

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 controversy 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 rhymes that put you on a dihharettic shrinkin up a nigga pockets
Simple niggaz style pathetic
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?)

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