

Starsky & Hutch

The James Taylor Quartet

Uh, ha!

Uh, ha!

Uh, ha!

Uh, ha!

Uh, ha!

Uh

Yes y'all throw your hands up real high

Let's see where the people in the world is at

Where you at shorty?

With L L Busta Rhymes check it out

Two big ballers keep the juice blending, who?

Fuck black Ceaser I didn't like the ending

Why? 'Cos we two jiggy niggas always making

Too many million dollar affiliations

Abbreviation, L L, period

I'm platinum every time, it's serious

Aiyo we serious when we experience millions

High rolling to the max, extra big willing

Uh, huh, with a third of my deposit

I'll buy your whole crib plus the clothes in the closet

Take your current chickens then take your ex-chickens

Shake it down for papers hey, now she jump shaking

Gotta keep on making it high

Gotta keep on making it high

Gotta keep on making it high

Gotta keep on making it high

Why you ice-grilling, I'm far from a villain

Two hundred and twenty pounds, you're half shilling

Yo, ice-watery lyrics flow like water spilling

You know the rules of the giz-ame, milk and top billing

Aiyo, I think your empty-ass cup needs some refilling

Let me bust my milk on your back, watch you start illing

You know she's willing, 'cos honey's a star trekker

Clothes coming off like jewels in front of Mecca

Aiyo, cock diesel baby girl, bigger than chubby checker

In the process of the jolt she might feel the Black & Decker

The reason being, I work my tool right

Handcraft the cake till it's baked just right

Gotta keep on making it high

Gotta keep on making it high
Gotta keep on making it high
Gotta keep on making it high
Just lean left, lean right, lean front, lean back
C'mon, you gotta ride it baby
You gotta shake it all night baby
Shake it, shake it
Just lean left, lean right, lean front, lean back
C'mon shake it, just shake it, c'mon shake it, just break it
You gotta ride it baby, Busta bust Mr. Smith
Flip mode yo, let's sing a little something for the song
Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat
C'mon and chill with me, me, me
C'mon baby, you know I'm Audi
Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat
Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me
Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways
Busta bust
Mr Smith
We on the track, I always spark the lah
I always catch a contact
Aiyo, stimulation make a nigga wig push back
Like he gotta touch a bottom here for men cap
He went from dreadlocks to Ceasers
Now he called cash brothers shaving bums is nasty
Kid so watch that
I be the B U S T A R H Y M E S
Full of finesse, lyrically complex
And I'm the double L, C dash O, dash O, L
Period J my leers waiting on the runway, bust
Yo, aeio, yo, I'm Mr. You, God
Is it the basement?
Aiyo, yo, yo, yes we is a rude boy
Mizzy gizzy busy for bissi
Mizzy kizzi let the rhythm dizzi
Just a lesson for you sucker MC's
'Cos y'all don't make no rhymes like these, period
Word is bond, ah man
I had a good time working with you Mr. Smith
Do you think they'll ever recover?
I have no idea, I see niggas is in comas and concussions
It's ridiculous, word up throw your hands in the air
Just have a good time and wave them around
Throw your hands in the air, word up, word up, word up
Mr. Smith and Busta Rhymes get down

Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat
C'mon and chill with me, me, me
C'mon baby, you know I'm Audi
Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat
Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me
Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways son
Ah man splash a little bit of flossing on niggas
Ah man in a happy and fun loving way
You know, splash
Yeah, you know that
Like a little bit of ice waters and shit man
You niggas need to chill down put your shades on kid
Cool the fuck off put your shades on baby
Aight?
Shine, nigga put them shades on
Niggas leaning leaning like they deformed or something
Ha, fix your neck
You like like Shaq in that commercial

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>