

Don't Touch Me (Travis Barker Remix)

Busta Rhymes

This is a national security alert
Ground Music, Flip Mode, Aftermath, here we go Back with the most venomous rap
It be the godfather of the club banger let me hear you clap
You can applause and from the very beginnin'
You can give me a standin' ovation while I'm bangin' your face in With another banger I call it the cliffhanger
Watch me mangle and strangle this whole rap shit
(Come on)
You could see the way I make 'em mad sick
From down bottom the way I got 'em give me my cash quick
(Come on) Log on you better grab onto somethin'
Because I'm 'bout to shake shit again and make 'em black bitch
(Come on)
Now you hear the shots ring off from bitches takin' everything off
Each other got 'em whylin' runnin' for cover The King Kong, Big Foot gully with a scully
Bully of rap still ugly with the money runnin' the trap
Now they givin' me dap, as far as I'm concerned in this mu'fucker
Like how I got 'em now they ready to snap So don't touch me nigga
(You might burn yourself)
Don't touch me nigga
(You might burn yourself) It's gettin' hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em) We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
Here we go Now you see the alcohol spillin' and we got 'em
Hands in the ceilin', you know we only come to rattle the bulidin'
And break it on down just a little once again
Knowin' we holdin' the bank so let me keep the dice rollin'
And keep it traditional the way I keep my money fallin' While you slackin' on yo' mackin', Duke, we always
keep it goin'
Right to the left, do it to death, now watch me
Come through with a chisel that make the game sizzle
And I, pull out the skillet, prepare for the cookin' How I'm whylin' niggas wonderin' when I'm gonna bring the
hook in
Thugs ice grillin' every time they get to lookin'
Got 'em whylin' overseas all the way back to go Brooklyn
Now they ready to spaz 'cause we bring the best to them Shit that shut it down on the regular

That's with the fly 80s' nigga that was whippin' in a Cressida
Fresher than, most of these niggas, killin' the rest of the
Fellas that was thinkin' that they as rushin' in and bustin' in
But the way we was doin', we was musclin' their hustlin' So don't touch me nigga

(You might burn yourself)

Don't touch me nigga

(You might burn yourself) It's gettin' hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em)

We got 'em hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em) We got 'em hot in this bitch

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We got 'em hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em)

Here we go You don't really want it my dude

I'm sayin' most my niggas is rude

And when we come we eat a nigga food

Back to the fact in the matter at hand

For me to come in control this whole shit, was only part of the plan The other part of the plan is for you to
understand

That nothin' could fuck with the kid, let me say it again

The Broad Back be, Busta Bus back to put out the trash

And just for the record, we got it on smash, now How the fuck they even got the audacity

The fire marshall come and try to talk about capacity

Every time I'm in the spot, I hope you know it has to be

Extremely packed to shut it down, you'll probably cause a tragedy

Don't you know that when I'm in the place I change the mood again I be whylin' wit raunchy bitches and a
bunch of hooligans

Now don't get it fucked up just because I flaunt it

Niggas think that they can test me, bring it if you really want it

See I be the type to always beat you to the punch faster

I keep a smile on my face, but carry the Bushmaster So don't touch me nigga

(You might burn yourself)

Don't touch me nigga

(You might burn yourself) It's gettin' hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em)

We got 'em hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em) We got 'em hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em)

We got 'em hot in this bitch

(So throw the water on 'em)

Keep it goin' You already know I said it word to mother

Shit is so hot you niggas think it's cold in up the summer

Shh, calm the noise down let's get a little quiet

'Cause the neighbors call the police they know we cause riots And they know that we'll have them thinkin' they
dancin' with the devil

When they play the music turn the volume to the highest level
You got it right
Let's keep the bomb goin' like we lit a stick of dynamite
Bow you know you need to follow whenever you hear
the God spit
(Aww shit)
You see me nigga back in the cockpit
Out to gettin' this money I give you all a stock tip
Perspire by a nigga till you see the sweat drop drip
So don't touch me nigga
(You might burn yourself)
Don't touch me nigga
(You might burn yourself) It's gettin' hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em) We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
We got 'em hot in this bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
Here we go

Songwriters

PETE SMITH, ANDY MERRILL Published by

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