

# Call the Ambulance

Busta Rhymes

Yeah.. Busta Rhymes now, Flipmode now, check it  
See we in two-thousand-and-three already, catch up to us  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, hah, huh

Now motherfuckin case closed  
The shit blow your speaker, keep turnin your base low  
Spaz out because I motherfuckin say so  
Before I blow this bitch like we down in Waco  
Thick in cock diesel, that's the way we roll  
Big truck shit, even my bitch whippin the Range Rov'  
We 'bout to skyrocket and THE WAY WE GO  
The way the bitches lookin love THE WAY WE BLOW  
Check it, we light shit up like Broadway yo  
The crack-head rappers better JUST SAY NO  
Before I turn stupid and back the heat slow  
Lay and wait for niggaz in the back street yo  
Weak flow, take your shit like I'm comin to Repo  
Create a crowd scene and stack a bunch of people  
We bustin through the doors, shootin through your peephole  
The shoot that never miss is like shootin a free throw  
All you niggaz better go and..

Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people  
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people  
Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people  
Put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out  
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Call the ambulance, come and pick up your people  
I'll put they body on the stretcher, carry they ass out  
Call the ambulance

Catch sixteen to remove your organs  
H-2-O ridin round in same orbits  
Notorious from New York to New Orleans  
House come with the lake swimmin with dolphins  
Fifty keys with large proportions  
Caught a few niggaz on money extortions  
Niggaz snitch, F.B.I. is hawkin  
Call Johnny Cochran, yo this nigga is walkin  
Shit, we got to close down the club  
Me and my cousin Bust, we like Crockett and Tubbs  
Pushin Lambo's, big chains and dubs  
Lead the Flipmode security with snubs  
Uppin club levels, hundred G's and up  
And if them ducks rollin Bust I'm beatin it up  
The streets ain't safe, yo we heatin it up  
The party's on smash, now we tweakin it up  
The bitches want this dick so they eatin it up

Now all you bitches better go and...

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Flipmode, we in heavy conjunction  
We shut it down in every function  
Beat you in yo' head until your brain malfunction  
Yo Bust, call the label, tell 'em we in production  
Pinky ring status so it's no discussion  
Stop talkin shit, niggaz dodgin and duckin  
I'm cream cheese with the english muffin  
I still got respect in the Flatbush junction, HEY

Huh, it's like we shakin down a dude  
We like a pack of dogs that come to take a nigga food  
My niggaz flip quicker than a FUCKIN interlude  
I beat niggaz head and blood drippin through a tube  
Peep bitch, I'm only here to change the fuckin mood  
And freeze you niggaz money like a nigga gettin sued  
And leave you in the church watchin your body gettin viewed  
Don't get it fucked up or even misconstrued  
All you niggaz better go and..

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