

Busta Rhymes

"King Tut"

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[Hook: Busta Rhymes]

Ya got nerve, little nigga
See me when I pull up tot he curb, little nigga
My money absurd, little nigga
While I count it all, please do not disturb, little nigga
Hey, these niggas got it mixed up
Watch how they bring us all them bottles of that pink
stuff
Look, you niggas better get your chips up
You already know my style nigga, King Tut
My money pound nigga, King Tut
You could see it in my smile nigga, King Tut
My jewelry look wild nigga, King Tut
Who else be ridin' through the town in a Brinks truck

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

Yo, yo, see the way I take over Casinos like De Niro said
Reachin' money short, watch how it fold up like a Hero
bread
Nigga thought he was a Super-friend, now that hero
dead
Try to cross this shit, we represent, but that's a zero
dread
All of this money I be countin'
And my cup runneth over like a fuckin' water fountain
Any nigga trynna front, I'mma show them shit they ugly
Throwin' bread until they jealous of your money, lookin'
funny
Hold up!
And body shit, that's what a monster do
See me throwin' this money and bitches like a sponsor
do
Put the gloves on and beat up a nigga like I'm Costasue
And fuck the talkin', just bring me my money like a
prostitute

[Hook]

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[Verse 2: Reek Da Villain]

Okay, I'm ridin' through your city, blowin' diddies of
that icky
Got your wifey in the passenger, I'm ridin', now she lick
me
I get money like my Cuban and know my bank is heavy
And I grip the 31 like Jason Terry when I'm shootin
ATM in my jeans, big sittin' on my left thigh
Burn a mansion down and watch it coverin' my left eye
Girl on deck, I just whipped another lick
Now my top look like black Friday, twelve AM in front of
Best Buy
Haha, sour got me all sedated
Niggas lookin' at me angry, what's with all the smiley
faces?
My deniro like Shapiro, I see Johnny Cocran wages
I'm no lawyer, but they only bring those bottles by the
cases

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: J-Doe]

Okay now stupid ass stacks in my pocket
Test me, best be faster than a rocket
I ain't got no time if it ain't about a profit
I'm sending my deposit, I will have your city rockin'
I get the hottest beats, niggas wish that they could
rhyme on it

I got the hottest watch, ain't even set the time on it
The way I'm killin' niggas it look like a crime, don't it?
I got the light, with a little bit of lime on it
Okay, now stupid ass stacks in my pocket
Whip clean, jet ski attached to the Charger
Bitches want attention and I tell 'em try harder
Got 'em doin' shit I know that's gon' be disgracin' they
father
Okay leggo

[Hook]

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