

Busta Rhymes

"Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Can See"

Visit "[Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Can See](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah, yeah, Flipmode
Here we come, bout to fuckin' explode
Flipmode, Busta bust
Nine seven, hot shit, check it out

Hit you with no delayin' so what you sayin' yo
Silly with my nine milly what the deally yo
When I be on the mic yes I do my duty yo
Wild up in the club like we wylin' the studio

You don't want to violate nigga really and truly o
My main thug nigga named Julio he moodio
Type of nigga that'll slap you with the toolio
Bitch nigga scared to death ask fruity o

Fuck that look at shorty she a little cutie o
The way she shake it make me want to get all in the
booty yo
Tap mistresses and bangin' bitches in videos
Wild up in my freak like we up in the freak shows

Hit you with the shit make you feel it all in your toes
Hot shit got all you niggas in wet clothes
Stylin' my metaphores when I formulate my flows
If you don't know you're fuckin' with the real player pros
(Like that)

Do you really wanna party with me
Let me see just what you got for me
Put all your hands where my eyes could see
Straight buck wylin' in the place to be

Do you really wanna party with me
Let me see just what you got for me
Put all your hands where my eyes could see
Straight buck wylin' in the place to be

If you really wanna party with me, in God we trust
Yo, it's a must that you heard of us yo we murderous
A lot of niggas is wonderin' and they curious
I'm makin' my niggas deal with it so mysterious

Furious all of my niggaz is serious
Should niggaz be walkin' around fearin' us
Frontin' nigga like you don't wanna be hearin' us
Gotta listen to the radio be playin' us

30 time a day shit'll make you delirious
Damagin' everything all up in your areas
Yo, it's funny how all the chickens be always servin' us
All up in between they ass where they wanna carry us

Hitcha gonnana hit 'em off with the illiest
Varias chickens they wanna marry us
Yo, it's Flipmode my nigga you know we 'bout to bust
Settle for your money the label preparin' us

Bite the dust instead of you makin' a fuss
Niggas know better 'cause there ain't no comparin' us
Mad at us niggas is never we fabulous
Hit my people off with the flow that be marvelous

Oh shit my whole clique victorious
Takin' no prisoners niggaz is straight up warriors
While you feelin' that I know you be feelin' so glorious
Then I blitz and reminisce on my nigga Notorious

Do you really wanna party with me
Let me see just what you got for me
Put all your hands where my eyes can see
Straight buck wylin' in the place to be

If you really wanna party with me
Let me see just what you got for me
Put all your hands where my eyes can see
Straight buck wylin' in the place to be
If you really wanna party with me

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