

Thank You (feat. Q-Tip, Lil Wayne and Kanye West)

Busta Rhymes

Welcome to the bank
Where you deposit Young Money, and you get Cash Money
I'm Tunechi, the Boss
And live from the vault, is Busta BustYeah, yeah, yeah, yo
Swag mania, pop that goes most
Carry the most beautiful bitches
With us, happily toast
Keep the faculty close
Gross want me, give them a dose
Got them ODing, leaning in each coast
Scenery froze, take notes, Rock Rolls
Diamonds that fit in Chanel Minks in the winter
Who fucking with us?
We coming to give them the shivers, watery flows, spilling like rivers
Flooding the street, hoping niggas' swimming is moving gorillas
King Kongs, Godzillas when we roll up
Seat filling niggas, get up when we show upUh, shit
Please don't throw up
Hold your liquor, grow up
If you robbing niggas, we going to show you how to blow up
Thank your lucky stars, it's the Rap Czar, tuck your shit in
My niggas bite like Rin Tin Tin, my chagrin
You never win, model thin, walking crack in your shin
She gives in every time that I spin
Square up, bow down to the kings of the hall
We wade on, talk shit while we ball
So what's cracking with yall?Made in New York, and the slick talking thieves of the order [?]
Call the reporter, stepping like the British walkers
Legendary swag flu and see the influence, see how we do it
Get them into it steadily. God, I'm stupid, so undisputed
Act fool, back tool, until they pop off
Police crowd up the street, blocking them off, locking them off
Got these niggas wilding while I signal my soldiers
Posting it up, maintaining composure, staying on the sofa
Thirty bottles, twenty waitresses, bring them over
See how we light up shit, nigga, call the promoter
And tell that nigga bring the bag, better hurry up with it
And count the money up proper, cause you can get itYeah
It feel good, don't it?

It feel good, don't it?
Hey, I want to let yall know
Hey, hey
I want to let yall know
This Yeezy
And you listening to Q-Tip Set them up, stiletto up, saddle up and let's go
Good times, only difference, niggas making your dough
Chatter is up, peep the way we batter it up
On top of the mountain, folding the ladder up
You dead and done rip up your paper, cause your status is none
Transfixed on the strengths of the page, whether chopper or gauge [?]
You're just a single, cause you wouldn't engage
Turnt up with the script on the cup, you keep the goggles[?] with us See how we push sometimes man forget
cuff, beat him the head
Boop-be-de-de-boff, zippity-boof
Beat him in the head again, "stop killing me, Wolf!"
Whop!
Beat a nigga till he drop, piggity-poof!
Oxy in me pulse
He don't want no problem with niggas
Fuck it, let's get to drinking, poison our livers
Dammit, we sinners when me and Abstract are together, see we deliver
She got me touching it, fucking on all my fingers, dammit we winners
Pillaging this rap shit, homie, they know
Kill everything until it's time for me to go
That's when I bomb it with a blow
And then I black and get a little bit dummy
The microphone is bleeding, you should take it from me! Incredibly we do it, and it resonates the music
I tune it, YouTube it, it could never ever be refuted
It's gnarly for niggas and naughty for ninas
Bitches and ballerinas
Ballers and in-betweeners
Blatant non-believers and over-achievers
Kicking it in paisley[?] Adidas
Drink Aliz in liters
All of you must reconcile a leader
She's begging to eat us, and her man's attitude defeated
But never a scandal, because me and Busta came to handle, we gentlemen Not to mention, we're veterans
Second, he need some medicine
Before I black[?] as he get off my premises
Better fly, you pelican, idiot ass niggas
But then again, you need a suit for your funeral measurements
See me doing it effortless?
It's never getting no better than this
Giving your shit to convince a better preference

Watch me turn them to skeletons
See how I come and bring out the betterness?
Time is with it and I rep the foreverness
Flying, United Emirates - sized private plane, that kind of etiquette
Purchasing diamonds, handle them delicate
Now you need you a better ref
You could peep us regulating, see we all in this bitch like we ain't never left

Songwriters

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