

# Touch It (remix 2)

## Busta Rhymes

Touch it, bring it, babe, watch it  
Turn it, leave it, stop, format it  
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Get low Bus

Who be the King of the Sound?

Busta Bus back to just put a lock on a town

Lot of my \*\*\*\*\* be comin' from miles around

See they be comin' 'cause they know how the God get down

Turn it up

Now you know who holdin' the throne, so gimme the crown

\*\*\*\*\* solutin' and tryin' to give me a pound

I don't really \*\*\*\* with you \*\*\*\*\*, you \*\*\*\*\* is clown

Makin' the \*\*\*\*\* strippin', throw they \*\*\*\* on the ground

Get low Bus

Now that's the way that it goes

When we up in the spot, the \*\*\* be flooded with hoes

See, we a make it hot, the chicks will come out their clothes

That's when you get it, mami already know, I suppose

Turn it up

Shorty wildin' and shorty open, she beastin' it out

For the record, just a second, I'm freakin' it out

While she tryin' to touch, see, I was peepin' it out

She turned around and was tryin' to put my \*\*\*\* in her mouth

I let her

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Get low Bus  
And as we started, got me ringing her bell  
When I come I be doin' it and doin' it well  
Then I beat up the \*\*\*\*\* and be makin' it swell  
Tryin' to hide the smell of the sex, spraying on the Chanel  
Turn it up  
Then they tried to walk with a strut, so no one could tell  
How a \*\*\*\*\* got in they \*\*\*\*\*, made everything jail  
Now the tickle wild like a nut, she blowin' my cell  
Can't get enough of the kid, I put her under my spell  
Get low Bus  
It's crowded mami, move it along  
If you know you 'bout it then get to removin' your thong  
To the whip in back of the truck that's where you belong  
After the Yac, see the type of raunchy \*\*\*\*\*, they be on  
Turn it up  
Street \*\*\*\*\* respect it because my movement is strong  
'Cause we consistently reppin', see my money is long  
All my \*\*\*\*\* is with me, see how they singin' the song  
Plus how we give you the stick and we be \*\*\*\*\* along  
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Get low Bus  
The God of the black, see that I'm back  
Every single time that I drop, the \*\*\*\*\* is a wrap  
For the \*\*\*\*\* hatin' the kid, I'm close to strap  
'Cause all these \*\*\*\*\* wanna come talk to sit on my lap  
Turn it up  
Everytime I give you bang \*\*\*\*\* to knock in your whip  
\*\*\*\*\* always do his thing, \*\*\*\*\* lockin' the strip  
Lot of mami's is dancin' and they shakin' they hips  
After that they get low and put the thing on their lips  
I let them  
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