

Busta Rhymes, Beach Ball

Cartier frames with the Gucci flip flops (Sho')
Blowin' money fast, man, I'ma be Rick Ross (Hitmaka)

Uh, tell these hoes to kick rocks
Bitch ride the boat like it's a seesaw
Check your bags and your pussy, girl, 'fore you depart (Ho)
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah
Dolce & Gabbana, spoil him in Neiman Marcus (Whoa)
Bitch pull the top down, why you keep coughin'? (Brrt)
Put her in the ocean, bet she suck a beach ball (Ball)
Hoes moving up and down, seesaw (Saw)
Give me backshots, now it's back to D.R (Yup)
Fly you out to P.R., can't put you in no Dior (D)
Look into my eyes, you could tell I want a D-boy (D)
Poppin' wheelies on that dick, he thinkin' I'm from Bmore (Skrtrt)
We should've been friends but I know you wanna be more (Hey)
Touched my first M, niggas know I gotta see more (Cash) (Sheesh)
See my nigga and my ends and you know I had to detour (Gee)
Flew in first class just to sit up by the seashore (Sheesh)
You can't fuck me in no G4

Cartier frames with the Gucci flip flops (Buss)
Blowin' money fast, man, I'ma be Rick Ross (BIA, BIA)

Look, see, I inflated the plot
Ever since the day of crack sales I upgraded the block, nigga (Ho)
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah
Louis and that Gucci make her bug and Bergdorf (Ho)
And drag me to a dressing room and give me top until she coughin'
Waterfallin', suckin' on these beach balls (Whoa)
And all these bitches walkin' round me talkin' 'bout, "I miss ya" (Saw)
Never kiss 'em but I always hit 'em back to D.R (Yup)
Shawty, yes, I see ya, who the fuck you thinkin' we are? (Gee)
Think you 'bout to come up? See, them thoughts, you better ignore
Fuck you think you're foolin' tryna come off like a sweetheart?
Think we more than homies? You's a motherfuck... (Hey)
Fuck these records up in ways you've never seen it before them (Gee)
Bustin' everybody ass on records when I record 'em (Gee)
Light shinin', nigga, lookin' at me like, "Is he God?" (Hey)
A-ha, make sure you end your shit when we start

Cartier frames with the Gucci flip flops (Sho')
Blowin' money fast, man, I'ma be Rick Ross (Ross)

Uh, tell these hoes to kick rocks (Yeah)
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Check your bags and your pussy, girl 'fore you depart (Ho)
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah
Louis and that Gucci make her bug and Bergdorf (Ho)
And drag me to a dressing room and give me top until she coughin' (Cough)
Waterfallin', suckin' on these beach balls
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