

# 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:]  
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  
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