

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"Take It Off Part.2 (feat. Meka)"**

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f/ Meka

[Busta Rhymes - talking]

Yeah .. Come fuck wit us ..

Yeah, ya'll know what to do to this shit

Yeah, haha, streets

We bout to do it again

We bout to do it again

We bout to do it again niggas

I hope ya'll ready

Check it, check it, c'mon, WOO

[Busta Rhymes]

Check out the technique

C'mon, spit flow and bag up the next freaks

Soldier wit a quicker ho that a live on the next street

Over playa then do this shit again next week

Gettin this paper, phat chicks up in the next Jeep

Probably listen closer if you let the check speak

I keep fire cause niggas respect heat

Look, I spit fire then come up the best beats

I said I pull the spot from here way down on South

Beach major

Globalize, then blow down a South Beach ager

Check it, banana yellow G wagon for the whole saggin

Feel the fox mink draggin on the floor watch it

You really need to stop

Just copped the rob blueberry Lamborghini drop

C'mon, stay struntin with the mini bop

Niggas know when we step in the place, the whole city  
stop

[Chorus - Busta Rhymes] (Meka)

Better tell 'em if they ain't know, put 'em on shorty

(We know how you be doin it baby) How we be doin it  
baby

(We know how you be takin it off) How we take it from  
'em

(We know how you be killin 'em baby) How we killin 'em

(We know how you be ready to ball) c'mon, c'mon, you  
know we ready to do it

(We know how you be drivin 'em crazy) Make 'em crazy

now, c'mon  
(We know how you be breakin if off) You know we  
breakin it off, let's go  
(So come and get it down for me baby) Put it down now  
(And make it hot 'til they take it off)

[Busta Rhymes]

This is a shake down (c'mon)  
Weakin your whole shit ' til it break down (uh huh)  
Speak to the whole clique 'til we take down dudes  
Put the heat to 'em make them put the cake down dude  
(dude)  
Scrape down food (food), niggas stay hungry 'til the  
shit is over  
Spit and make the tape sound rude  
Ha, niggas get screwed, see they ain't really worth not  
a thing  
But only gettin on the stage to get booed  
Kennedy loft hos mackin at the top of the Trump  
Towers  
Rockin fly Versace, cherry cloth robes (robes)  
Like ghostface the most ready just for the glow  
Showcase the most, them niggas sure to blow  
No waste a time, you know we sure to grow  
I'm sayin no place a mine, is for them corny hos  
C'mon, with all this paper and the shit we copin  
We keepin it gully and know we always keep it poppin

[Chorus]

[Break - Busta Rhymes & Meka]

Ha, get that money  
Come fuck wit us  
Hands in the sky  
Keep on livin  
Do your own thing  
All my people holla and let me hear ya reply  
Say take it off (TAKE IT OFF)  
Say take it off (YOU BETTER TAKE IT OFF)  
Say take it off (TAKE IT OFF)  
Say take it off (BETTER TAKE IT OFF)

[Busta Rhymes]

C'mon, ha, we hold a rock boy  
The way we on fire call a nigga hot boy  
Hot, we raise the level to we blow the spot boy  
And watch the water boil and spill over the pot boy  
Listen, I hope you know you need to stop boy  
Frontin and tryin be somethin you not boy  
Listen again we keep on bangin and pissin 'em off  
Spazzin on niggas until we silence or finish 'em off

[Chorus]

(\*skit after the song is over\*)

Male: Yeah

Female: Wait, wait, wait hold on

M: Come on let me put it right here, what you doin?

What you doin?

F: Hold on, hold on, wait, wait, wait, got a rubber?

M: I don't need no rubber, you look clean, wait the fuck  
you ain't go no pimples or nothin

F: Na, na, you ain't runnin up in here without no jimmy

M: Ah, you fuckin actin like that

F: You better find one

M: Aight so, aight so, hold on, hold on, don't yo

M: Just stay, just like that, don't even, just stay

F: I'm not leavin

M: Aight cool, hold on, hold on

M: I knew I had a condom what the fuck man (\*crinkling  
noises\*)

M: Where the fuck is a condom when you need one?

(\*sounds of a horse galloping\*)

Trojan Man: It is I, Trojan Man! (\*echo\*)

M: Oh shit, oh thank God it's you, you got a condom  
man?

TM: No, I only have one trick cover left, and my  
hormones are risin

TM: And I want your bitch to taste it (\*echo\*)

TM: Trojan Man! (\*humming sound\*)

[Man talking]

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Company

And I don't give a fuck what you say

Cause I still believe you could catch AIDS from tongue  
kissing a bitch

So remember always strap your shit up (\*echo\*)

Trojan Man!

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