

# Straight Spittin'

## Flipmode Squad

I'll bust all you cats in the game for malpractice  
I'm in Jersey, where I'm paying no taxes  
I'll stick your girl, Agnus  
Flipmode bring the madness  
Platinum status, Rampage I'm the baddest  
Check the credit, yo you might as well dead it  
I said it, fuck the edit, it's uncut  
Nigga what, it's crunch time for me to shine  
I'm a show you easily for me to take mines  
Pass my nickel plated nine, call me Einstein  
Buck a shot two times and stick you for your rhyme  
Put you in a pine box  
You and your whole family's on detox  
Hustlin' crack for Reebok's  
Holy socks, cut you with my ox  
Rampage got the city locked  
And your function, to the Flat Bush junction  
'Causin' rambunction, watch me do you somethin'

Baby Sham on some new shit  
New and exclusive  
Five three, Caramel, tight grip on a four fifth  
Leave em all stiff, blow smoke from this foul drift  
Nigga with the 6 story, throw em off the cliff  
As I speak the shit to put my name on the list  
The small thug with a slug put a mark on his wrist  
A tattoo of pyramids, puttin' hollows in clips  
Peeped your gat, jammed tight, Ross your lookin' to riff (what the fuck?)  
QB's type shit, cause we runnin' your clique  
See me in the drop, with your six, sayin' she snitched  
But never that, 'cause-o, high beam through the window  
My lookouts move slow, they heard you never blast though  
Got a safe in your crib, sham, you know the code  
Search, spoke out, 3, 2, 1, that's zero  
Took the c notes and flip mode left on the quietest note  
Swallowed these then cleared your throat  
Bitch ass, you should have spoke

Gimmie an F  
Fuck the bullshit, fire my gun  
Fly a nigga head, fuck it for fun  
Fuck where you from  
Gimmie an L  
Layin on beaches, killin' all leeches  
Love to break a liar face  
Pick up the pieces, yo  
Gimmie an I  
Intelligence eliminates all irrelevance  
Icon of immaculate rhyme common sense  
Gimmie A P  
Powerful professional  
Poppin my pistol  
Make a pack of people paranoid like 20 pitbulls  
Gimmie an M  
Master of all missions  
Maker of decisions  
Head on collisions

Massacre the meat rack, ask the women  
Gimmie an O  
Got niggas open, open heart surgery  
Rhyme so official, overthrow governments  
Shit is nursery  
Gimmie A D  
Diggin my dick all inside your chick  
Dominate the heavyweight division  
Rhymin district  
Gimmie an E  
Everlasting slang  
Eternal ebonics  
Lyrical e-mail  
Stabilize livin' in all my economics  
Squad  
Group of men, women  
Unified force  
Squadron  
Movin' like one in unison  
Beg your pardon

What they call me  
A hundred on a Harley  
Out of nowhere, and keep you surfin' like Brawley  
Narley! I'm the bitch with the pistol  
Woody Woodpecker or L.L. at the Bristol  
Official stand, hold it down in Trent  
Then link up at the tunnel with the rest of my camp  
Paper like Meade, I'm in the mix like Speed  
And be screamin' on the mic till my tonsils bleed  
Yeah that's the way it is  
Like when a kid get christened  
Like comin' to the bricks to find your whip missin'  
Rockin' uptown, on down to west Howston  
Houston, peace to my bitches that's boostin'  
After juicin', I'm a straight black ball a rapper  
Tap a nigga's nerves like them hackers  
Be goin' on the modem, I get the call from the dispatcher  
Then show them mother f'ers what I'm after

Yo I back slap a wack m.c. for trying to be  
Something he not, pull his card, blow up his spot  
Nigga talkin' bout murder but ain't committin' one  
Niggas talkin' bout gats but ain't bustin' one  
Yo, I see you in the ? portayin' like you a thug  
Yea, your man got a gat, but he ain't bustin' no slug  
You  
You's a local black spokesman, I split your front open  
Vicious knife wound, fucked up like Ron Goldman  
Spliff, I spit, fully equipped for any bullshit  
Grew up with the bad and ugly, quick to pull shit  
Ignorant, vulgar, on your tape recorder  
Idol to your son and probably lover to your daughter  
Fatman son, wilted grandson, ? nephew, Frank the cousin

Uh huh, one more time, uh huh, spliff, come on  
Bust my gun, like Colombians  
Make niggas collapse like fucked up lungs

Better obey the laws of the land  
Or lay still like soldiers of fortune in Nam  
Closed coffin with flags folded in half  
Triangular shape, blow out the candles with grace

For fabulous tastes, some will, battle for space  
Pay the ultimate price, poltergeist  
Put the holy ghost in your life, bring you closer to Christ  
Focus your dice, when the vulture's in flight  
Re-sculpture the mic, then smash heads like the opium bite  
Prophet in vein, Metropolis claim body and soul  
ID's controlled in the optical frame  
Never stoppin' the game  
Remove your squad with steady plans  
I body slam punks like Superstar Billy Gramm'