

Don't Get Carried Away

Busta Rhymes

Doctor, yeah
I think we got some shit for 'em (FLIP-MOOODE!)
Yeah I'ma rub these sticks together
Check it, and start a bonfire

And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our
FLIPMODE MOVEMENT - bounce in your truck to us
Y'ALL GET STUPID - don't try to fuck with us
Because you will get carried away, yeah you'll get carried away

Now I'm subtle, once I pick up my metal
Put my foot on the pedal, ridin through every ghetto
Analyze the shit I'm seein when I sip Amaretto
A lot of bitches on the strip, struttin in they stilettos
Then they wave and say hello, when my Lambo' is yellow
Everything they got a jingle when they walk like ah-Jello
See the niggaz on the corner and I never forget it
And I never regret because I see how you get it
Now because of you niggaz, I'm a hustler nigga
'Gnac guzzler nigga, rip your jugular nigga
In the night I become the type to love when it's dark
Cause when I pull up and park, is when I'm makin my mark
See the fact's that I'm tryin to strive and capitalize in
Start to max-a-mimize and b-build a ent-ter-prise
And wh-while I'm stockin this bread, keep ah-stockin the lead
And leave a permanent dot, on the top of your head

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Ill Will, Flip-mooode!
I'm the enigma, there is none harder, smarter
Martyr, Godfather, my interest, your departure
Pardon Dre this beat is a monster, catchy
Like sleepin under open windows that's drafty
Then wakin up my throat scratchy, that's how I spit it nasty
They short, a few inches North of a dwarf
My flow's Murcielago, ghostin them narcos
Toast in the ways of the original Pablos
Still a pyramid architect, mix liquors like a chemist
Killer lyricist, poetical tyrant
Sneaker store terrorist, Mt. Everest I climbed it
Heat is drawn, no creepin on me whenever I'm bent
My mind spray, my nine spray
And freak styles like 3000 Andre
To keep pilin, keep pushin them drops
Nas, runnin with hot Busta Bust, we don't stop

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Now I'm hot, and we runnin the block
Watch me run in your spot, fiends comin in flocks

Add a little cut to the coke when I'm cookin the pot
DRUGS, BITCH! I got what you want come and get what I got
Now I almost forgot, I come to close up your shop
I love to fold up a knot, love totin the glock
Helps me feel safer when niggaz try to scheme on my plot
Try to steal paper from me you gotta deal with a lot
See I will leave you to rot, only defendin my stock
Niggaz know they pussy and struggle to pretend that they not
Lose your life in the drop, while I harvest the crop
My hot shit; bust a cannon have you run in your socks
See we live on the edge, bang shit with a sledgehammer
Split up your head, kill a snitch for the feds
Let's go, for the streets I'm always spittin a gospel
Get Nas holdin a barrel size of elephant nostril

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