

# Hot Sh\*\* Makin' Ya Bounce

## Busta Rhymes

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Just bounce around  
All my niggas in the place need to bounce around  
Just bounce around  
Make ya bounce around  
All my bitches in the place need to bounce around  
Make ya bounce around  
I'll make ya bounce around  
Shake yo titties and yo ass and bounce around  
Just bounce around  
Just bounce around  
C'mon  
Yeah nigga this shit here be the boss of me  
None of y'all niggas is ready run go see the pharmacy  
Prepare for the coming of another grand larceny  
Pardon me, you niggas ain't even a little hard to me  
Shit I spit'll slice you all up in yo main artery  
For the simple fact we didn't grow together, you ain't a part of me  
Makin niggas ride my long star singin the es  
Open orifices they gon' go cop another fortresses  
Meet a couple Delorises  
Travel when we on the low whippin them ford tauruses  
Ay yo-yo yo-yo YO  
Now I be Busta Ryhmes multimedia  
Latest edition added to the street encyclopedia  
(Meaning) keep your eyes on greedy niggas gettin greedier  
(Meaning) keep your eyes on meaty asses gettin meatier  
Worldwide publication bring tribulation  
To all whack niggas I smash yo' dedication  
My purpose is to purchase and really hurt this  
Bring alla my niggas amongst the wealthy merchants  
Gently we conquer the spot until its empty  
Present me and my niggas with arsenal aplenty  
Break fools, send you to school, follow the rules  
Violate my tools, lay you in your own blood pool  
But for now I drop jewels on the mentally strong  
With shit to say we don't allow niggas to say up in a song  
Aiiyo, aiiyo, hot shit makin ya bounce  
One two (two) ride around in large amounts

One two (two) high offa half an ounce  
One two (two), one two (two)  
One two (two), hot shit makin ya bounce  
One two (two) ride around in large amounts  
One two (two) we high offa half an ounce  
One two (two), one two (two) Caliente, wearing Ferdio Valente  
Shorty whippin in a Mitsubishi Viamonte  
Smell the roses, overdoses, givin niggas they diagnosis  
I got the answer for niggas who need they prognosis  
Shit for alla y'all niggas to smell up in your noses  
Hocus pocus, introduce me to the hostess  
I was dyin'a stroke uh play strip poker  
In the limo as I directed the limo chauffeur  
Told the nigga to spin over by the club copa  
Watchin shorty lay as she spread on the limo sofa  
She asked the chauffeur to stop for a frappachino mocha  
Then she let me blaze it while I still had my gun in my holster  
Still bonin, word I love the way shorty moanin  
Zonin, word is born niggas is wide open  
Yo, have a little fun all in between time  
And now we focus on the money shit all in the meantime  
Word to mother- I work hard to keep microphonin  
And alert niggas to shit like when the devil started clonin  
What nigga? yeah, we bowlin and shit is rollin  
Little shitty-ass niggas should run and go clean ya colon  
Any human that be assumin I check my nigga ruben for the ice cuban  
Assist him in my Lincoln Ave. boomin  
Whats the issue? I come to get you  
May the force be with you  
Bang your head, rupture your brain tissue  
I unravel shit faster than sound travel  
Battle any amphibian or live mammal  
Don't fret from sunrise to sunset  
Make a nigga bounce quick and I ain't even grabbed my gun yet  
I ain't done yet before I go to my permanent home  
Make sure you put 'One Of The Illest' on my tombstone Aiiyyo, aiiyyo, hot shit makin ya bounce  
One two (two) ride around in large amounts  
One two (two) high offa half an ounce  
One two (two), one two (two)  
One two (two) hot shit makin ya bounce  
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One two (two), one two (two)

One two (two)

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

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