

Busta Rhymes

"There's Only One(feat. Mary J. Blige)"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Roll wit a nigga, put on some roller skates [laughs]
yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Come on!
Hot shit! More more more more more more!
We gon continue to give it to you muhfuckas like this
Put ya fuckin roller skates on!
Yeah, hennessy niggas
Yeah, more weed niggas
I know it feel good come on, talk to ya beat (Huh)

Thug niggas, yo we here to straight recruit y'all
New millini niggas yo we here to straight salute y'all
(Shoot y'all) Wack niggas we here to mute y'all
And drop shit to make all you niggas just get the boot
y'all, baby
Wiggle ya shit one time (come on)
Fuck you and your whole entire click combined (come
on)
...Whatever the cost now, floss now
Show you niggas who be the boss now
All across the board wild they be bouncin my obstacle
course now
Sparkle with a gloss pushin a force now
Now I get my wine and dine on, slide on
A dick of a nigga who bust in you to get his shine on
See some real live chicks sippin them mystics
They buggin on how they let a nigga up in 'em this
quick
Don't get it twisted or we'll bring the most reliable
(what!)
We bringin that shit that be so undeniable

[Chorus: Mary]

Y'all wanna know who we with
Busta Rhymes and there's only one
You know my man is always rockin shit
We keep it street cause that's where we're from
You comin out to do your thing
Underground heat to the club we bring
And you know that we got this

And you know that we got this

[Busta]

(Hugh) Brand new, all the way down the line
From the new bounce the new money down to the
newest shine
Wit the new blue nine though I had to bust it a few
times
Watch these funny niggas and analyze all the true
signs
In due time we will accumulate, illuminate
My click will fuck up the money you allowin your crew to
make
Yeah, and while we step up in the hot spot
And fuck with these bitches until somebody start to
bust shots
Niggas duck for a second make sure they ain't the
ones got
To start the party against me (Ho) and yell blood clot!
Everything be goin on from chicks blowin kisses
Straight wildin out while these niggas surround these
freak bitches
Once somebody else started bustin they heat vicious
I started holdin my toast, defendin all my street riches
Up in the club champagne up in the ice bucket
Now these niggas is wildin and throwin they drinks
(Fuck it!)

[Chorus]

[Mary]

Now don't get mad, cause what you had
Too bad it didn't last
And now we're back on this Busta track
And now the games on smash

[Busta]

Yeah, all my live niggas get yours
Floss heavy, all my bitches bounce on the floor
Check it, squads deep with niggas everybody on
Make the livest motherfuckers wanna bounce to my
song
Check it, my niggas organize, analyze the teamwork
And how a bad shorty rockin that Rah Digga T-shirt
And keep it goin while you tag along, swing along
And see my niggas that be reppin while you sing along
[Chorus - repeat 2X] [Busta and Mary ad lib]

