

Busta Rhymes "Hey Ladies"

Visit "[Hey Ladies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

C'mon, yea
Snap your fingers, c'mon, yea
Here we go now, yea
C'mon, yea, check it

I said, "My solo jump off, been boomin' since nine-six"
My solo jump off, been boomin' since nine-six
Hittin' trippin' the circuit breaker, flickin' the light switch
The kid like is he known for givin' you wild hits
I keep my name on the way on top of the now list
Bangin' on every level, droppin' the now shit
It's like the feelin' after watchin' a couple of old flick
And once you hear the kid, you'll be knowin' the sound
sick

Spaz in the club, watchin' the crowd flip
That's when I knew the crown was up for whoever the
crown fit
Nowadays while I go bag me a fine bitch
Bitch watchin' my pocket, seein' we wild rich
Shorty hopin' we smellin' nothin' like foul fish
While you swingin' ass at the Devil, claimin' you
righteous
A lot of haters I'm knowin' you like this
While you floss unnecessarily, sippin' on wild Crist'

I say "Ladies, my Mercedes"
Hold fo' in the back, two if you fat
Feel it all in your gut, your neck and your back
When you step up in the club I know you know how to
act
Hey soldiers, get your floss on
Va-let in the lot, park the Yukon
Shorty shakin' her waist, and rippin' her thong
Now all my people are muggin' and singin' the song,
I'm sayin'

Shit still boomin' in two-thousand and three
My shit still boomin' in two-thousand and three
And we don't give a fuck about who you claimin' to be
My jewels blind bitches where they ain't able to see
These fools try to talk just a little much to a G

They say the wrong shit, they head just might end
upside of a tree
Clear my thoughts just a little, pass me a cup of tea
Takin' different constant boats, from the land to the
sea

I got my paper see, I ain't doin' nuttin' for free
Unless it's for the hood, it might cost you a small fee
Niggaz all in the street, whylin' whippin' the V
Clever from New York to Chicago back to the D
Check it, take it back like when I was flippin' a key
Bonin' chicks, holdin' titties like they was Pamela Lee
You know I mastered the art and got it down to a tee
And keep it goin' add enough spice, we holdin' the
recipe

Big paper we makin', all of my crew agree
Stack more and bust up a bottle of Hennessy
In case you niggaz ain't even knowin' my pedigree
Invested in resorts for the niggaz who go and ski
If you ain't know the streets is belongin' to me
I get my people from the hood and then take 'em all on
a spree shoppin'
While you niggaz is busy coppin' the pleas
We busy blowin' frontin' like you ain't knowin' my stee'

I say "Ladies, my Mercedes"
Hold fo' in the back, two if you fat
Feel it all in your gut, your neck and your back
When you step up in the club I know you know how to
act
Hey soldiers, get your floss on
Va-let in the lot, park the Yukon
Shorty shakin' her waist, and rippin' her thong
Now all my people are muggin' and singin' the song,
I'm sayin'

Yea, snap yo' fingers, c'mon, yea
Here we go now, yea
C'mon

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