

Busta Rhymes

"Til We Die"

Visit "[Til We Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ft. Rick Ross & Trey Songz

I got whatever I signed
You wanna hop in, bitch comin' on
Just have to have your mouth wide
If you know that you plan on coming on
On for what you..
And if you think we're gonna stop
That's just absurd
My little finger's in the sky
Screamin' fuck a hater til the day a nigga die

Yea, I got 'em yellin' "Oh God, Lord"
Presence fresh, your neck rise, sharp Tom Ford
Fuck G4s, I charter private Concords
And she through the sky like missiles when they dodge
ball
Toast them bottles with the booze
Smell and stink like old money buried in the king's
tomb
When you think we smell funny, certain niggas wanna
watch 'em
When it comes to money I'm a nose fragrance, watch
the flower blossom
When it comes to bread, y'all niggas know it's me
I articulate beautiful like a poetry
Hoes bring me that paper just like they all in 3's
Chip 'em a revenue, God bless my rosaries
Listen , that's why your witness and your highness
We're celebratin' success and sippin' on the finest
Most you motherfuckers need to learn to stand behind
us
When we come and dismantle you niggas quick and
leave you spineless
But that's for you to dodge us

I got whatever I signed
You wanna hop in, bitch comin' on
Just have to have your mouth wide
If you know that you plan on coming on
On for what you..

And if you think we're gonna stop
That's just absurd
My little finger's in the sky
Screamin' fuck a hater til the day a nigga die

She see me stackin' cheese in my saggy sheets
Silver and Sela, smokin' lavender leaf
Yellow Jesus piece, I still feed the streets
I'm getting score, that Ferrari seats
Riders at the top, get arrogant on 'em
Set a bottle off, you can ride if you wanna
My money mandatory, slippy what deposits look
Money green, Maserati with a body kit
Dead presidents, got my name on the blim
Fast in the residence based on a tip
Playin innocent, the state attorney want a grip
I've got enough, get with puff, I could make a flip
Fuck the charge down for me to top the Forbes list
I'm a fat boy, I but 'em on that poor shit
You see that money? I'm touchin' mine
It's Rosay, Trey Songz, Busta Rhymes

I got whatever I signed
You wanna hop in, bitch comin' on
Just have to have your mouth wide
If you know that you plan on coming on
On for what you..
And if you think we're gonna stop
That's just absurd
My little finger's in the sky
Screamin' fuck a hater til the day a nigga die

Hand on my heart while giving thanks and continued
bustin' these bottles open
Passin' the time, securin' lanes, gurkin' forgot smokin'
Controllin' every room when I enter there start toastin'
Undecided on what to drive, think the garage is open
As we do the impossible
It seems successfully manifestin' a thought and livin'
out the dream
Leave an unforgettable mark of mud
I be in it like adding a chapter to the Bible with my
blood, listen
Every day is like a weekend
Like we never give a fuck, celebratin' for no reason
A convoy full of trucks, ain't no question, we all eatin'
Then it's silence when I talk like I'm hearin' the Lord
speakin' now
As they complain about my ways
Cuz I'll be grindin', never sleepin' just be ballin' on for
days

Be fuckin' every model, every weed in out the strays
And then I'm bouncin' that Bugatti slowly totin' on the
haze
Then we pass this shit to Trey

I got whatever I signed
You wanna hop in, bitch comin' on
Just have to have your mouth wide
If you know that you plan on coming on
On for what you..
And if you think we're gonna stop
That's just absurd
My little finger's in the sky
Screamin' fuck a hater til the day a nigga die

Visit [Busta Rhymes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.