

# 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'Amato

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)