

Busta Rhymes

"She Will"

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[Lil Wayne - Verse 1]

I tell her "now goin pop that pussy for a real nigga
I already know that life is deep but I still dig her
Niggas is jealous but really I couldn't care less
I'm in hell's kitchen with an apron and a hair net
Devil on my shoulder, the lord as my witness
So on my Libra scale, I'm weighing sins and
forgiveness
What goes around, comes around like a hula hoop
Karma is a bitch? Well just make sure that bitch is
beautiful
Life on the edge, I'm dangling my feet
I tried to pay attention but attention paid me
Haters can't see me, nose bleed seats
And today I went shopping and talk is still cheap
I rock to the beat of my drumset
I've been at the top for a while and I aint jump yet
But I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit
Now jump up on that dick and do a full split

[Drake]

She just started to pop it for a nigga
And look back and tell me "baby, it's real"
And I say I aint doubt you for a second
I squeeze it and I can tell how it feel
I wish we could take off and go anywhere but here baby
you know the deal
And she bad, so maybe she won't
Uh, but shit than again maybe she will
Yeah,

Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right
now
She will, yeah
Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right
now
She will, she will, she will
Maybe for the money and the power and the fame right
now
She will, she will, she will
Do it for the realest niggas in the f-ckin' game right

now
She will, she will, she will

[Busta Rhymes]
Go 'head shawty you can put it on me
Smelling sweeter than the cleanest home lavender
potpourri
She eager just to be alone and do it all for me
Mommy working like she tryna take all of this dough
from me
Yeah, I let her go and get her bread and think
About how much she know she f-ckin with the realest
nigga
That's why I think she threw the p-ssy at me
Til this funny nigga need to be an octopus to carry all
this money
She looked at me and said "lets get it cracking boo"
I wanna f-ck you while you make this music I be
dancing to
Discreetly she imaginin' a nigga hurting it
For niggling while regulating bitches she be workin' wit'
The way I murder shit you should call a doctor or
should call the cops
F-ck a car, my helicopters in the parking lot
Shut it, and while you hoping it could fit
Do a somersault and land on that good dick

[Drake]
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[Lil Wayne]

Yeah, I tell her "now go on, pop that p-ssy for me"
Haters can't see me, but them bitches still looking for
me

And you could take that to the bank and deposit that
Put your two cents in, and get a dollar back
Some people hang you out to dry like a towel rack
I'm all about "I" give the rest of the vowels back
I like my girl thick, not just kinda fine
Eat her til she cry, call that "wine and dine"
Try to check me and I'mma have 'em checkin' pulses
They say chose wisely, that's why I was chosen
Rocking like asphalt, it's the cash fault
Looked in the face of death and took it's mask off
Now I like my house big and my grass soft
I like my girl face South and her ass North
But I'm Ray Charles to the bullshit
Now hop up on my dick and do a full split!

[Drake - Chorus]

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