

Busta Rhymes f/ Big Daddy Kane, Lil' Wayne, Nas, Reek Da Villian, Spliff Star & The Game "Don't Touch Me"

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[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

This is a national security alert!!! (REMIX!!!! REMIX!!!!

REMIX!!!!)

Ground Music! Flipmode! Aftermath! Here we go!!!

(REMIX!!!! REMIX!!!! REMIX!!!!)

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

Real talk word to mother it be the gutter brother

Back with another banger to set off the summer

Better get up and come a-round cause the way our shit

will be cloggin up the toilet

You probably should CALL THE PLUMBER!!!!!

You niggas get dumb and dumber thinkin you can

come around and test me!!!

Like these other niggas well pick a number

I''m sayin you should never ever think that you better nigga

Get it together and body your shit since mommy

named me Trevor

Stellar the way I give a hell of a performance and get a Reaction I attract all the people to COME TOGETHER!!!!! WHETHER NIGGAS REALIZE OR NOY OPPOSE A LETTER JUST LET A FELLA THINK WHAT IT WOULDN'T MAKE HIM

REMEMBER THAT

When I'm in the buildin it's cool for you to rest in

Remember I'm too hot to touch kid

CURIOUS!!!! My fire burnin niggas serious

I gift wrapped the flame and give it to niggas HERE IT IS!!!!!

SEE THROUGH MU'FUCKER WE'LL NEVER BE EQUAL

I'LL BANISH AND MAKE 'EM VANISH AND DO IT FOR THE PEOPLE!!!!

I be the baddest see when I see when I spit I become the maddest

And kill 'em until the blood SEEK THROUGH!!!!!

Front if you want but you know who the top biller

Bounce while I'm killin the strut and walk with a bop

KILLA!!!!!!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

SO DON'T TOUCH ME NIGGA!!!! (You might burn

yourself!)

DON'T TOUCH ME NIGGA!!!! (You might burn yourself!) It's gettin hot in this bitch! (So throw the water on

'em!!!!)

We got 'em hot in this bitch! (So throw the water on 'em!!!!)

HERE WE GO!!!

[Verse 2: Reek Da Villian] (Busta Rhymes]

R-double E-K, D-A Villian

I'll pull a grip out of this waist and splatter ya face When the cali' blow, you'll get a face shot like a cameo Rob the man and leave his ass naked like he D'Angelo Bet I'll let a pistol dismiss you if it's a issue Of a tissue that money'll get you clapped quick! (COME ON!!!)

Turn a wimp past wittle to a gym class hero When my AR13'll make 'em backflip (COME ON!!!)

[Verse 3: Spliff Star]

I'm a BK felon I'll run you down with a weapon
My goonies get looney anytime that I tell 'em
Dead 'em!!!! I walk around with stacks in my denim
With fast foreign cars with the gator skin in 'em
Now I got pretty women all around the world
If I been in your city probably pound your girl
Had her stretched out swimmin in the pool with her
breast out

Send her back home set to fire the sex out!!!!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

SO DON'T TOUCH ME NIGGA!!!! (You might burn yourself!)

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HERE WE GO!!!

[Verse 4: The Game]

Motherfucker, it's FLIP-MODE, when I come up in the club

Throwin up a dub, liftin up a snuff
Flipmode be stars, you know who the fuck we are
Used to be fishscales, now we fuck with caviar
Eatin on supreme shit, at the round table
On some cream shit, like I grew up in Queensbridge
I talk reckless, the whole world know

My style is C4 and I'm ABOUT TO BLOW {*explosion*} So don't get close, we'll touch ya ribs
And come bust lil' brother with the stick-up kids
Like, "SHHHHH!! Take off the watch!"
"SHHHHHH!! Take off the watch!"
"SHHHHHH!! Take off the watch!"
They said Game in the club with a big ass clock
Like BOOM!!!! Guess who stepped in the room
LAX comin through, JFK real soon

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
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HERE WE GO!!!

[Verse 5: Lil Wayne]
Chirp on the check like Mic

Chirp on the check like Michael Jeffrey
Even the referee said I need an ESPY, award just
applaud I'm a boar with a broad
I go hard and my leather so soft and I cough
And the board of health say the boy need help
I am so hot the AM just melt
All aboard all aboard black card no fraud
I'm an extension cord I'm a lightning rod
I'm a lion roar I'm a dinosaur
I'm a sinus minus the nose I'm a cold
I'm raw than a temperature rose to five and, two o's
that's 500 degrees for those who know
My fire's higher than a liar, we don't burn rubber, we
burn tires

We riders we ciders, we live in The Carter
Wayne is a flame that could live in the water
Ok now let's get it straight either you bait
Or the mate either eay you on my plate gettin ate
After grace, if you taste like base, snares and tenors
be my dinner

I'm hotter in the winter, burn like sinner, turn like sinner I swear I'll put ya in the urn by your picture
Pa we ain't playin Weezy baby be the man
Hotter than the Peter Pan till wet here I am

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
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HERE WE GO!!!

[Verse 6: Nas]

Man, listen I spot a square dude from a distance Through the tenant Maybach curtain in partition Nip and Tuck niggas, I could never fuck with 'em Or pass the blunt with 'em, let the guns hit 'em Bring fire, frizzy hair for perspire You ain't a rider, pat'nuh! I'm a crippler Crutch give a hospitalizer, hottest whip driver Heap on my hip, the biggest life or death decider I ain't a rapper or an activist I'm badder I used to run from a cracker named Lieutenant Casper No black leather jackets or black horasis My old days, like I said from a Vogue page And none of y'all cock what I cop Forget your excuse if the music ain't hot Where the Range? Where the drops? Y'all never got hoes See you on the club, wrist never on froze

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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yourself!)

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HERE WE GO!!!

[Verse 7: Big Daddy Kane]

Busta Bus pick me up in the Coupe to come bubble through

This is routine kid it ain't nothin new
You bring trouble to me the untouchable
Make me have to bring in the troops like George W
I'll scorch you somethin awful when I fell through
Of course the raw to be when you could put a broad to
Better bring with you your fire extinguisher
Listen I love static and I'm ready to cling to ya
(OK!) Kid I made it from magazine pages to big stages
How I made this through all the different ages
Thinkin you do itlike this is outrageous
Yeah I'm sick with it but it's not contageous
Your hottest thing to me, not a thing
Every night my crib is like the Bada Bing
So make sure that you youngin's got it right

Kane's who's the fuckin rock stars party like (You heard!!!)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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