Thank You (Kid Capri Remix)

Busta Rhymes & Q-Tip

Welcome to the bank, where you deposit Young Money
And and you get Cash Money
I'm Tunechi, the boss, and live from the vault, is Busta Bus
Yeah! Yeah! Yo!
Swagmania pop that goes most
Carry the most, beautiful bitches with us happily toast
Keep the faculty close, gross when we give 'em a dose
Got 'em OD'n leanin in each coast
Scenary froze, take notes rock most diamonds that fit us
Chanel minks in the winter who fuckin with us?!
We comin to give 'em the shivers watery flows spillin like rivers
Floodin the street hopin niggas is swimmers
Movin gorillas, King Kongs, Godzillas when we roll up
Seat fillin niggas get up when I show up
Awww! Shit! Please don't throw up, hold your liquor grow up
If you robbin niggas we 'gon show you how to blow up
Thank you lucky stars it's the rap czar tuck your shit in
My niggas bite like Rin Tin Tin the chagrin
You never win model thin walkin crack in your shin
She gives in every time that I spin
Square up bow down to the kings of the hall
We wave on talk shit while we ball, so what's crackin with y'all?
Native New Yorker the slick talker keep shit in order
Call the reporter steppin like British walkers
Legendary swagfluence see the influence, see how we do it
Get 'em into steadily got 'em God I'm stupid
So undisputed, act fool back tool 'til they pop off
Police crowd up the street blockin 'em off lockin 'em off
Got these niggas wildin while I signal my soldiers
Bossin it up, maintainin composure stand on the sofa
Thirty bottles twenty waitresses bring 'em over
See how we light up shit nigga call the promoter
And tell that nigga bring the bag better hurry up with it
Then count the money up proper 'cause you can get it!
I wanna thank you (Yeah!) heavenly father (It feel good don't it?!)
For shinin your light on me (It feel good don't it?! Uh!)
I wanna thank you (Hey! I wanna let y'all know!) heavenly father
(Hey! Hey! I wanna let y'all know!)
For shinin your light on me (This Yeezy! And you listenin to Q-Tip!)

Settle up stiletto up saddle up and let's go
Good times only difference niggas makin it though
Chatter is up, peep the way we batter it up
On top of the mountain foldin 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
Your 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 a man fi get kuff
Beat him in the head boop ba diddy baff, zippity boof
Beat him in the head again stop killin me wolf
WOP! Beat a nigga 'til he drop piggity poof
Ox see in mi pulse, he don't want no problems with niggas
Fuck it let's get the drinkin poison our livers
Damnit we sinners when me and Abstract together see we deliver
She got me touchin it fuckin on all my fingers
Damnit we winners, pillars of this rap shit homey they know
Kill e'rything 'til it's time for me to go
That's when I bomb it when I blow it and I black and get a little bit dummy
The microphone is bleedin you should take it from me!
Incredibly we do it and to resonate the music
Itune it YouTube it it could never ever be refuted
It's gnarly for niggas and naughty for ninas, bitches and ballerinas
Ballers and inbetweeners blatant non believers and overachievers
Kickin it in Pele Adidas drink gallons and liters
All of you must reconcile a leader
She beggin to eat us and her man's attitude defeated
But never a scandal because me and Bus we prone to handle we gentlemen
Not to mention we veterans, second we need some medicine
Before I black you should get off my premises
Better fly you pelican, idiot ass niggas
But then again you need a suit for your funeral measurements
See me doin it effortless it's never gettin no better than this
Givin your shit that you miss a better preference
Watch me turn 'em to skeletons, see how I come to bring out the betterness
Time is with it I rep the foreverness
Flyin United Emirates, size private plane that kind of etiquette
Purchasin diamonds handle them delicate
Now you need you a better ref
You could peep us regulatin see we all in this bitch like we ain't never left
I wanna thank you, heavenly father, for shinin your light on me
I wanna thank you, heavenly father, for shinin your light on me
I know, it couldn't have happened, without you
Ooohhhhhhhhhhhh! Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!
Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!

Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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