

## Busta Rhymes

### "Bill Gates"

Visit "[Bill Gates](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

Ok here comes the great white shark, you little tadpole.

My money's like a fat b\*tch, see how the cash roll?

Combination locks, safes, bread stash old, and white sh\*t, [with] small faces, call me ass\*h\*le.

You mad my words touch the streets like an apostle hater? Ima turn your crew into a circle of squares like a wafflemaker.

I gotta have it, even if it ain't mine, I gotta pocket paper. And put a strong hold on every hood, see how I lock it major.

And while you're wondering who's that [mother]f\*cker coming in, [stance] like the voice of god, do you speak of thundering.

Cuz tiller of the beat, and how I'm giving you the heat, and how I kill 'em in the street, and how I'm magical phenomenal with it, better watch your step yep, that's me yep!

Son you didn't ask me who's the nicest, why bother, I don't call you son because you shine like one b\*tch, I'm your father cuz I fathered so many styles like every plane that I charter till they respect me and then immortalize me like a martyr.

I'm laughing with you being that you think it's funny, cuz that hundred thousand in my trunk is king of diamond money. What's the issue, now this sh\*t is so official with the stamp, we got 'em amped, if you ain't know I do it up in this camp.

Sh\*t I split me leaving pretty b\*tches once and leave em damp, undisputed with the spit, identify me as the champ.

It don't matter if you debate, and wanna rave, and wanna rant, incorporate the god name in every religious chant! Go!

Chorus

Visit [Busta Rhymes](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

