

Starsky & Hutch (feat. Busta Rhymes)

LL Cool J

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, meUh, you jealous niggas, change your ways
Busta bust
Mr Smith
We on the track, I always spark the lah
I always catch a contactAiyo, 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 thatI 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, bustYo, aeiyo, yo, I'm Mr. You, God
Is it the basement?
Aiyo, yo, yo, yes we is a rude boyMizzy 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, periodWord 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 concussionsIt'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 downLadies 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, meUh, 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 thatLike 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 babyAight?
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

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