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"Busta Rhymes Feat. Mary J. Blige, Missy Elliott & Rah Digga" "Touch It (Remix)"

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Touch it, bring it, pay it, watch it (Aiyyo Swizzy) Turn it, leave it, stop, format it (I told these niggaz I was comin' back to bust they ass!)

Touch it, bring it, pay it, watch it (Ok! Remix!) Turn it, leave it, stop, format it (Part Two!)

See now you who the God be Back runnin' the city and you know who the squad be Flipmode bitch look see ain't nothin' changed Now I'm back with the remix with the Queens of the game

When you see me in the spot you niggas better respect it

Y'all already know where I rep, ain't no reason to check it

And I know that you ain't fuckin' with me just for the record

So instead I'ma let Mary J. Blige come and set it

Now get low Mary! Maybe you can guess who it is Mary J. Blige I'm about to handle my biz I'm on my grown woman still I rep for the kids In every hood, and all my people doin' a bid Turn it up!

Now you know who's really the Queen, deliver the mail Seven hundred thirty thousand first week of my sales The haters plot and they watch lookin' all pale While I'm on a yacht, overseas doin' my nails

Get low Mary! Well let me show you how we do I gotta thank everyone for coppin' The Breakthrough Bus did take one, the remix is take two You love the way we reinventin' how we just stay new

How we sellin' out these stadiums, arenas and all

Only Louis and Gucci, we don't shop at the mall Got you partyin' and dancin' and havin' a ball And you're lovin' the way we reppin' how we do it for y'all go 'head and

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Get low Digga! See me rollin' up in your hood These jokers screamin', $\tilde{A} \notin \hat{A} \notin \hat{A} \oplus \hat{D}$ amn, Rah still be lookin' good $\tilde{A} \notin \hat{A} \notin \hat{A} \oplus \hat{D}$ They do they little mack, be askin' me who I tapped Ain't none of your concern, you a G, make it hap

When I give a nigga some play, he losin' his brain Askin' me a bunch of questions actin' like he my man Wanna stress a bitch out, tellin' me I done changed And sayin' damn, my bad if you fell for the game

Get low Digga! Now he's sittin' there lookin' stuck He thinkin' â€Â[~]cause he spent a little dough, I'm 'gon fuck

If money ain't a thang, I'm sayin' let a bitch know Type to empty the account, how far you willin' to go?

Now he hoppin' on the jet, he ain't wastin' no time Told me all expense paid, anyplace I could find Hit the islands in the winter, trickin' all on his dime Ain't a shorty in the world, pussy better than mine, they wanna

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Touch it, bring it, pay it, watch it Turn it, leave it, stop, format it (Bus this is serious man!)

Touch it, bring it, pay it, watch

Get low Missy! I'm jinglin' baby, go 'head mami Don't I look charmin'? Put your lips up on me Kiss it, touch it, good, yes I wish you would

You like to see me when I dip baby dip Don't it look like I got Beyonce hips? Lookin' like I could be like Nia Long Boy you smokin' that Cheech and Chong

Get low Missy! Have you ever seen thickness in a thong? You can hit it like a game of ping pong If you give me two shots of Patron Nigga bring it on, I might let you take me home

Now Busta Bus, Misdemeanor in here This year be clear y'all best beware Fake MC's y'all can't come near I'm toxic baby, like I'm Britney Spears

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See I ain't even gotta talk to y'all! I let the Queens of the game get at y'all! See y'all ain't even in my league! Flipmode bitch!

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