

Pass the Courvoisier (feat. P. Diddy)

Busta Rhymes

Oh yeah, I like this, ladies and gentlemen
The time you all been waitin for
(let's do it, do it, do it)
This is a Bad Boy, Flipmode collaboration
(Come on) Shake ya ass (come on), watch yourself (okay)
I'm the man (let's go) and no one else
Rrraah, rraah Like a dungeon dragon
Still king of the flow, while my mink be draggin
I said I'm sick with the flow, stick a dick in ya hoe
Make them shut down the club, we threw a brick in da door Shit, I'm the number man, hot like Summer
Jam Slick like Fonzarelli, and Rich like Cunningham
I stretch them like rubber bands (I make them say)
Oh shit, the bitch got up and left with another man
(Saaay what!?, wha is you talkin bout?)
There's nothin to talk about (see), you just a walk about
I light a long L, and just blowin the smoke about See, we serious wit it, they ain't nothin to joke about And while
I scope it out, I love the way you bounce
Shake ya shit tuck in ya ass in poke it out, come on Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier
Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier
Give me some money, you can give me some cars
But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the Courvoisier
Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
You can give me whaever just pass the Courvoisier We got these hoes lovin it
They gettin familiar man, they screamin out my government (Sean John)
I like them in twins like doublement (Don Juan) We be bangin all types of chicks from here to (Hong Kong)
The best dressed bitches actin all cute to my shit
And get the wlyin out they actin like a boot to my shit
Sorta go a distance from yours, we holdin Jewish money now
Down to the credit card different from yours It's the law for me to get in ya drawers
I run the city of cars, they call me Mr. Diddy, the boss
You know me, the only G to willy a porsche We get dough in all land the size of philly of course
Can imagine the price that my jewlery really would cost
We go to clubs with a briefcase and a half milli to floss (damn)
Fuck around and you can really get tossed
Ken Griffey flow, call me Alaska 'cause I be the king of the frost
What you can do is Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier

Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
 You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier
 Give me some money, you can give me some cars
 But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the Courvoisier
 Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
 You can give me whatever just pass the Courvoisier Five thousand boomin watts
 I got a thousand karats all over my watch
 Travel lighty, flow back easy
 Back with the bus-a-bus and the P.D
 We stay livin at the top of the charts
 The shit we be spittin, be state of the art
 We rockin ya block shit, wlyin like rock shit
 Strapped with the gun and the street corner hot shit Now we sittin' in the drop top pretty
 Knock, knock who is he? Bus-a-bus, I put it down and this I get busy
 (Excuse me bus-a-bus)
 Full control of the city, if you aint know By the way, the name is Puff
 It aint my fault ya dane corrupt
 We went form Henny, to Remi to Moe to Belve to.. The game is us; we gettin money motherfucker
 And the game we trust
 Everytime we put it down, reppin the name is a must
 Flipmode! Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
 You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier
 Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
 You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier
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 But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the Courvoisier
 Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
 You can give me whatever just pass the Courvoisier Yea, yea, yea just pass the Courvoisier
 Yea, pass me that louie that motherfuckin' that that iron groove
 Nineteen vintage motherfuckin' medievil
 Ow, bitch. Yea, just pass the courvoisier
 That that shit make, that dark shit just me wanna fuck
 Straight up, I just need to know
 Dis nigga Diddy dick hard as a..

Songwriters

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