Busta Rhymes, What My Niggas Want

[cam'ron]

You the type to say I rap, I rhyme, look I freestyle Rap is played out ain't shit here for free child Me and chris lighty checks is what we see child Ice won't get you sea sick bitch, it get you c now Diplomat treat you like a beer bottle twist your cap Hustler shit, you never sold a bit of crack Chain you might get it snatched, down to the latch Since I went to get it back yo what type of shit is that Picture that, wrist is rapped 37 blunted How many diamonds you got on? shit 37 hundred I'm stunting pissy popping by the bottle Got nothing under the trench and I'm not from colorado Your acting a little like your rapping to riddles Got harlem looking like we a pack of skittles I'm a tyko fanatic, phsyco sematic, Type blow? gamatic?, life go dramatic Hydro's a habit bitch

[busta rhymes](chorus)

All my niggas who's ready to ride niggas, what what All my soldiers and my living foul niggas, what what Money niggas, what what, thug niggas, what what, Grimy niggas, whatwhat, Big gun niggas, what what

All my bitches that's ready to wild with me, what what And f**k a hole away in the ground with me, what what Money bitches, what what, thug bitches, what what, Corporate bitches, what what All the above bitches

[cam'ron]

Imagine a ho kissing me, a ho dissing me No I can't have that, not from rottisearre Roglissere, gators so slippery Best affiliated with the movie misery I make you kids learn, when your car gone, Crib burned, jim jones shit permed like big ern And you speak that gang gang slang, Gun like pop from boomerangbang bang bang That girl looking, you packing a whore, Slapping a whore, foot sweppers slacking the door Laughing for sure, yeah that shit happend before Bitch flurting with me, her man tapping the jaw What I'm drunk about, what I smoke skunk about Hope you make it to that year prince sung about All these years dripping and ducking Stay with birds the ones I was flipping and f**king Ya heard (chorus)