

Show Me What You Got

King Coleman

Hoo yeah it's another one of them marvelous shits
Yeah, flip mode, huh, Busta Rhymes shit, yeah
So remarkable, yeah
As I say it over and over again
From song to song, yeah, so remarkable
Yeah, so remarkable
Yo, yo, Busta Rhymes the immaculate raw
Hardcore, riggady raw, lay niggas flat on the floor
We climb into the back of the four
Nonchalant flavor for sure, timbs with a aqua valor
Flavor like you never seen it before, ha, holy, sacred, and pure
Flip mode, be on it for sure, be incredible to settle the score
Like a nigga shot you in the face, through the peephole in the door
From New York, down to Singapore
Keep you niggas jumpin' around, had the bitches beggin' for more
Street niggas, yeah we speak for the poor
Now we stack cheddar galore, when we shop and buy at the store
Metaphor like nuclear war
I warned niggas if you try to bite, shit I'll leave a crack in your jaw
Take the livest niggas out on a tour
Make a nigga black in the spot, make you wanna take off a door
All my dogs who hustle everyday
All my dogs who hustle everyday now, yeah
Own a store laundromat around the way
And own a store laundromat around the way now, yeah
We got to get it, yeah
My niggas, all my niggas
Show me what you got for me, what you got for me
All my niggas what you got for me, yeah
All my shorties who stay fresh everyday
All my shorties that stay fresh everyday, yeah
My get money bitches who still hang around the way
All my get money bitches that chill around the way now, yeah
We got to get it, yeah we gotta
My bitches, all my bitches, come on
Tell me what you got for me
What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for me
Now, yo, we stay packin' the toast
Could give a fuck, bust at a ghost

And end up on the front of the post
Niggas know that I be rockin' the most
Fuckin' Ethiopian bitches, livin' in the Ivory Coast
Let me drug y'all niggas up wit a dose
Make you act just like you suppose'
Watch a nigga playin' me close
Nowadays type of dough that we gross
I celebrate and throw me a roast
And get an old face for a host
We get it hype even when we be calm
Niggas know my word is my bond
When we come you know we the bomb
Hypnotic shit, get you retarded
Shoulda known it was a bad move
Fuckin' around and gettin' me started
Still whippin' in the back of the truck, so what, not givin' a fuck
In the streets, livin' it up
So what happened to the last nigga bust
Could give a fuck whoever he was
Throw them niggas outta the clubs
Them niggas all, shit turnin' me off
Tie 'em up, makin' 'em cough
Gag 'em in the throat wit a cloff
After that we go and wild for the night
Make 'em know the style for the night
Car low, pile for the night
You know we always give y'all niggas a blaze
Black it out and party for days
Let y'all niggas fuck with the strays
Fuckin' dimes at the end of the days
Gettin' money but it's too late
Got a nigga stuck in his ways
All my dogs who hustle everyday
All my dogs who hustle everyday now, yeah
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And own a store laundromat around the way now, yeah
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What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for me
Now tell me

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