

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"Show Me What You Got"**

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Hoo yeah it's another one of them marvelous shits  
Yeah, flip mode, huh, Busta Rhymes shit, yeah  
So remarkable, yeah  
As I say it over and over again  
From song to song, yeah, so remarkable  
Yeah, so remarkable

Yo, yo, Busta Rhymes the immaculate raw  
Hardcore, riggady raw, lay niggas flat on the floor  
We climb into the back of the four  
Nonchalant flavor for sure, timbs with a aqua valor  
Flavor like you never seen it before, ha, holy, sacred,  
and pure  
Flip mode, be on it for sure, be incredible to settle the  
score  
Like a nigga shot you in the face, through the peephole  
in the door  
From New York, down to Singapore  
Keep you niggas jumpin' around, had the bitches  
beggin' for more  
Street niggas, yeah we speak for the poor  
Now we stack cheddar galore, when we shop and buy  
at the store  
Metaphor like nuclear war  
I warned niggas if you try to bite, shit I'll leave a crack  
in your jaw  
Take the livest niggas out on a tour  
Make a nigga black in the spot, make you wanna take  
off a door

All my dogs who hustle everyday  
All my dogs who hustle everyday now, yeah  
Own a store laundromat around the way  
And own a store laundromat around the way now, yeah  
We got to get it, yeah  
My niggas, all my niggas  
Show me what you got for me, what you got for me  
All my niggas what you got for me, yeah  
All my shorties who stay fresh everyday  
All my shorties that stay fresh everyday, yeah  
My get money bitches who still hang around the way  
All my get money bitches that chill around the way now,

yeah  
We got to get it, yeah we gotta  
My bitches, all my bitches, come on  
Tell me what you got for me  
What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for  
me

Now, yo, we stay packin' the toast  
Could give a fuck, bust at a ghost  
And end up on the front of the post  
Niggas know that I be rockin' the most  
Fuckin' Ethiopian bitches, livin' in the Ivory Coast  
Let me drug y'all niggas up wit a dose  
Make you act just like you suppose'  
Watch a nigga playin' me close  
Nowadays type of dough that we gross  
I celebrate and throw me a roast  
And get an old face for a host  
We get it hype even when we be calm  
Niggas know my word is my bond  
When we come you know we the bomb  
Hypnotic shit, get you retarded  
Shoulda known it was a bad move  
Fuckin' around and gettin' me started  
Still whippin' in the back of the truck, so what, not givin'  
a fuck  
In the streets, livin' it up  
So what happened to the last nigga bust  
Could give a fuck whoever he was  
Throw them niggas outta the clubs  
Them niggas all, shit turnin' me off  
Tie 'em up, makin' 'em cough  
Gag 'em in the throat wit a cloff  
After that we go and wild for the night  
Make 'em know the style for the night  
Car low, pile for the night  
You know we always give y'all niggas a blaze  
Black it out and party for days  
Let y'all niggas fuck with the strays  
Fuckin' dimes at the end of the days  
Gettin' money but it's too late  
Got a nigga stuck in his ways

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All my dogs who hustle everyday now, yeah  
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And own a store laundromat around the way now, yeah  
We got to get it, yeah  
My niggas, all my niggas  
Show me what you got for me, what you got for me  
All my niggas what you got for me, yeah

All my shorties who stay fresh everyday  
All my shorties that stay fresh everyday, yeah  
My get money bitches who still hang around the way  
All my get money bitches that chill around the way now,  
yeah  
We got to get it, yeah we gotta  
My bitches, all my bitches, come on  
Tell me what you got for me  
What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for  
me  
Now tell me

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