

Busta Rhymes

"How We Do It Over Here"

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(feat. Missy Elliott)

[Missy] Bus-a-Bus baby-baby! Nooowww...

[Hook: Missy Elliott]

Pop yo' collars like this
Bottles up like this
Side to side like this
Holla if ya like this

[Chorus One: Missy Elliott]

See the ass? Touch me right there
Wanna touch my nookie baby? Touch me right there
Make me lose my mind baby? Touch me right there
Party over here, ain't shit over there!

[Busta Rhymes]

See how I'm drillin 'em baby?
It's Bus-a-Bus back bitch, I'm killin 'em crazy
We off the Relaxic, I'm spillin the gravy
Got every club packed thick, creating a frenzy
To be the latest greatest for all you niggaz from gazing
Bugatti off white tan, interior pastry
See my swagger sharp like that, these niggaz amaze
me
As a matter a fact just salute me and praise me
Enough of that

[Missy Elliott]

We be up in the club, niggaz sportin them minks
Tipsy in the club, nigga buyin 'em drinks
Walk around lookin like our shit don't stink
Ice by my neck so bright, watch 'em blink

[Busta Rhymes]

Okay, now I got me a clear view
I like it when you get up and I'm lovin ya hairdo
The way you cross ya legs, ass spread in the chair you
The way ya clothes skimpy, so it's easy to tear through
Appreciate my presence, while I shine wit' a barrel
I came up wit' cut diamonds, obscure in a rare blue
Shorty ain't checkin for you, step to the way I do

Super senile, I ain't the one to compare to
Now she was sayin...

[Chorus Two: Missy Elliott]

See the ass? Touch me right there
Wanna touch my nookie baby? Touch me right there
Is that Dr. Dre baby? Touch me right there
Party over here, ain't shit over there!

[Hook]

[Busta] What you sayin Missy!?

[repeat Hook]

[Break]

[Busta] We got some shit for that ass

[Missy] Come on give it to me

[Busta] We got some shit for that ass

[Missy] Come on give it to me

[Busta] We got some shit for that ass

[Missy] Come on give it to me

[Busta] We got some shit for that ass girl

[Busta Rhymes]

Bounce back, brand new on the scene what?
Took a little minute, I'm back with the re-up
Switched it up a little bit, back with a clean cut
Shorty's lost her head, see all the koochies I cream up
I love the way she in all over the girls when I'm teaming
up
It's gettin hotter in this bitch, windows are steaming up
Amazed by the pinky, neck, and wrist be gleaming up
How I dominate the scene, how a nigga be cleaning up
I see you liking everything, you see me and you
You frowning on your girl, like you ain't willing to share
boo
The hotel ain't far, meet me there and if you
Ya girl looking like she wit' it, she can come/cum in too
You get impatient Ma, show you just how the kid move
I'm bangin in the truck, and let her watch in the
rearview
See we don't really care about the niggaz who came
through
over there 'cause over here, see I'ma show ya how we
do
So check it baby...

[Chorus One]

[Busta Rhymes + Missy]

See it don't matter what ya doin over there

See we gets it poppin, that's how we do it over here
That's if we toss bottles, that's how we do it over here
Check it, floss models, that's how we do it over here
Listen, rare throttles, that's how we do it over here
Check it, ice collars, that's how we do it over here nigga
See it don't matter what ya doin over there
See we gets it poppin, that's how we do it over here
(over here)

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