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Busta Rhymes "Touch It"

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Touch it, bring it, babe, watch it Turn it, leave it, stop, format it Touch it, bring it, babe, watch it Turn it, leave it, stop, format it

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Get low Bus

Who be the King of the Sound? Busta Bus back to just put a lock on a town Lot of my ***** be comin' from miles around See they be comin' 'cause they know how the God get down

Turn it up

Now you know who holdin' the throne, so gimme the crown

***** solutin' and tryin' to give me a pound I don't really **** with you *****, you ***** is clown Makin' the ***** strippin', throw they **** on the ground

Get low Bus

Now that's the way that it goes When we up in the spot, the *** be flooded with hoes See, we a make it hot, the chicks will come out their

That's when you get it, mami already know, I suppose

Turn it up

Shorty wildin' and shorty open, she beastin' it out For the record, just a second, I'm freakin' it out While she tryin' to touch, see, I was peepin' it out She turned around and was tryin' to put my **** in her mouth

I let her

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Get low Bus

And as we started, got me ringing her bell When I come I be doin' it and doin' it well Then I beat up the ******* and be makin' it swell Tryin' to hide the smell of the sex, spraying on the Chanel

Turn it up

Then they tried to walk with a strut, so no one could tell How a ***** got in they ****, made everything jail Now the tickle wild like a nut, she blowin' my cell Can't get enough of the kid, I put her under my spell

Get low Bus

It's crowded mami, move it along
If you know you 'bout it then get to removin' your thong
To the whip in back of the truck that's where you belong
After the Yac, see the type of raunchy ****, they be on

Turn it up

Street ***** respect it because my movement is strong

'Cause we consistently reppin', see my money is long All my ***** is with me, see how they singin' the song Plus how we give you the stick and we be ****** along

I let her

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Get low Bus

The God of the black, see that I'm back Every single time that I drop, the **** is a wrap For the ***** hatin' the kid, I'm close to strap 'Cause all these ***** wanna come talk to sit on my lap

Turn it up

Everytime I give you bang **** to knock in your whip ***** always do his thing, ***** lockin' the strip Lot of mami's is dancin' and they shakin' they hips After that they get low and put the thing on their lips

I let them

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