

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