

What the Fuck You Want

Busta Rhymes

Flipmode motherfuckas, flipmode motherfuckas
What the fuck you want!
What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
What the fuck, nigga?
We gon' hit it down like this, nigga, what?
Check it out I be testing your fate and wrecking your face
Invading your space and watch the tables turn
Like you're trading a place
I pull stunts like Evil Knievel
Me and my people fly like an eagle
And blow your entire cathedral Hurry hurry, don't worry, worry
Hit y'all with a flurry, flurry of jazz
Leaving y'all niggas blurry, blurry
Brew up some shit like I'm cooking for y'all
When I'm done, then I come looking for y'all
Hold up, hold up Federal cases cause nuff bodies end up in medical places
In they blood, finding them chemical traces
Leaving special investigators going through skeptical phases
While we getting money, the decimal changes I was a seven-day apprentice apprentice
Now I strike with a vengeance
Blowing the door right up off of the hinges
This be that put you out of your misery song
And make you ask your man
Is this the joint he dissing me on? That's when I ask
What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
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What the fuck, nigga, what you want? What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
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What the fuck, nigga, what you want? What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
What the fuck, nigga? Moving your muscle and doing the hustle
See nowadays, we getting money like rustle
Who really wanna tussle?
Challenge the super saber in a nigga
Blast the challenger way out of space like Gallager, nigga Battlestar Galactica cross my diameter, nigga
Derange your whole circular shape into triangular, nigga
Yo, so what it was my fault

That I had to bring this shit to a screaming halt
What you need to do is open up the vault That's why I make sure that my vest will be on
So when I blast, you and your additional stress will be gone
Then I sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans
And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my hands I ain't afraid of ya but I thank all of my niggas for
saving ya
I was about to take you back to when your mother was making ya
Clapping you up, slapping you up, trapping you up
Holding you hostage, duck taping and Saran wrapping you up Yo, first she was sober, now I smell the aroma
Put you in a trance and slip into an irreversible coma
Fuck y'all cubic Zirconium niggas, it's over
Closing in on all y'all niggas while we're moving in a little closer
Then I evaluate and elaborate, confiscate your shit
And dare your ass to retaliate That's when I ask
What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
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What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
What the fuck, nigga, what you want?
Fuck!

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