Where's My Money?

Busta Rhymes

[INTRO:]Ayo Green... I feel like I'm turnin green too!
From Bill Bixby!... to some incredible Hulk shit!
I don't even know why u give me shit like this to spit to?
I'm sure we speak the same language
Fuck you bitches... pay me!
[VERSE 1:](HAA)
Wait a minute... came to go get it... ranger fitted
Whenever it come to paper... better know I'm major with it
Make it rain a major blizzard... leather alligator lizard
I Talledega race any challenger name a didgit
Even if on the slightest you take a smidget or dare touch my revenue I slice you with the razor quit it
Icey till I make it frigid... (BURRRR)...
The laws of physics says it's getting cold... my money taller than a hall of midgets
I get up all up in it
Kickin down the door (Who is it!?)
Bitch I be the crew of bill collectors... pay the mall a visit
After cleanin bank accounts you questioned if I gave a shit if not I tell the truth so you could tell em that the player did
It(HEYAAA)
It's ok I say a prayer it's the mayor bititch slayer givin you another layer of the data tritick
Bust rhymes... hittin you with punch lines
Funny how I fuck dimes... bitch you know I want mine
Where my fuckin money? !
[HOOK:]I ain't speakin foreign... you know what I'm saying
Better have my bread nigga I ain't playin
(Bitch... where my fucking money?)
Mark every word spoken, better sell your pussy
If you think I'm jokin?
(muhfucker... where my fuckin money?)

Think I still ain't crazy cause I cut my dread
And if you short my cake I'm off side of your head
(bitch where my fuckin money?)
[VERSE 2:](OHHHH)
Critical it's pitifull I'm cynical
How I deliver lyricals and take these other niggas paper
Topsy-tervy contraversy I'm so thirsty go no mercy
For some of these bitches... I collect my money now and later
Keep it movin with the clique... while making bitches hit the strip

Cake up everyday I wake I RATE the way my money flip
I want it's mine... borderline... call it crime... all the shine I'm takin it
Ain't no mistakin it nigga what's yours is mine
No need to second guess it check I'm the gloss and grind the gritty and the floss, the profit and the loss all intertwined
Because I profit from your losses
You don't want it... you should get it
In the hood with you money... I extended my line of credit
The medic... doctor ryhmes that put you on a dihharettic shrinkin up a nigga pockets
Simple niggaz style pathetic
Bust rhymes... hittin you with punch lines
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