## What the F\*\*\* You Want!!

## **Busta Rhymes**

Flipmode motherfuckas Flipmode motherfuckas What the fuck you want What the fuck nigga What you want

What the fuck nigga (we gon hit it down like this nigga what)

Check it out

I be

Testing your fate and wrecking your face
Invading your space
And watch the tables turn like you're trading a place
I pull stunts like evil kadeival
Me and my people fly like an eagle
And blow your entire cathingil

Hurry hurry
Don't worry worry

Hit y'all with a flurry flurry of jazz Leaving y'all niggas blurry blurry

Brew up some shit like i'm cooking for y'all When i'm done then i come looking for y'all (huh huh hold up hold up)

Federal cases cause nuff bodies end up in medical places
In they blood finding them chemical traces
Leaving special investigators going through skeptical phases
While we getting money the decimal changes

I was a seven-day affentice apprentice

Now i strike with a vengeance

Blowing the door right up off of the hinges

This be that put you out of your misery song

And make you ask your man is this the joint he dissing me on

That's when i ask

What the fuck nigga what you want

What the fuck nigga what you want What the fuck nigga what you want

What the fuck nigga what you want What the fuck nigga what you want What the fuck nigga

Moving your muscle and doing the hustle See nowadays we getting money like rustle

Who really wanna tussle

Challenge the super saber in a nigga
Blast the challenger way out of space like galica nigga
Battle star galactica cross my diameter nigga
Derange your whole circular shape into triangular nigga

Yo

So what it was my fault

That i had to bring this shit to a screaming halt What you need to do is open up the vault

That's why i make sure that my vest will be on So when i blast you and your additional stress will be gone Then i sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans

And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my hands

I ain't afraid of ya

But i thank all of my niggas for saving ya

I was about to take you back

To when your mother was making ya

Clapping you up

Slapping you up

Trapping you up

Holding you hostage

Duck taping and saran wrapping you up

Yo

First she was sober

I smell aroma

Put you in a trans

And slip into an irreversible coma

Fuck y'all cubic zirconium niggas it's over

Closing in on all y'all niggas

While we're moving in a little closer

Then i evaluate and elaborate

Confiscate your shit and dare your ass to retaliate

That's when i ask

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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