

Gimme Some More

Busta Rhymes

Yeah

As a shorty, playing in the front yard of the crib
I fell down, and I bumped my head
Somebody helped me up and asked me if I bumped my head
I said Yeah

So then they said oh, so that mean you gon, you gon switch it on em
I said yeah, Flipmode, Flipmode is the greatest
You know and as a shorty, I was always told
that if I ain't gon be part of the greatest
I gotta be the greatest myself
C'mon C'mon, Yeah, C'mon
Yeah nigga what, what a surprise
Give ya sumthin, make a nigga close bof ya eyes
All my niggaz getting money capitalize
Die little small guy, we on the rise
Everything a nigga touch platinumize
Fully equipped, you know we come wit all the supplies
Got a big gun, and I'ma show you the size
You fuck wit any of my Flipmode family ties
Me and my niggaz be comin through and stalkin you out
Killin off any and everything you talkin about
See you in the club and now we walkin you out
Should've thought twice 'fore you went and opened your mouth

Yo

Anyway, we stay keepin it movin
Fuckin with the wrong nigga, hope you know what you doin
Now blame me, all the same niggaz is lame
It's not a game, makin names,
still splittin your frames
Y'all niggaz had enough
Gimme some more
Y'all niggaz want the wild shit
Gimme some more
Yo Spliff where the weed at
Gimme some more
I know y'all niggaz need that
Gimme some more
Even though we getting money you can
Gimme some more
With the cars and the big crib
Gimme some more
Everybody spread love

Gimme some more
If you want it let me hear you say
Gimme some more Blast with a rash, gimme my cash, flickin my ash
Runnin with my money, son go out with a blast
Do what you want, a niggaz cuttin the corner
You fuckin up the order go ahead and meet the reporter
Yo
She tellin news on how you such a l'il bitch
Little fake funny style, nigga chill with a snitch
So now I concentrate, I don't got nuthin to ask you
Make a little room for me and all my niggaz to pass through
Cartier, Sidney Poitier, hooray shit
Roll with all my niggaz from around the way shit
When I come through y'all niggaz know I do my thing
Bring more shit that generate money Cha Ching
Arrest you, lyrically flow and caress you
Bless you, then a nigga come to your rescue
While you assume a nigga blossom and bloom
I'm comin soon, hit you with a boom gimme some room Yo
Live nigga shit, know what I mean
I represent while we gettin money and reign supreme
Hope y'all niggaz know we comin through full steam
Can't see me, better turn on your high beam
All my niggaz wildin I'm ringin the siren
FLIPMODE be the glory niggaz on my team
Never should you ever try to fuck wit my cream
I O.D. when my shit get all in your bloodstream
Everytime we be ripping and be blowing it down
Blowing you off, fuckin wit the hottest niggaz around
Ruckus when me and my people run through your town
Holding it down, takin a while nigga gimme my crown
Ay,
All my people need to come and surround
A nigga be hittin so much it make you fall on the ground
In short I make you shout, that's what I be all about
Turning you out, makin all you niggaz fall out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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