

Busta Rhymes, We Comin' Through

Yeah
Serious now
Serious

All my niggas
ONE TWO
Line up and
COME THROUGH
I got shit for all of you to wild out and
DUMB TO
Back and bust your gun too
Nowhere to run to
This shit is the jerk
So run your jewels and your ones too
All my bitches
WHAT WHAT
I like your whole strut
Bounce and hold your ass out
Make it open and close shut
Watch me bust a whole nut
Right over your whole butt
Slice you down with the dick
Just like you was a cold cut
OH FUCK
Now watch me dig all in your whole gut
Stuff it like a roast duck
Fucking packing a toast
WHAT WHAT
What about you slapping the shit up out ya
Flipmode
We them niggas
And I'ma always shout ya
See how we high rollers
Smoking till we high zoning
Niggas on the corner
Clutter the streets in the nights roaming
Now see how we got you open
My niggas hold your post
Bitches if your riding with me
Let's see who rocks the most

[Chorus:]
All my niggas (What what)
We coming through (What what)
Repping for my niggas and my bitches too (What what)
Back and bust your gun too
Nowhere to run to
Black out in the truck
Until there's no club to come to
All my bitches (What what)
We coming through (What what)
Repping for my bitches and my niggas too (What what)
Bounce and shake your ass out
Break fool and black out
Hit you with some shit
That will make all y'all just pass out

Know I keep that hot shit
Fuck up your block shit
Have y'all niggas stupid
On some straight cock your glock shit
Everytime we drop shit
There's no way to stop shit
Bust y'all niggas ass

Then like to sit back and pop shit
Yo we bout to lace y'all
Deface the place y'all
With shit that feel just like
A fucking foot in your face y'all
Is you with me?
(HELL YEAH!)
Before I hit y'all
Flipmode be the niggas
That will be sure to split y'all
We will never quit y'all
We won't permit y'all
Whack niggas to come inside
Like they be the shit y'all
FUCK THAT!
Yeah you know we blaze
And we wreck shop
Put it down for live niggas
While we watch the next fly
All my niggas pass through
Before we blast you
This shit so real
I don't have no need to gash you
We will never calm down
We won't put the bombs down
Rep for all my niggas
And we won't put the arms down
(Yeah you know we keep it coming)
Yo people is good for nothing
(Ay yo!)
Hot to death with shit that always keep you jumping
And rush the dance hall
Until all they ass fall
I make you other corny niggas
Get off the damn wall
And then we bless y'all
With the currently fresh y'all
And hit y'all niggas with flavor
Nothing less than the best y'all
Now we see how we got you open
My niggas hold your post
All my bitches wylin with me
Let's see who rocks the most

[Chorus:]

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