

# Busta Rhymes, Hey Ladies

Here we go now, yea  
C'mon, yea, check it

[Verse One]

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 (?) 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'

[Chorus]

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

[Verse Two]

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 ki  
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 Hennessy  
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'

[Chorus]

Yea, snap yo' fingers, c'mon  
[heavy breathing]  
Here we go now, yea  
C'mon