

Pass The Courvoisier

Busta Rhymes

Oh yeah, I like this, ladies and gentlemen
This all time, the time you've all been waitin' for
Let's do it, do it, do it
This is a Bad Boy, Flipmode collaboration
Come on, shake ya ass
Come on, watch yourself
Okay, I'm the man
Let's go and no one else
Rrrraah, rraah, like a dungeon dragon
Still king of the flow, while my mink be draggin'
I said I'm sick with the flow, stick a dick in ya hoe
Make them shut down the club, we threw a brick in da door
Shit, I'm the number man, hot like Summer Jam
Slick like Fonzarelli, and Rich like Cunningham
I stretch them like rubber bands, I make them say
Oh shit, the bitch got up and left with another man
Say what? Wha is you talkin' 'bout?
There's nothin' to talk about
See you just a walk about
I light a long L and just blowin' the smoke about
See, we serious wit it, they ain't nothin to joke about
And while I scope it out
I love the way you bounce
Shake ya shit tuck in ya ass in poke it out, come on
Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remy but the pass the Courvoisier
Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
You can give me 'dro but pass the Courvoisier
Give me some money, you can give me some cars
But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the Courvoisier
Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
You can give me whatever just pass the Courvoisier
We got these hoes lovin it, they gettin' familiar man
They screamin' out my government, Sean John
I like them in twins like doublement, Don Juan
We be bangin' all types of chicks from here to Hong Kong
The best dressed bitches actin' all cute to my shit
And get the wlyin' out they actin' like a boot to my shit
Sorta go a distance from yours, we holdin' Jewish money now

Down to the credit card different from yours
It's the law for me to get in ya drawers
I run the city of cars, they call me Mr. Diddy, the boss
You know me, the only G to willy a Porsche
We get dough in all land the size of philly of course
Can imagine the price that my jewelery really would cost
We go to clubs with a briefcase and a half milli to floss, damn
Fuck around and you can really get tossed
Ken Griffey flow, call me Alaska 'cause I be the king of the frost
What you can do is
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Five thousand boomin' watts
I got a thousand karats all over my watch
Travel lighty, flow back easy
Back with the bus-a-bus and the P.Diddy
We stay livin' at the top of the charts
The shit we be spittin', be state of the art
We rockin' ya block shit, wlyin' like rock shit
Strapped with the gun and the street corner hot shit
Now we sittin' in the drop top pretty
Knock, knock who is he?
Bus-a-bus, I put it down and this I get busy
Excuse me bus-a-bus
Full control of the city, if you ain't know
By the way, the name is Puff
It ain't my fault ya dane corrupt
We went form Henny
To Remi to Moe to Belve to
The game is us, we gettin' money motherfucker
And the game we trust
Everytime we put it down, reppin' the name is a must
Flipmode
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Yea, yea, yea, yea just pass the Courvoisier
Yea, pass me that Louie that motherfuckin' that that iron groove
Nineteen vintage motherfuckin' medievil
Ow, bitch, yea, just pass the Courvoisier
That, that shit make
That dark shit just me wanna fuck
Straight up, I just need to know
Dis nigga Diddy dick hard as a

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