

Busta Rhymes

"Hot Shit Makin' Ya Bounce"

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Just bounce around
All my niggas in the place need to bounce around
Just bounce around
Make ya bounce around
All my bitches in the place need to bounce around
Make ya bounce around
I'll make ya bounce around
Shake yo titties and yo ass and bounce around
Just bounce around
Just bounce around
C'mon

Yeah nigga this shit here be the boss of me
None of y'all niggas is ready run go see the pharmacy
Prepare for the coming of another grand larceny
Pardon me, you niggas ain't even a little hard to me
Shit I spit'll slice you all up in yo main artery
For the simple fact we didn't grow together, you ain't a
part of me
Makin niggas ride my long star singin the choruses
Open orifices they gon' go cop another fortresses
Meet a couple Delorises
Travel when we on the low whippin them ford tauruses
Ay yo-yo yo-yo YO
Now I be Busta Ryhmes multimedia
Latest edition added to the street encyclopedia
(Meaning) keep your eyes on greedy niggas gettin
greedier
(Meaning) keep your eyes on meaty asses gettin
meatier
Worldwide publication bring tribulation
To all whack niggas I smash yo' dedication
My purpose is to purchase and really hurt this
Bring alla my niggas amongst the wealthy merchants
Gently we conquer the spot until its empty
Present me and my niggas with arsenal aplenty
Break fools, send you to school, follow the rules
Violate my tools, lay you in your own blood pool
But for now I drop jewels on the mentally strong
With shit to say we don't allow niggas to say up in a
song

Aiyyo, aiyyo, hot shit makin ya bounce
One two (two) ride around in large amounts
One two (two) high offa half an ounce
One two (two), one two (two)
One two (two), hot shit makin ya bounce
One two (two) ride around in large amounts
One two (two) we high offa half an ounce
One two (two), one two (two)

Caliente, wearing Ferdio Valente

Shorty whippin in a Mitsubishi Viamonte
Smell the roses, overdoses, givin niggas they
diagnosis
I got the answer for niggas who need they prognosis
Shit for alla y'all niggas to smell up in your noses
Hocus pocus, introduce me to the hostess
I was dyin'a stroke uh play strip poker
In the limo as I directed the limo chauffer
Told the nigga to spin over by the club copa
Watchin shorty lay as she spread on the limo sofa
She asked the chauffer to stop for a frappachino
mocha
Then she let me blaze it while I still had my gun in my
holster
Still bonin, word I love the way shorty moanin
Zonin, word is born niggas is wide open
Yo, have a little fun all in between time
And now we focus on the money shit all in the
meantime
Word to mother- I work hard to keep microphonin
And alert niggas to shit like when the devil started
clonin
What nigga? yeah, we bowlin and shit is rollin
Little shitty-ass niggas should run and go clean ya
colon
Any human that be assumin I check my nigga ruben for
the ice cuban
Assist him in my Lincoln Ave. boomin
Whats the issue? I come to get you
May the force be with you
Bang your head, rupture your brain tissue
I unravel shit faster than sound travel
Battle any amphibian or live mammal
Don't fret from sunrise to sunset
Make a nigga bounce quick and I ain't even grabbed
my gun yet
I ain't done yet before I go to my permanent home
Make sure you put 'One Of The Illest' on my tombstone

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