Busta Rhymes, What It Is Pt 2 Ft Flip Mode Squa

Yeah, yeah, yeah Flipmode

Keep it goin c'mon

Keep it goin c'mon

Keep it goin c'mon

Part 2, Ha!

Yeah, Let me show you what it is right now

Grip the 5th hit you in your shit right now

Make room my squad moving big right now

Stack chips, crib looking sick right now

Chicks I switch em like kicks right now

Sorry can't help it; I'm a pimp right now

My new revenue thick right now

Or I'd have to come back and cook a brick right now

Near none of y'all hoochies couldn't move me right now

Went from Gap to Guess to a Gucci right now

Gunnin for your title, why bother right now

Some of y'all more bitch then Puffy's driver right now (stop)

Digga can rock; watch me spit it for blocks

In between big screens like I'm Vivica Fox

Second album showing no mercy right now

We first since Eminem controversial right now

Flipmode what it is right now (C'mon)

Flipmode what it is right now (Uh-ha, Uh-ha)

Flipmode what it is right now (All my people Uh-ha, Uh-ha)

Flipmode what it is right now (Flipmode nigga, Flipmode nigga)

Flipmode what it is right now (What you want nigga)

Flipmode what it is right now (Uh-ha, Uh-ha)

Flipmode what it is right now (All my people Uh-ha, Uh-ha)

Flipmode what it is right now (C'mon, Uh-ha, Uh-ha)

We got you stuck right now

Shit we lookin for bitches to fuck right now

Chickens and Peacocks and ducks right now

Different birds with feathers to pluck right now

When we pull up in the truck right now

All black seven-forty deluxe right now

Niggas hate to self-destruct right now

Wishin that I was takin the bus right now

Let's get it on right now

I feel it more right now

Big and small and skin em all right down

Wide variety of kicks

And 9 times out of 10 I'm get a bitch

And get soright now, I mean right now

Fuck a white gal in a tight towel, and right now

Things are like Iron Mike now

Throw hard rights and knock em out right now

Flipmode what it is right now

This be the beat to rock for the beats (yeah)

Bang that shit you crack the concrete (c'mon)

When we come thru you know we drop bombs

Flip-mode 2-k-1 dot com

Hands in the air till you weaken both arms

Ladies shake ya ass; fellas roll the charms

We keepin it street cause how we live That's what it is baby, that what it is baby Uh, Yeah It's QB right now Niggas is wonderin who's he right now He the nigga wit 20's on V's right now Pushin a whip on empty streets right now Fly by you catch a cab right now Put your cap down to the Force Eclipse right now Die slow got niggas pickin they scabs now Let it bleed right now, close your eyes no sounds I thought I told you who it is right now You ain't go to guess this ain't a fuckin guiz right now Tap better like Melvin Giz right now Bus-a-Bus the motherfucking grand wiz right now In case you ain't knowing it's Flipmode right now Stopping ya bank takin ya doe right now Bitch wanna fuck around wit a pro right now I see betta bitches I think you got to go right now Flipmode what it is right now It's Spliff Star up in the spot c'mon It's Rah Digga in the spot c'mon Rampage is in the spot c'mon Yeah, Roc Marc in the spot c'mon Yeah, Baby Cham is in the spot c'mon Yeah, Bus-a-Bus is in the spot c'mon Yeah, Scratchator is in the spot c'mon Bus'll tell you what it is right now 2001 hot shit, hot shit, hot shit Hot shit, hot shit, hot shit, hot shit