

Busta Rhymes f/ Lloyd Banks, Papoose

"Touch It"

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[Intro & Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
-> repeat 6x

[Intro: Busta Rhymes] (*Lloyd Banks)

Aiyyo Swizz (It ain't over) we sone created another
epidemic for the streets nigga
Just when y'all thought it was safe to poke your head
out again, let's go!!!
I know you thought we was finished, Flipmode bitch!!!
(*G-Unit!!!) Yeah! Streetsweepers!!!
REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART
THREE!!!
Aiyyo just imagine if they cut the lights off in the club

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks] (Busta Rhymes)

(Get low Banks!) Who you know that got a flow this sick
Pump shotty nobody can hold his click
Them hoes eyein they probably on my dick
The chocolate would look good in my all white whip
(TURN IT UP!!)
AND YOU KNOW I STAY WITH THE SKITS SO DON'T EVEN
TRY
KISS YO' ASS BYE BYE YOU BE ALONE IN THE SKY
AND THE FIRST HUMAN BEING NOW TO LEARN HOW TO
FLY
AND I BE LOW IN THE BM ON MY WAY OUT NY
(Get low Banks!) I know it feels like I been gone for a
minute
But I'm back chinchilla Ice on with a fitted
Everybody talk money everybody gonna run
with that bowl of bread smaller than the arm of a
midget
(TURN IT UP!!) AND YOU KNOW I'M DOIN MY THING IT'S
BLUE IN THE RING
IF YOU HAD IT LIKE THIS YOU PROBABLY DO IT THE
SAME
BUT YOU WON'T CAUSE YOU BROKE ALL YOU DO IS
COMPLAIN
AFTER THE CLUB, I'M A PUT A FEW IN THE RANGE AND

LET 'EM

[Chorus]

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turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
-> repeat 4x

[Verse 2: Papoose] (Busta Rhymes)

(Get low Papoose!) Papoose, Pa-poose, had to get on
this club banger
Smack you in your mouth make you swallow your pulp
razor
Pop a couple bottles laugh about it with Bus later
Bare witness I'm the young savior (TURN IT UP!!)
I GOT STATEN ISLAND ON MY PINKY QUEENS ON MY
DUMB DUDE
THE BRONX ON MY MIDDLE FINGER SCREAMIN FUCK
YOU
ROCK ICE IN MANHATTAN SO THERE'S THE RING FINGER
YOU KNOW I HAD TO KEEP BROOKLYN ON THE TRIGGER
FINGER
(Get low Pap!) Five boroughs of death, you don't
understand
I got New York City in the palm of my hand
Now I could make a tight fist and let it crumble
ridiculous
Or I could smack the world with a New York Nemesis
(TURN IT UP!!)
I FLIP THE MAG AND GET THE CLAPPIN IF IT HAPPENS RIP
HIS JACKET
SPLIT HIS BACK AND LIFT HIS HEAD I'M GETTIN AT HIM
(Ha!!)
PICK UP A DIFFERENT MAG AND THEN ATTACK HIM
WHEN I GRAB HIM SHIT IS BLASTIN
WITH A PASSION GET IT CRACKIN THE ASSASSIN, YOU
LET 'EM

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
-> repeat 4x

[Verse 3: Busta Rhymes]

(Get low Bus!) You see me you love me the streets
declare me God of the hood
You niggaz is watchin and wishin you could
Be claimin the throne the way I got it lock it mu'fuckers
What's good you tryin to stop it I'm wishin you would
(TURN IT UP!!)
CAUSE THEM I'M GLAD TO HIT YOU WITH THE FACT
THAT THE GOD IS IMMORTAL AS SPIT

THE WAY I BE DOIN HISTORICAL SHIT
INCASE YOU AND YOUR NIGGAS ACT LIKE YOU AINT
KNOW WHEN I'M INFORMIN YOUR CLICK
I TAKE YOUR BITCH WHILE I'M PERFOMIN MY SHIT
(Get low Bus!) As I was sayin niggaz know I ain't playin
There's no more delayin I'm comin and alyin
The street with the heat now turn up the beat until you
go deaf
I eat a nigga food until nothin left (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW THE WAY I'M KILLIN AT THIS MASS LIKE I'M DOIN
(?)
RESPECT IT YOU BETTER GETTHE SALUTIN ME WHEN
YOU SEE ME
LLOYD BANKS, PAPOOSE AND BUSTA BUS YEAH I'M
GREEDY
I PAINT THE ILLEST PICTURE FOR THE HOOD LIKE I DO
GRAFFITI

[Chorus]

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-> repeat 4x

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