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As It Stands "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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