop  
My hot shit; bust a cannon have you run in your socks  
See we live on the edge, bang shit with a sledgehammer  
Split up your head, kill a snitch for the feds  
Let's go, for the streets I'm always spittin a gospel  
Get Nas holdin a barrel size of elephant nostril

[Chorus]