

Flipmode Bitch

Busta Rhymes

Ayo Clinton Sparks, you know what is man
It seem like the kid got the new crack for the city man
That's why we call this mixtape "New Crack City" bitch!
Flipmode bitch! Yeah! Right now

Ayo make sure you [?] within 20 feet of the fuckin' [?] holder
Easy

Niggas ask me how you got so many joints in the street check it
I tell 'em 'cause I love to hear myself on a lot of records
Suffocatin' the hood and air way for a lot of dudes
Resuscitatin' the look and diggin' grain for a lot of crews
Maximize the lane that I'm givin'
You got a lot of nerve at the hotel where I take bitches to fuck you work the concierge
Pause motherfucker ya heard
Become triumphant like a riot bigger than most eight to [?]
[?] shift the paranoia on niggas
While I bounce to the mansion in Jersey, Perth and boil you niggas
While you see me stay on my grind and I steam up in the sauna
A lot of niggas ain't see me comin' my team is gettin' stronger
Shit is electric we lighten up the hood and draw current
Short circuit the streets bringin' it to whoever really want it
No time to waste see I done came to lock the block up
And stock up a lot of this tip while I clock the Glock up

Flipmode bitch, get down get down
You know what to do nigga step down step down
The word on the street be the best round best round
Can try to front and you could get clowned get clowned
You niggas know we got the best sound best sound
We smashin' New York to the next town next town
We bang the street don't need a test ground test ground
Flip Flip mode mode squad squad bitch bitch

[?] Know about blammin'
Lock it with niggas who lock out slammers
Niggas don't respect bullets 'til they pop out hammers
Though the J kept ridin' they hopped out near me
Now I'm in central booker eatin' a cop out sandwich
They never seen shells 'til they cock out hammers
Not mines 'cause I pop outlandish
And you niggas just ain't safe in your haven
'Cause we rainin' and rainin'
Shit I play 'em the playlist
I'm as great as the greatest
Sick game is contagious
Scribe pages and pages
Engagin' with gauges on stages and stages
Lyrically blaze blazin' the hazin'
Wave wavin' the raven
I'm aimin' at bankin' this game we're changin'
Rappers is Caucasians and Asians
Nah I ain't a racist
I burn you guinea pigs to bacon
I burn you chinks to lil' manin'
It's no discrimination

I burn you niggas down to raisins

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I fight fire with fire, I was born sucker free
I go at ya hard leave a scar to remember me
Fuck the fist fights I leave that for Mayweather
I'm a cock back AK spray fella
Now when I came in this game I tried to keep humble
Now the game has changed and all I see is trouble
All of a sudden every rapper claim that he thuggin'
Aks in his hood his niggas never did nothin'
Frontin' for the camera like he stay with the hammer
But look into his eyes you can tell that he straight banana
Talkin' killer shit but he ain't killin' shit
Studio gangster just poppin' just a bunch of spit
Say they sold the most drugs but never sold shit
Don't even know how many grams in a fuckin' brick
F.Y.I it's a thousand grams you prick
Get it correct, Flipmode bitch!

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