

Busta Rhymes "Pass The Courvoisier"

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Oh yeah, (I like this), [?] ladies and gentlemen, it's
party time
(let's do it, do it, do it)
The time you all been waitin' for
(The time you all been waitin' for)
This is an "A" list (You motherfuckers didn't know) Bad
Boy to (Bad Boy)
Flipmode (Flipmode [?]) collaboration (Put your bathing
suit on, it's hot)
(Come on)

Shake ya ass (come on), watch yourself (ok)
I'm the man (let's go) and no one else
Rrraah, rraah

Like a dungeon dragon
Still king of the flow, while my mink be draggin'
I said I'm sick with the flow, stick a dick in ya hoe
Make them shut down the club (Say what?), we threw a
brick in da door

Shit, I'm the number man, hot like Summer Jam

Slick like Fonzarelli, and Rich like Cunningham
I stretch them like rubber bands (I make them say)
Oh shit, the bitch got up and left with another man
(Saaay what!?, wha is you talkin' 'bout?)
There's nothin' to talk about (see), you just a walk about
I light a long L, and just blowin' the smoke about

See, we serious wit' it, they ain't nothin' to talk about

And while I scope it out, I love the way you bounce
(Come on)
Shake ya shit tuck in ya ass in poke it out, come on

Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier
Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier
Give me some money, you can give me some cars
But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the

Courvoisier
Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
You can give me whatever just pass the Courvoisier

We got these hoes lovin' it
They getting' familiar man, they screamin' out my
government (Sean John)
I like them in twins like doublement (Don Juan)

We be bangin' all types of chicks from here to (Hong
Kong)
The best dressed bitches actin' all cute to my shit
And get the wylin' out they actin' like a boot to my shit
Sorta go a distance from yours, we holdin' Jewish
money now
Down to the credit card different from yours

It's the law for me to get in ya drawers
I run the city of cars, they call me Mr. Diddy, the boss
You know me, the only G to Willy a Porsche

We get dough in all land the size of Philly of course
Can imagine the price that my jewellery really would
cost
We go to clubs with a briefcase and a half milli to floss
(damn)
Fuck around and you can really get tossed
Ken Griffey flow, call me Alaska 'cause I be the king of
the frost
What you can do is

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Five thousand boomin' watts
I got a thousand karats all over my watch
Travel lightly, flow back easy (Come on)
Back with the bus-a-bus and the P.D
We stay livin' at the top of the charts
The shit we be spittin', be state of the art (Come on)
We rockin' ya block shit, wylin' like rock shit
Strapped with the gun and the street corner hot shit

Now we sittin' in the drop top pretty

Knock, knock who is he?

Bus-a-bus, I put it down and this I get busy
(Excuse me bus-a-bus)
Full control of the city, if you ain't know

By the way, the name is Puff
It ain't my fault ya damn corrupt
We went form Henny, to Remi to Moe to Bellevue to...

The game is us; we getting' money motherfucker
And the game we trust
Everytime we put it down, reppin' the name is a must
Flipmode!

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Yea, yea, yea just pass the Courvoisier
Yea, pass me that Louie that motherfuckin' that that
iron groove
Nineteen vintage motherfuckin' medieval
Ow, bitch. Yea, just pass the Courvoisier
That, that shit make, that dark shit just make me, make
me wanna fuck
Straight up, I just need to know
Dis nigga Diddy dick hard as a... (Oh, oh, this one is
shit)

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