

# Last Night

Flipmode Squad

(Busta Rhymes) (Chorus)  
Comin in the dance last night (uh hum)  
Busta boy fear last night (uh oh)  
Me couldn't find me nine (um hum)  
So me go, pull out me knife (so me say)  
(repeat 2'x)  
(Spilff Star)  
A lot of brothers don't like me  
Screw me when the site me  
Pop a lot of shit, but they scared to death to fight me  
See me on the stage wit Bust on some rap shit  
They see me in the club wit Bust on some lap shit  
Befrore this rap shit, it was the corner crack shit  
But now i'm on the world on some autograph shit  
Spliff-a-Spliff drop the 4 5th round the waiste  
So if you want war, let me deal with the case  
Ain't nothin to it, brother i got the heart to do it  
Blast in, cover the sidewalk wit ya fluid  
Ya niggas stupid, ya got brains, brother use it  
Ain't nithin gonna stop my black ass, from gettin cash  
On the real, that's how deeply i feel  
A born again hooligan, hungry for this meal  
Got the iced- out platinum rings that you want to steal  
Come get it, watch ya whole shit get wetted  
Street colonel cat, got enough cats to set it  
So if you ain't doin shit, ya niggas need to dead it  
Watchin my money, it cost bullets in ya tummy  
It's all ral here, there ain't no fear here  
You mess around here, you catch ya death here  
I mean it, you could front, but you believe it  
Nigga guard your life before i turn around and steal it  
Look into my eyes and analyze what you deal wit  
If I can't find you, I take it out on who you be wit  
Type of bitch nigga i would never smoke a tree wit  
(Busta Rhymes) (Chorus)  
repeat 2's  
(Busta Rhymes)  
Nowadays we blow like smoke out the exhaust  
Contamenatin smoke still makin me cough  
I mean we bout to turn this wak shit off  
Wak niggas is sick wit the flu sippin chicken broth  
Now here's another winnin ripoff  
Gettin money, eatin fine cuisine like buttered shrimp and rice pilaf  
Stay heavily armed, Alakun Salom  
Watch you bitch ass suffer til you got to beg for ya moms  
Now turn the truck on, get ya fuck on, got you stuck on  
Stupid right between yo legs, get yo suck on  
drink bottles, treat niggas like Gus D'Amoto  
Eat avacado, soon to go purchase a white Diablo  
Niggas know my motto, lets get money, Macho Camacho  
Applaud another rapper, lets go collect the nacho  
Oh shit, hope you don't slip, another murder commit  
The episode comin on Teen Summit  
Little corny nigga talk too quick, think he slick  
Throwin a brick, yappin off, lyin on his dick  
Too late, you'll be the type o' nigga that I love to hate  
Brutally bust ya shit like a nigga turned primate

Time of the year, feel great, clean slate  
Throw a nickle plate, property shoppin to but a landscape  
How they say street niggas 'ill never have  
Now we possess the 5S wit the cherry red Nav  
Doin things like signin graffiti on autograph  
Gettin so much money staff calculate the math  
Laugh you know the half, eyin in the stash  
Mediatin watch the wind blow the blunt ash  
You had a blast , now how long you gonna last  
Ice grillin for nothing, you make yoself ass  
Brace yoself one more time, know what i mean dun  
Violate cross the foul line, it be yo last one  
(Chorus til end)