

# Hey Ladies

## Busta Rhymes

C'mon, yea  
Snap your fingers, c'mon, yea  
Here we go now, yea  
C'mon, yea, check it I said, "My solo jump off, been boomin' since nine-six"  
My solo jump off, been boomin' since nine-six  
Hittin' trippin' the circuit breaker, flickin' the light switch  
The kid like is he known for givin' you wild hits  
I keep my name on the way on top of the now list  
Bangin' on every level, droppin' the now shit  
It's like the feelin' after watchin' a couple of old flick  
And once you hear the kid, you'll be knowin' the sound sick Spaz in the club, watchin' the crowd flip  
That's when I knew the crown was up for whoever the crown fit  
Nowadays while I go bag me a fine bitch  
Bitch watchin' my pocket, seein' we wild rich  
Shorty hopin' we smellin' nothin' like foul fish  
While you swingin' ass at the Devil, claimin' you righteous  
A lot of haters I'm knowin' you like this  
While you floss unnecessarily, sippin' on wild Crist I say "Ladies, my Mercedes"  
Hold fo' in the back, two if you fat  
Feel it all in your gut, your neck and your back  
When you step up in the club I know you know how to act  
Hey soldiers, get your floss on  
Va-let in the lot, park the Yukon  
Shorty shakin' her waist, and rippin' her thong  
Now all my people are muggin' and singin' the song, I'm sayin' Shit still boomin' in two-thousand and three  
My shit still boomin' in two-thousand and three  
And we don't give a fuck about who you claimin' to be  
My jewels blind bitches where they ain't able to see  
These fools try to talk just a little much to a G  
They say the wrong shit, they head just might end upside of a tree  
Clear my thoughts just a little, pass me a cup of tea  
Takin' different constant boats, from the land to the sea I got my paper see, I ain't doin' nuttin' for free  
Unless it's for the hood, it might cost you a small fee  
Niggaz all in the street, whylin' whippin' the V  
Clever from New York to Chicago back to the D  
Check it, take it back like when I was flippin' a key  
Bonin' chicks, holdin' titties like they was Pamela Lee  
You know I mastered the art and got it down to a tee  
And keep it goin' add enough spice, we holdin' the recipe Big paper we makin', all of my crew agree

Stack more and bust up a bottle of Hennessey  
In case you niggaz ain't even knowin' my pedigree  
Invested in resorts for the niggaz who go and ski  
If you ain't know the streets is belongin' to me  
I get my people from the hood and then take 'em all on a spree shoppin'  
While you niggaz is busy coppin' the pleas  
We busy blowin' frontin' like you ain't knowin' my stee I say "Ladies, my Mercedes"  
Hold fo' in the back, two if you fat  
Feel it all in your gut, your neck and your back  
When you step up in the club I know you know how to act  
Hey soldiers, get your floss on  
Va-let in the lot, park the Yukon  
Shorty shakin' her waist, and rippin' her thong  
Now all my people are muggin' and singin' the song, I'm sayin' Yea, snap yo' fingers, c'mon, yea  
Here we go now, yea  
C'mon

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