

Mary J. Blige, Touch It Remix

[Intro & Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 6x]

[Intro: Busta Rhymes (Lloyd Banks)]

Aiy yo Swizz (It ain't over) we done created another epidemic for the streets nigga
Just when y'all thought it was safe to poke your head out again, let's go!!!
I know you thought we was finished, Flipmode bitch!!!
(G-Unit!!!) Yeah! Streetsweepers!!!
REMIX We Bout' Ta Do It Again!!! REMIX We Bout' Ta Do It Again!!! REMIX
Aiy yo just imagine if they cut the lights off in the club

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

(Get low Banks!) Who you know that got a flow this sick
Pump shorty nobody can hold his click
Them ho's eyeing' they probably on my dick
The chocolate would look good in my all white whip (TURN IT UP!!)
AND YOU KNOW I STAY WITH THE SKITS SO DON'T EVEN TRY
KISS YO' ASS BYE BYE YOU BE ALONE IN THE SKY
AND THE FIRST HUMAN BEING NOW TO LEARN HOW TO FLY
AND I BE LOW IN THE BM ON MY WAY OUT NY
(Get low Banks!) I know it feels like I been gone for a minute
But I'm back chinchilla Ice on with a fitted
Everybody talk money everybody gonna run
with that bowl of bread smaller than the arm of a midget
(TURN IT UP!!) AND YOU KNOW I'M DOIN MY THING IT'S BLUE IN THE RING
IF YOU HAD IT LIKE THIS YOU PROBABLY DO IT THE SAME
BUT YOU WON'T CAUSE YOU BROKE ALL YOU DO IS COMPLAIN
AFTER THE CLUB, I'M A PUT A FEW IN THE RANGE AND LET 'EM

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2: DMX (Busta Rhymes)]

Grrrrrrrr
(Get low X) Anything it's took, it's gone be a breakdown
Come through like "hmmm, what I'm goon take now?"
Whatever the f**k I want, trust me dog
It gets ugly even when it comes to the hunt (TURN IT UP)
NIGGAZ LIKE TO STUNT, YOU WANNA TO FRONT
I'MA HIT YOU AND YOUR MAN
AND IMA HIT YOU WHERE YOU STAND (WHAT)
NIGGAZ AIN'T BUILT FOR NOTHIN BUT FRONTIN
COME THROUGH, FAGGOTS HIT THE SECURITY FRONTIN (Get Low X)
Get that do, What that do? How that do?
F**k you faggot, I shot at you
And what? You and you mans butt, you in your man's truck
But your chance is up, not get up (TURN IT UP!!)
YOU KNOW HOW THAT SHIT GOES, LET THAT SHIT GO
AIN'T NOTHIN CHANGE, BEEN THE SAME FROM THE GETGO (WHAT)
GET UP OUT THAT WHIP YO, I AIN'T GON' TELL YOU AGAIN
F**K IT, SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: DMX & Mary J. Blige (Busta Rhymes)]

Swizz is the monster, X is the beast
F**kin' wit Bus, man everyday is a piece

Stay off the streets, tired of talkin' to y'all niggaz
I'ma stick a fork at y'all niggaz (TURN IT UP)
WHEN I HIT 'EM, MAN THAT CRUNK GON GET 'EM MAN
F**KED UP HOW I DID 'EM MAN (WHAT)
AIN'T NO REMORSE BUT THE CHORUS, TRUTH IS
CAN I. D. THE BODY WHEN A NIGGA TOOTHLESS (Get low Mary!)
Maybe you can guess who it is (Uh huh)
Mary J. Blige about to handle my biz (Uh huh)
I'm on my grown woman still I rep for the kids
In every hood, and all my peoples doin a bid (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW YOU KNOW WHO'S REALLY THE QUEEN DELIVER THE MAIL
SEVEN HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND FIRST WEEK OF MY SALES
THE HATERS PLOT AND THEY WATCH LOOKIN ALL PALE
WHILE I'M ON A YACHT, OVERSEAS DOIN MY NAILS (Get low Mary!)
Well let me show you how we do (Ha!)
I gotta thank everyone for coppin The Breakthrough (Uh huh)
Bus did take one the remix is take two
You love the way we re inventin' how we just stay new (TURN IT UP!!)
HOW WE SELLIN OUT THE STADIUMS, ARENAS AND ALL (Ha!!!)
ONLY LOUIS AND GUCCI WE DON'T SHOP AT THE MALL (Huh!)
GOT YOU PARTYIN AND DANCIN AND HAVIN A BALL
AND YOUR LOVIN THE WAY WE REPPIN HOW WE DO IT FOR Y'ALL GO 'HEAD AND

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[Verse 4: Ne-Yo (Busta Rhymes)]
(oohhh) (Get Low Boy) Is it any women in here
Like it when I be spankin' them and pullin' they hair
Theirs a freak in your presence im just makin' it clear
Then you would all know if he wasn't nowhere (TURN IT UP!!)
GET YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR IF YOU READY TO GO
COME THROUGH YOUR CITY AND I MURDER THE SHOW
AND THE TRUTH WEIGHING THE PROBLEM IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW
GET UP RIGHT IN YA FACE AND HOLLA NE-YO
(Get Low Boy) Shorty what you wanna do
I ain't got time to deal with your attitude
This shit was designed to put you in the mood

tryna' do sumtin nasty with you and ya crew (TURN IT UP!!)
IM A FREAKY LIL' BROTHER WITH A WHOLE LOTTA LOOT
YA BOY WORKIN WIT SUMTIN AND IM KINDA CUTE
WATCH THE WAY I DO IT HOW I TURN IT OUT
GUARENTEED YOU'LL BE TRYNA PUT MY DICK IN YOUR MOUTH

