We Got What You Want

Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]
Yeah I though all y'all was goin'
Uh, Yeah, yeah, yeah
Were gonna take y'all on a little ride and shit
You mean now, now, now, yeah
We gonna sail in one of them big fat ocean liners on the street
Swim through this motherfucker
Busta-Bus now, now, now[Busta Rhymes]
Hop scotch I found a new bounce
Just rock back and fourth while my beat knock (Aurgh!)
Stop chips and cock glocks wit' clips
Go sailing in hot ships and park big whips (oh!)
Getting' them whips and bounce outta town
Take trips ride slow through them hoods and park at the main strip
Baby girl gimme yo hand cock fast (c'mon!)
With a number in your hand, hot ass (hold up!)
Shorty actin' just like she had a hit (on me!)
Fuckin' while shorty's busy shakin' her shit (on me!)
Man stop, just let Ã¢??em flop watch girlfriend let alone cock block
Hot shit make a bitch wanna whine just like a reggae tune
Make y'all niggaz wanna act and bust the AK boom!
Everyday create a may lay today is pay day mutha fucka you better make way![Chorus]
It's your night go get your money
Get that dough bounce if ya want
And light that blunt smoke if you got to
Shake yo shit bounce if you have to
Flimode squad back in the spot
With all yo shit bounce in the truck
Yes yes y'all bounce we go what ya wantAll my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches!
C'mon![Busta Rhymes]
We stay spittin' on
See what we sittin on
Shittin' you see how my 20Ã¢?? be fittin' on nigga
A 100 dollar bill shorty number was written on
Hittin' shorty on the sink wit' the lights in the kitchen on
C'mon! move quiet with all the DL chicks
Who carry on Lincoln head up on my CL 6
Hit y'all wit' the shit split y'all

Chicks all on my whip hoping ya ass fit y'all
We suppose to reach most shit bang
Watch how niggaz bounce in East Coast (Heaighh!)
Choke y'all provoke y'all
Killin' street everytime we distribute the coke all
Check it, see now a days we caught cribs
And caught big fat loss
Fuck big fat bitches that make cliques back off
The way we prove it to y'all
Is just bang niggaz every time we do it to y'all[Chorus][Busta Rhymes]
Yeah
Straight black out shit fo show
Making you back yo mack out quick Aiyo (huh)
Yeah we floss and drop pricy things
Talk slick and money and rock icy things
She tried to get that score
By throwing the pussy begging me to hit that raw (uh oh)
We puts it on and watch bitches getting' a getsy
Flimode up in this mutha fucka just for the record[Chorus]

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