

How We Do It Over Here

Busta Rhymes

Bus-a-Bus, baby, baby
Now pop yo' collars like this
 Bottles up like this
 Side to side like this
 Holla if ya like this
 See the ass? Touch me right there
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there
 Make me lose my mind, baby? Touch me right there
 Party over here, ain't shit over there
 See how I'm drillin' 'em, baby?
It's Bus-a-Bus back, bitch, I'm killin' 'em crazy
 We off the Relaxic, I'm spillin' the gravy
 Got every club packed thick, creating a frenzy
To be the latest greatest for all you niggaz from gazing
 Bugatti, off white, tan, interior pastry
See my swagger sharp like that, these niggaz amaze me
As a matter a fact just salute me and praise me, enough of that
 We be up in the club, niggaz sportin' them minks
 Tipsy in the club, nigga buyin' 'em drinks
 Walk around, lookin' like our shit don't stink
 Ice by my neck so bright, watch 'em blink
 Okay, now I got me a clear view
 I like it when you get up and I'm lovin' ya hairdo
The way you cross ya legs, ass spread in the chair you
The way ya clothes skimpy, so it's easy to tear through
 Appreciate my presence, while I shine wit' a barrel
 I came up wit' cut diamonds, obscure in a rare blue
 Shorty ain't checkin' for you, step to the way I do
 Super senile, I ain't the one to compare to
 Now she was sayin'
 See the ass? Touch me right there
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there
 Is that Dr. Dre, baby? Touch me right there
 Party over here, ain't shit over there
 Pop yo' collars like this
 Bottles up like this
 Side to side like this
 Holla if ya like this
 What you sayin', Missy?

Pop yo' collars like this
Bottles up like this
Side to side like this
Holla if ya like this
We got some shit for that ass
Come on, give it to me
We got some shit for that ass
Come on, give it to me
We got some shit for that ass
Come on, give it to me
We got some shit for that ass, girl
Bounce back, brand new on the scene, what?
Took a little minute, I'm back with the re-up
Switched it up a little bit, back with a clean cut
Shorty's lost her head, see all the koochies I cream up
I love the way she in all over the girls when I'm teaming up
It's gettin' hotter in this bitch, windows are steaming up
Amazed by the pinky, neck and wrist be gleaming up
How I dominate the scene, how a nigga be cleaning up
I see you liking everything, you see me and you
You frowning on your girl, like you ain't willing to share boo
The hotel ain't far, meet me there and if you
Ya girl looking like she wit' it, she can come in too
You get impatient Ma, show you just how the kid move
I'm bangin' in the truck, and let her watch in the rearview
See we don't really care about the niggaz who came through
Over there 'cause over here, see I'ma show ya how we do
So check it, baby
See the ass? Touch me right there
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there
Make me lose my mind, baby? Touch me right there
Party over here, ain't shit over there
See, it don't matter what ya doin' over there
See, we gets it poppin', that's how we do it over here
That's if we toss bottles, that's how we do it over here
Check it, floss models, that's how we do it over here
Listen, rare throttles, that's how we do it over here
Check it, ice collars, that's how we do it over here, nigga
See, it don't matter what ya doin over there
See, we gets it poppin', that's how we do it over here