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## Case F/ Cam'Ron ''Starsky & Hutch''

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Uh. (Ha!) Uh. (Ha!) Uh. (Ha!)

Uh. (Ha!) Uh. (Ha!)

Yes y'all throw your hands up real high Let's see where the people in the world is at Where you at shorty? With LL, Busta Rhymes, Check it out...

Two big ballers keep the juice blending Fuck Black Ceaser, I didn't like the ending Why?, cos we two jiggy niggas always making Too many million dollar affilliations Abbreviation, LL, period I'm platinum every time, it's serious Aeiyo, we serious when we experience millions High, rolling to the max, extra big willying Uh, huh, with a third of my deposit I'll buy your whole crib plus the clothes in the closet Take your current chickens then take your ex-chickens Shake it down for papers Hey, now she jump shaking...

Gotta keep on making it high Gotta keep on making it high (Yes, yes Mr Smith) Gotta keep on making it high Gotta keep on making it high

Why you ice-grilling, I'm far from a villian Two hundred and twenty pounds, you're half shilling Yo, ice-watery lyrics flow like water spilling You know the rules of the giz-ame, milk and top billing Aeiyo, I think your empty-ass cup needs some refilling Let me bust my milk on your back, watch you start illing You know she's willing, cos' honey's a Star Trekker Clothes coming off like jewels in front of Mecca Aeiyo, cock diesel baby girl, bigger than Chubby Checker In the process of the jolt she might feel the Black'N'Decker Reason being, I work my tool right Handcraft the cake till it's baked just right

Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Yeah, that's right) Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Just spark my L)

Just lean left, lean right Lean front, lean back C'mon, you gotta ride it baby (You gotta shake it, shake it all night baby) Just lean left, lean right (right) Lean front, lean back (lean back) (C'mon shake it, just shake it) (C'mon shake it, just break it) You gotta ride it baby

Busta Bust Mr Smith Flipmode Yo, lets sing a little something for the song...

\*LL Cool J + Busta Rhymes together\* Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat C'mon and chill with me, me, me C'mon baby, you know I'm audi Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me Uh, you jealous niggas - change your ways

Busta Bust Mr Smith We on the track, I always spark the lah I always catch a contact Aeiyo, stimulation make a nigga wig (wig) push back (push back) Like he gotta touch... A bottom here for Mencap He went from Dreadlocks To Ceasers Now he called Cash Brothers shaving bums is nasty Kid so watch that... I be the B, U, S, T, A, R, H, Y, M, E, S full of finesse, lyrically complex And I'm the double L, C dash O, dash O, L, period J my leers waiting on the runway, Bust Yo, aeiyo, yo, I'm Mr You, God Is it the bashment?

Aeiyo, yo, yo, yes we is a rude bwoy

\*Together\* Mizzy gizzy busy for bissi Mizzy kizzi let the rhythm dizzi Just a leeson for you sucker MC's Cos y'all don't make no rhymes like these, period

Word is bond Ah man I had a good time working with you Mr Smith Do you think they'll ever recover? I have no idea, I'm seeniggas is in comas and concussions It's ridiculous, word up - throw your hands in the air Just have a good time and wave them around Throw your hands in the air, word up Mr Smith and Busta Rhymes get down

\*LL Cool J + Busta Rhymes together\* Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat C'mon and chill with me, me, me C'mon baby, you know I'm audi Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me Uh, you jealous niggas - change your ways son

Ah man Splash a little bit of flossing on niggas Ah man In a happy and fun loving way You know, splash! Yeah, you know that Like a little bit of ice waters and shit man You niggas need to chill down Put your shades on kid Cool the fuck off Put your shades on baby Aight? Shine, nigga put them shades on Niggas leaning Leaning like they deformed or something Ha, fix your neck You like like Shaq in that commercial

(Laughter to fade)

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