

We Got What You Want

Busta Rhymes

Yeah, I though all y'all was goin'
Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah
We're gonna take y'all on a little ride and shit
You mean now, now, now, yeah
We gonna sail in one of them
Big fat ocean liners on the street
Swim through this mutha fucka
Busta-Bus now, now, now
Hop scotch I found a new bounce
Just rock back and fourth while my beat knock
Stop chips and cock glocks wit' clips
Go sailing in hot ships and park big whips
Getting' them whips and bounce outta town
Take trips ride slow through them hoods and park at the main strip
Baby, girl, gimme yo hand cock fast
With a number in your hand, hot ass
Shorty actin' just like she had a hit on me
Fuckin' while shorty's busy shakin' her shit on me
Man, stop, just let 'em flop
Watch girlfriend let alone cock block
Hot shit make a bitch wanna whine just like a reggae tune
Make y'all niggaz wanna act and bust the AK
Everyday create a may lay today is pay day
Mutha fucka you better make way
Live your life, go get your money
Get that dough, bounce if ya want
And light that blunt, smoke if you got to
Shake yo shit, bounce if you have to
Flimode squad back in the spot
With all yo shit bounce in the truck
Yes, yes, y'all bounce, we go what ya want
All my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches, c'mon
We stay spittin' on, see what we sittin' on
Shittin' you see how my twenty inch be fittin' on nigga
A hundred dollar bill shorty, number was written on
Hittin' shorty on the sink wit' the lights in the kitchen on
C'mon, move quiet with all the DL chicks
Who carry on Lincoln head up on my CL 6

Hit y'all wit' the shit split y'all
Chicks all on my whip hoping ya ass fit y'all
We suppose to reach most shit bang
Watch how niggaz bounce in East Coast
Choke, y'all, provoke, y'all
Killin' street everytime we distribute the coke all
Check it, see now a days we caught cribs
And caught big fat loss fuck big fat bitches
That make cliques back off the way we prove it to y'all
Is just bang niggaz every time we do it to y'all
Live your life, go get your money
Get that dough, bounce if ya want
And light that blunt, smoke if you got to
Shake yo shit, bounce if you have to
Flimode squad back in the spot
With all yo shit bounce in the truck with
Yes, yes, y'all bounce, we go what ya want
All my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches, c'mon
Yeah, straight black out shit fo show
Making you back yo mack out quick Aiyo
Yeah, we floss and drop pricy things
Talk slick and money and rock icy things
She tried to get that score
By throwing the pussy begging me to hit that raw
We puts it on and watch bitches getting' a getsy
Flimode up in this mutha fucka just for the record
Live your life, go get your money
Get that dough, bounce if ya want
And light that blunt, smoke if you got to
Shake yo shit, bounce if you have to
Flimode squad back in the spot
With all yo shit bounce in the truck with
Yes, yes, y'all bounce, we go what ya want
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