

What Up

Busta Rhymes

"It's new!"

Yeah! yeah, Busta bust down, flipmode now

I know what you all feel like doin'

Go 'head and crash your whip in the fuckin' wall

It's cool, niggaz, we gets busyFor sure, spit rogue, get more 'bout to kick in the door

Dick sore, split whores 'til they shit on the floor

Clique more sick from when you use to see us before

Shit, kill a nigga, quick, niggaz know my rapport

Keep workers on the strip that be ready for war

Brick I flip a little quicker if they shit in the store

Rip, maybe 'til they drop, and they shit in they drawers

Shit crazy when I pop, and I'm grippin' the fourThick bitches in the spot, watch them strip for the sport

Spit vicious for the block, yeah we swingin' a torch

Stick niggaz for they shit, thank them for they support

Quick nigga, better quit snitchin' down at the court

Check track a little slick and try to go on my Forbes

Cause we stackin' like we rich, and we holdin' the fort

This time, we had to bring it, guess what we brought

The hottest shit to bang from L.A. to the streets of New YorkAll my people, get drunk, get high

Get money, get rich, get fly

Get stupid, get busy, get live

Jump all in your whip, turn the key and drive

Make a million yeah we gonna make about five

We speak the truth and we ain't talkin' no jive

I'm speakin' to the streets and everybody's with it

Once again you know we only come to get itHa, I stay wicked now I'm back on the strip

Like I went on a vacation and I'm back from my trip

Nuff radio rotation like I'm sailin' a ship

Or when the team circle the block, busy trailin' my clique

Truck packed full of niggaz with the strap and the whip

Get the gat out of the stash, put it back on my hip

Gat butt you in the face, split and fatten your lip

Blood hit the floor louder than the clap when it dripI credit your name with bullets, read the back of the script

My victim's initials engraved on the back of the clip

Chicks love the way we roll, how the movement is thick

So official like my name's on the back of your bitch

Pay triple for the name on the back of the stitch

Name like the whole city now I'm changin' the pitch

Kick back kinda crazy when I'm holdin' the fifth

Think you nicer than the God, shit is only a myth
Grab ahold of the masses, I was born with a gift
Niggaz be runnin' they trap, throw 'em over the cliff
Thinkin' and drinkin' the Guinness, busy holdin' the spliff
Flippin' and shittin' on niggaz 'til we old and we stiff
I don't even drive whips, throw the shit on the lift
12 hours, one worker do the whole of the shift
I do the thing to make you open your mouth
And give you shit to bang the midwest and the rest of the south
All my people, get drunk, get high
Get money, get rich, get fly
Get stupid, get busy, get live
Jump all in your whip, turn the key and drive
Make a million yeah we gonna make about five
We speak the truth and we ain't talkin' no jive
I'm speakin' to the streets and everybody's with it
Once again you know we only come to get it

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>