

# When Disaster Strikes

Busta Rhymes

Yeah..  
Good God!

"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)  
Yeah, for all you motherfuckers across the whole entire galaxy  
Busta Rhymes and the whole entire Flipmode Squad  
Back at y'all motherfuckers in 1997  
"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)  
Hah, When Disaster Strikes, When Disaster Strikes  
Take a look and sit on the sidelines and bear witness  
Hah!

On and on, return from the future like a centurion  
All my affili-ates.. let's stack another mill-ion  
While you learn on how the words go to my motherfucking song  
Watch me puts it on.. it keeps you open all day long  
The way we fuck shit up you thinkin somethin must be wrong  
Set the high standards for corny niggaz to get the gong  
Bleach your ass blonde and black your color back to bronze  
On Happy Days I be the coolest nigga like The Fonz  
So spectacular how I touch souls from here to Africa  
My Zimbabwe niggaz bangin my joints up in they Acura  
Pssh, OOH! Makin you feel the funk from bumper to bumper  
Drive an imported 500 in foreign license plate numbers, ha ha  
Laugh at ya, oh, me and my passengers  
flip ass niggaz over quick like frying pan spatulas  
Why do you be wastin your time, bein mad at us?  
Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous!

"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)  
Yes yes y'all! Flipmode Squad y'all  
We reign supreme in 1997  
When Disaster Strikes, you will all feel  
"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)  
When Disaster Strikes, you will all see  
When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness  
to The Most High Exalted

Yo.. now check it out, yo  
I keeps flows so ridiculous  
Rhyme flow taste good like a handful of cherry licorice  
Practice your rhyme or be the local practitioner  
Well you can try bein a doctor or bein a local obstetricianist  
See, you can be somethin  
Quit tryin to work so fuckin hard to-wards nothin  
This rhyme shit was never designed for every swollen muffin  
Yo, I'm sayin..  
Why y'all niggaz think that y'all could really see my Squad?  
And if we hit you hard that's when you feel the power of the God  
Do it right and big up my peeps and A\*Alikes  
On alike, repel, especially feel When Disaster Strikes  
Extremely delicate like the blowin out of candlelights  
The quiet killings of projects niggaz whenever they wanna fight  
That type of shit that shine and blind a nigga eyesight, aiiight?  
We keepin it tight, y'all niggaz don't want it right?  
You will never ever get no wins inside \_mi casa\_  
We killin all impostors like we kill the cucurachas

Bounce to award ceremonies like we winnin Oscars  
Rhymin rastas, eatin enough exotic pasta, hah! Yo..  
We keep it movin for all of y'all  
Freak y'all niggaz out while I'm makin y'all niggaz fall  
Disaster will hitcha quick any time you wanna brawl  
Perm, press, a nigga back, peel them of the wall  
So tell me, why do you be wastin your time, bein mad at us?  
Every voice should sing and help the music sound miraculous!

"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)

Hah, oh yes y'all!

This situation.. has now been brought before your very eyes  
And as we carry on Flipmode Squad continues to conquer the world

"Tra-la-la-la-lah" (4x)

When Disaster Strikes, you will all fear

When Disaster Strikes, you will all bear witness

to The Most High Exalted, hah!