

Busta Rhymes, We Could Take It Outside

(feat. Flipmode Squad)

[Verse 1:]

I'm a natural born killa that's born to rise
Flipmode is the squad so it's no surprise
Niggas want to advertise about how we get down
You fuck around leave your body in the lost and found
How you like me now?
We got the industry on lock
The world is on shock
I'm a take a piece of the rock
Yo, you feel it in the heart when we took you to the park
Midnight after dark, I'm the raider of the lost ark (ark echo's)
Now na na na na na, nana nah
Super size, super size, right before your eyes
I bring in treats like giant sweet potato pies
Wise, sword shift and I spit on flies
Killing all the tips from studio spies
Head to bed, beddie bye, beddie bye
Don't ask why, we'll take your ass to paradise
Flipmode's the squad don't rest, don't try
Peace to my people in the friendly sky
Peace to my outer space ties
I'm in leather like the ladies
Bigger than crack in the 80's (80's echo's)
Drive the buggy I Mercedes
Blow up like C-4
Got so much to live for
Can't play the game no more
Pick up the cain no more
Brothers ain't the same no more
Try to sweat me, what am I aiming for
Get yourself caught up
Faggot ass tore up
In the worst way, the only way you can stop me
is cock your glock and shot me
Drop me, pop me, make sure you that you got me
Cause anytime I live I'm comin back to find you poppy

[Chorus:]

What y'all niggas wanna do?
Yo we can take it outside
Ya'll niggas want something?
Yo we can take it outside
What y'all niggas wanna do?
Yo we can take it outside
Ya'll niggas want something?
Yo we can take it outside

[Verse 2:]

Push up in the hot rod, alley cats a rah rah
All my flipmode in the backseats with chrome nods
Hear to bust mine
Nigga frat child let his brain fry
Pretty boy sliced up philly contact from his red eye
You failed to realize when you macks me you drop the plastic
Run up in your crib, now you heat me from the mattress
My crew expanded, QB is where we landed
Yellow strip you crossed it
Now I'm forcing you to drink this champotion
Show me were loaded

The desert eagle hear it cockin'
Lovin my doggie
While we shinin' continue flossin
Steppin on toes I crush the whole shoe
Pronto like Cru till I'm Triumphant like Wu
The shit you talkin crazy like niggas turnin in their hand guns
I be burnin mc's like betty grandson
Smokin grey poupon boy
Two lines, I chew rhymes and make niggas fall like they was futons
All day outsiders, this squad be flipmode
We get a dick rode a whole shitload

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

We the official g-u-rilla to lead militias
Stack peelin, americana
Spit sentences like one of missy wanna's
Reminisce the promise
Bring drama like Nicaragua
Fatigues march, army leaders, they count crooked drug dollars
And sip fresh squeezed milk from the titties of llamas
Leave cities in carnage
Prettiest farmers that pour whisky at harvest and hold 16 guananas
Maintain, maintain, maintain
I pray like Gussalini Zion fists
Try on this, you can't see me like vagina lips
Smugglin diamond chips, bubblin anonymous
The dominant will resource and count script crews and world wars
(world wars echo's)
Yo, you better practice what you preach, I got 7 MC's
And 10 g's, I'll show each
Never interfere and shit, souvenirs for your ears and shit
Clear poetry like William Shakespeare and shit
Word is bond checkin me out
Hey what you talkin about
You lost and walkin about
Niggas got beef they want to say and start talkin it out
Hey, oh my god, y'all nigga be buggin me out
Wish they could lay me down and have the police start chalkin me out
Now I zoom in on you and my niggas start stalkin you out
Chuck down that bullshit that you be callin about
This one's for my people and my niggas up North
The ruler shit dynasty but Flipmode finally come fourth
Exports and imports hittin you with flavors of all sorts
My squad comin through, chop off your ear

[Chorus 2X]