

# Show Me What You Got

## Busta Rhymes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hoo!  
Yeah it's another one of them marvelous shits  
Yeah, Flipmode, huh, Busta Rhymes shit, yeah  
So remarkable, yeah  
As I say it over and over again  
From song to song, yeah, so remarkable  
Hah, heh, yeah, so remarkable Yo, yo, Busta Rhymes the immaculate raw  
Hardcore, riggady raw, lay niggas flat on the floor  
We climb into the back of the four  
Nonchalant flavor fo' sure, Timbs wit a aqua valor  
Flava like you never seen it before  
Ha, holy, sacred, and pure  
Flipmode, be on it fo' sure  
Be incredible to settle the score  
Like a nigga shot you in the face, through the peephole in the door  
From New York, down to Singapore  
Keep you niggas jumpin' around, had the bitches beggin fo' more  
Street niggas, yeah we speak for the poor  
Now we stack cheddar galore, when we shop and buy at the store  
Metaphor like nuclear war  
I warned niggas if you try to bite, shit I'll leave a crack in your jaw  
Take the liveliest niggas out on a tour  
Make a nigga black in the spot, make you want to take off a door [Chorus]  
All my dogs who hustle everyday  
All my dogs who hustle everyday now  
Own a store laundrymat around the way  
And own a store laundrymat around the way now  
We got to get it, YEAH!  
My niggas, all my niggas  
Show Me What You Got for me, what you got for me  
All my niggas what ya got for me  
All my shorties who stay fresh everyday

All my shorties that stay fresh everyday  
My get money bitches who still hang around the way  
All my get money bitches that chill around the way now  
We got to get it, YEAH! We gotta  
My bitches, all my bitches, c'mon  
Tell me what you got for me  
What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for meNow, yo, we stay packing the toast  
Could give a fuck, bust at a ghost  
And end up on the front of the post  
Niggas know that I be rocking the most  
Fuckin Ethiopian bitches, living in the ivory coast  
Let me drug y'all niggas up wit a dose  
Make you act just like you suppose'  
Watch a nigga playing me close  
Nowadays type of dough that we gross  
I celebrate and throw me a roast  
And get an old face for a host  
We get it hype even when we be calmg  
Niggas know my word is my bond  
When we come you know we the bomb  
Hypnotic shit, get you retarded  
Should of known it was a bad move  
Fucking around and getting me started  
Still whipping in the back of the truck  
So what, not givin a fuck  
In the streets, living it up  
So what happened to the last nigga bust  
Could give a fuck whoever he was  
Throw them niggas outta the clubs  
Them niggas all, shit turning me off  
Tie 'em up, makin 'em cough  
Gag 'em in the throat wit a cloff  
After that we go and wild for the night  
Make 'em know the style for the night  
Car low, pile for the night  
You know we always give y'all niggas a blaze  
Black it out and party for days  
Let y'all niggas fuck with the strays  
Fucking dimes at the end of the days  
Getting money but it's too late  
Got a nigga stuck in his ways[Chorus]