

# How We Do It Over Here (feat. Missy Elliott)

## Busta Rhymes

Bus-a-Bus, baby, baby  
Now pop yo' collars like this  
Bottles up like this  
Side to side like this  
Holla if ya like this  
See the ass? Touch me right there  
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there  
Make me lose my mind, baby? Touch me right there  
Party over here, ain't shit over there  
See how I'm drillin' 'em, baby?  
It's Bus-a-Bus back, bitch, I'm killin' 'em crazy  
We off the Relaxic, I'm spillin' the gravy  
Got every club packed thick, creating a frenzy  
To be the latest greatest for all you niggaz from gazing  
Bugatti, off white, tan, interior pastry  
See my swagger sharp like that, these niggaz amaze me  
As a matter a fact just salute me and praise me, enough of that  
We be up in the club, niggaz sportin' them minks  
Tipsy in the club, nigga buyin' 'em drinks  
Walk around, lookin' like our shit don't stink  
Ice by my neck so bright, watch 'em blink  
Okay, now I got me a clear view  
I like it when you get up and I'm lovin' ya hairdo  
The way you cross ya legs, ass spread in the chair you  
The way ya clothes skimpy, so it's easy to tear through  
Appreciate my presence, while I shine wit' a barrel  
I came up wit' cut diamonds, obscure in a rare blue  
Shorty ain't checkin' for you, step to the way I do  
Super senile, I ain't the one to compare to  
Now she was sayin'  
See the ass? Touch me right there  
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there  
Is that Dr. Dre, baby? Touch me right there  
Party over here, ain't shit over there  
Pop yo' collars like this  
Bottles up like this  
Side to side like this  
Holla if ya like this  
What you sayin', Missy?  
Pop yo' collars like this  
Bottles up like this  
Side to side like this  
Holla if ya like this  
We got some shit for that ass  
Come on, give it to me  
We got some shit for that ass  
Come on, give it to me  
We got some shit for that ass  
Come on, give it to me  
We got some shit for that ass, girl  
Bounce back, brand new on the scene, what?

Took a little minute, I'm back with the re-up  
Switched it up a little bit, back with a clean cut  
Shorty's lost her head, see all the koochies I cream up I love the way she in all over the girls when I'm teaming  
up  
It's gettin' hotter in this bitch, windows are steaming up  
Amazed by the pinky, neck and wrist be gleaming up  
How I dominate the scene, how a nigga be cleaning up I see you liking everything, you see me and you  
You frowning on your girl, like you ain't willing to share boo  
The hotel ain't far, meet me there and if you  
Ya girl looking like she wit' it, she can come in too  
You get impatient Ma, show you just how the kid move I'm bangin' in the truck, and let her watch in the  
rearview  
See we don't really care about the niggaz who came through  
Over there 'cause over here, see I'ma show ya how we do  
So check it, baby See the ass? Touch me right there  
Wanna touch my nookie, baby? Touch me right there  
Make me lose my mind, baby? Touch me right there  
Party over here, ain't shit over there See, it don't matter what ya doin' over there  
See, we gets it poppin', that's how we do it over here  
That's if we toss bottles, that's how we do it over here  
Check it, floss models, that's how we do it over here Listen, rare throttles, that's how we do it over here  
Check it, ice collars, that's how we do it over here, nigga  
See, it don't matter what ya doin over there  
See, we gets it poppin', that's how we do it over here

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