

# There's Only One

## Busta Rhymes

[Busta Rhymes]

Roll wit a nigga, put on some roller skates [laughs]  
yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Come on!

Hot shit! More more more more more more!  
We gon continue to give it to you motherfuckers like this  
Put ya fucking roller skates on!  
Yeah, hennessy niggas  
Yeah, more weed niggas

I know it feel good come on, talk to ya beat (Huh)Thug niggas, yo we here to straight recruit y'all

New millini niggas yo we here to straight salute y'all  
(Shoot y'all) Wack niggas we here to mute y'all  
And drop shit to make all you niggas just get the boot y'all, baby  
Wiggle ya shit one time (come on)

Fuck you and your whole entire click combined (come on)  
Whatever the cost now, floss now

Show you niggas who be the boss now  
All across the board wild they be bouncing my obstacle course now  
Sparkle with a gloss pushing a force now  
Now I get my wine and dine on, slide on

A dick of a nigga who bust in you to get his shine on  
See some real live chicks sipping them mistics  
They bugging on how they let a nigga up in 'em this quick  
Don't get it twisted or we'll bring the most reliable (what!)  
We bringing that shit that be so undeniable[Chorus: Mary]

Y'all wanna know who we with  
Busta Rhymes and there's only one  
You know my man is always rockin shit  
We keep it street cause that's where we're from

You coming out to do your thing  
Underground heat to the club we bring  
And you know that we got this

And you know that we got this[Busta]

(Hugh) Brand new, all the way down the line

From the new bounce the new money down to the newest shine

Wit the new blue nine though I had to bust it a few times

Watch these funny niggas and analyze all the true signs

In due time we will accumulate, illuminate

My click will fuck up the money you allowing your crew to make

Yeah, and while we step up in the hot spot  
And fuck with these bitches until somebody start to bust shots  
Niggas duck for a second make sure they ain't the ones got  
To start the party against me (Ho) and yell blood clot!  
Everything be going on from chicks blowing kisses  
Straight wilding out while these niggas surround these freak bitches  
Once somebody else started busting they heat vicious  
I started holding my toast, defending all my street riches  
Up in the club champagne up in the ice bucket  
Now these niggas is wilding and throwing they drinks (Fuck it!)[Chorus][Mary]  
Now don't get mad, cause what you had  
Too bad it didn't last  
And now we're back on this Busta track  
And now the games on smash[Busta]  
Yeah, all my live niggas get yours  
Floss heavy, all my bitches bounce on the floor  
Check it, squads deep with niggas everybody on  
Make the livest motherfuckers wanna bounce to my song  
Check it, my niggas organize, analyze the teamwork  
And how a bad shorty rockin that Rah Digga T-shirt  
And keep it goin while you tag along, swing along  
And see my niggas that be reppin while you sing along[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

SMITH, TREVOR / BLIGE, MARY J. / SAULSBERRY, RODNEYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, BMG RIGHTS  
MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>