

Touch It (Remix) [Featuring DMX]

Busta Rhymes

Touch it, bring it, babe, watch it
Turn it, leave it, stop, format it
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Turn it, leave it, stop, format it 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 hoers
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 Touch it, bring it, babe, watch it
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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 onTurn it upStreet ***** 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 ***** alongI let herTouch it, bring it, babe, watch it

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Turn it, leave it, stop, format itGet low BusThe 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 lapTurn it upEverytime 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 lipsI let themTouch it, bring it, babe, watch it

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Songwriters

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