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[Verse 5: Papoose (Busta Rhymes)]
(Get low Papoose!) Papoose, Pa-poose, had to get on this club banger
Smack you in your mouth make you swallow your pulp razor
Pop a couple bottles laugh about it with Bus later
Bare witness I'm the young savior (TURN IT UP!!)
I GOT STATEN ISLAND ON MY PINKY QUEENS ON MY THUMB DUDE
THE BRONX ON MY MIDDLE FINGER SCREAMIN F**K YOU
ROCK ICE IN MANHATTAN SO THERE'S THE RING FINGER
YOU KNOW I HAD TO KEEP BROOKLYN ON THE TRIGGER FINGER
(Get low Pap!) Five boroughs of death, you don't understand
I got New York City in the palm of my hand
Now I could make a tight fist and let it crumble ridiculous

Or I could smack the world with a New York Nemesis (TURN IT UP!!)
I FLIP THE MAG AND GET THE CLAPPIN IF IT HAPPENS RIP HIS JACKET
SPLIT HIS BACK AND LIFT HIS HEAD I'M GETTIN AT HIM (Ha!!)
PICK UP A DIFFERENT MAG AND THEN ATTACK HIM WHEN I GRAB HIM TRIGGERS BLASTIN
WITH A PASSION GET IT CRACKIN THE ASSASSIN, YOU LET 'EM

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[Verse 6: Rah Digga (Busta Rhymes)]

(Get low Digga!) See me rollin up in your hood {Uh huh}
These jokers screamin damn Rah still be lookin good {Yeah}
They do they little mack he askin me who I tapped
Ain't none of your concern you a G make it hap (TURN IT UP!!)
WHEN I GIVE A NIGGA SOME PLAY HE LOSIN HIS BRAIN (Uh)
ASKIN ME A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS ACTIN LIKE HE MY MAN
WANNA STRESS A BITCH OUT TELLIN ME I DID CHANGE
THEY SAYIN DAMN MY BAD IF YOU FELL FOR THE GAME
(Get low Digga!) Now he sittin there lookin stuck (Ha!)
He thinkin cause he spent a little dough I'm 'gon f**k
If money ain't a thang I'm sayin let a bitch know
Type to empty your account, how far you willin to go (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW HE HOPIN ON THE JET HE AIN'T WASTIN NO TIME
TOLD ME ALL EXPENSE PAID ANYPLACE I COULD FIND
HIT THE ISLANDS IN THE WINTER TRICKIN ALL ON HIS DIME
AIN'T A SHORTY IN THE WORLD PUSSY BETTER THAN MINE, THEY WANNA

[Chorus]

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[Verse 7: Missy Elliot (Busta Rhymes)]

Bus this is serious man!!!!!!! (Get low Missy!)
I'm jinglin baby, go 'head mami, don't I look charmin put your lips up on me {Woo!!!}
Kiss it touch it, good, yes I wish you would (TURN IT UP!!)
YOU LIKE TO SEE ME WHEN I DIP BABY DIP (Ha1)
DON'T IT LOOK LIKE I GOT BEYONCE'S HIPS
LOOKIN LIKE I COULD BE LIKE NIA LONG
BOY YOU SMOKIN THAT CHEECH AND CHONG
(Get low Missy!) Have you ever seen thickness in a thong {Come on!}
You can hit it like a game of ping pong
If you give me two shots of it strong
Nigga bring it on I might let you take me home (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW BUSTA BUS (BUS!!) MISDEMEANOR IN HERE
THIS YEAR BE CLEAR Y'ALL BE BEWARE
FAKE MC'S Y'ALL CAN'T COME NEAR
I'M TOXIC BABY LIKE I'M BRITNEY SPEARS

[Chorus]

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[Verse 8: Busta Rhymes]

(Get low Bus!) You see me you love me the streets declare me God of the hood
You niggaz is watchin and wishin you could
Be claimin the throne the way I got it lock it mu'f**kers
What's good you tryin to stop it I'm wishin you would (TURN IT UP!!)
CAUSE THEM I'M GLAD TO HIT YOU WITH THE FACT THAT THE GOD IS IMMORTAL AS SPIT
THE WAY I BE DOIN HISTORICAL SHIT
INCASE YOU AND YOUR NIGGAS ACT LIKE YOU AINT KNOW WHEN I'M INFORMIN YOUR CL
I TAKE YOUR BITCH WHILE I'M PERFOMIN MY SHIT

(Get low Bus!) As I was sayin niggaz know I ain't playin
There's no more delayin I'm comin and slayin
The street with the heat now turn up the beat until you go deaf
I eat a nigga food until nothin left (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW THE WAY I'M KILLIN AT THIS MASS LIKE I'M DOIN THE BOOKER T
RESPECT IT YOU BETTER GET THE SALUTIN ME WHEN YOU SEE ME
LLOYD BANKS, PAPOOSE AND BUSTA BUS YEAH I'M GREEDY
I PAINT THE ILLEST PICTURE FOR THE HOOD LIKE I DO GRAFFITI SO

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