

# Taste It

## Busta Rhymes

Here we go  
Ay yo, ladies where you at, c'mon c'mon  
Ladies where you at, c'mon c'mon  
You ready to freak out ladies?  
Yeah, soldiers  
We 'bout to line it up just right  
Check it, watch how we do it Make way for the kid to come in girl  
And let me rock 'cause I love the way you pop that, c'mon  
Every single time we come to drop that  
A lot of freaky women react to a nigga hot track, lets go  
Then we start to cook up the place  
Women watching the nigga  
With the ready to do the look on their face, c'mon  
Freak nasty, you know the way you do it all on the guard  
And the way you love to speak nasty, another freak pass me Floss on, in the club ain't even got the draws on  
You messing with a nigga better, stop that shit mama  
In other words you better watch that shit 'cause you got that shit  
The way your ass sit up all on your back  
It's like you need to go shop that, see niggas would cock that  
And definitely won't waste it  
And while you at it take a lick and just taste it Baby tell me why tell me so  
I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low  
So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like it  
Baby tell me why tell me so  
I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low  
So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like it Listen, cut the last courvoisier bottle down the at bar  
See a chick that kinda look like a star  
And I'm saying even though I wanna to take you home girl  
I know it's kinda late but you ain't got to come along girl  
Wait a sec you know I know a song girl  
Me and you and one of your other home girls  
Let me put it down and we started to bone girl  
The other had a heat, "I thought ya'll be gettin' along girl?"  
Just put the pep in your step, what's with all the emotional shit?  
You know we be swingin' a hep Put it on me like I wouldn't recover  
Saying two chicks that was beefin' and touching and feeling each other  
Word to mother, now we having a ball  
The way we knockin' as the sound of the bed head smackin' the wall  
Baby I'm saying I lovin' how you rubbin'

And the way that you lace it and rush it when you gettin' ready to taste it

Baby I love it, the way you rub it

And the way you lace it and rush it when you gettin' ready to taste itBaby tell me why tell me so

I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low

So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like it

Baby tell me why tell me so

I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low

So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like itGirl I know you wanna

Yeah, I like it, I love the way you always get down and

Ladies, if you want your man to get down and

Just throw your hands in the air, fella's just make it do it too

Now you can both do itShorty hit me all on the two-way

Tell me to meet her way in the back

By the couches up inside the cheetah

Then I step up in the club keep it moving wit' my hand on my heater

Stay alert and never moving the sleeper

Even though this shit was way off the meter

Couldn't believe her

Shorty buggin' and giving me head in back of the speaker

Now check it, I love the way she step to it and how she's keepin' it basic

And always be ready to taste itBaby tell me why tell me so

I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low

So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like it

Baby tell me why tell me so

I'd like you to go high, you tell me to go low

So I go low, taste the shit, taste it again, I like it

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