

Busta Rhymes

"Take It Off Part.2"

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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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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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