

Busta Rhymes, Do It To Death

Huh huh-huh huh-huh huh huh-huh-huh huh
Huh huh-huh HUH HUH-huh huh-huh-huh huh
Huh huh-huh, huh huh WOOOH!!!
WOO-WOO-WOO-WOOH!!!
WOO WOO WOOOOH
Yeah, everybody, c'mon
Here we go party people WOOOH

Pull up in the whip, pop the trunk, feel it?
Fear for the will of baboon funk, ya hear it?
Me and my nigga Richie was itchy to meet some women
Met some chickens, they was actin so snobby and bitchy, fuck it
Pass me the sticky,
the chicky wanted to leave me with a kiss and a hickie
I ain't wit it but give me a quicky
I ain't in to doin the licky-licky
even though you be lookin so pretty,
I own all of my shit, never 50-50
Oodle noodles all 'dose fools never refuse
Accuse me for the bruise
Chick outta rattle and sound, better tighten the screws
Runnin and gunnin, kinda stunnin
the way we be comin around, slummin, wylin and dollin
My nigga Horace kick up a nigga like Chuck Norris
Got some other niggas lost way up in the forest
Hang you up in a harness, label me and all of my niggas the hardest
Fuck around, be the next "Formerly Known As" artist
Layed out with a goddess, pretty lilly Adonis
Besides all of that, niggas is 'nomous, I make you all a promise
The promise is that I'm so dominant and that I am so prominent
captured the whole of Asia as a continent
Oh shit, I be comin and tumblin down
rumblin, stumblin down
Freaky prophet with unusual musical sound
Bringin the ruckus, you motherfuckers be givin me pounds
So many sound, give me the camcorder and a city with plans
Me and my fam, hustle and tussle in makin this groove, me and my mans

How we gon' do this? (MAKE THEM MOVE)
Keepin it live (WHERE MY NIGGAS IS AT?)
Stackin my paper (PUT IT AWAT SAFE)
Straight buckwild, let me see your hands
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)
What we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)

Yo! Pin or a needle, make you wobble or weeble
Niggas is feeble, back in the day I used to get money illegal
Get some ass, cop a room down at the Regal
Hit you wit so much drama make niggas always wait for the sequel
Yo there ain't no equal on how we be reppin for the people
Yo there really ain't no equal.....
Ask Hillary, met her down on Flatbush and Tillory
She killin me, got me crazy, wylin, actin straight grizzly
We never made it too far together,
I left her standin on Franklin and Willoughby
Another mystery to me
While she still on the corner kissin at me, hiss in at me
Ignorin these bitches, they're angry, now they're riffin at me
Vital and critical, literal lyrical, make niggas pitiful
Go to the clinical, examine your physical
Frightening and enlightening at the same time
Get the goods and price them, and doin the heist again

You thinkin we would be nice again
We on a mission, we don't need none of your advice again
Hold me down BABY, pitter patter, you chitter chatter too much
I'ma splitter splatter your bladder bladder,
make you spill out your guts

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Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
Aiyo, how we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
Aiyo, Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)
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