

Busta Rhymes

"We Got What You Want"

Visit "[We Got What You Want](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah I though y'all was goin'

Were gonna take y'all on for a little ride and shit
You know what I mean now, now, now, yeah
We gonna sail in one of them big fat ocean liners on
the street
Swim through this mutha fucka
Busta-Bus now, now, now
Hop scotch I found a new bounce
just rock back and fourth while my beat knock (Aurgh!
Stop chips and cock glocks wit' clips
Go sailing in hot ships and park big whips (oh!)
Getting' them whips and bounce outta town
Take trips ride slow through them hoods and park at
the main strip
Baby girl gimme yo hand cock fast (c'mon!)
With a number in your hand, hot ass (hold up!)
Shorty actin' just like she had a hit (on me!)
Fuckin' while Shorty's busy shakin' her shit (on me!)
Man stop, just let 'em flop watch girlfriend all alone
tryin' a cock block
Hot shit make a bitch wanna whine just like a reggae
tune
Make y'all niggaz wanna act and bust the AK boom!
Everyday create a may lay today is pay day mutha
fucka you better make way!

It's your night go get your money (Get your money
nigger)
Get that dough bounce if ya want
And light that blunt smoke if you got to (Smoke nigger,
smoke)
Shake yo shit bounce if you have to
Flipmode squad back in the spot (What, What)
With all yo shit bounce in the truck (Truck nigger)
Yes, yes y'all bounce we go what ya want (Bounce in
the truck)
All my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches!
C'mon!

We stay spittin' on

See what we sittin' on
Shittin' you see how my 20" be fittin' on nigga
A 100 dollar bill shorty number was written on
Hittin' Shorty on the sink wit' the lights in the kitchen on
C'mon! move quiet with all the DL chicks
Who carry on Lincoln head up on my CL 6
Hit y'all wit' the shit split y'all
Chicks all on my whip hoping ya ass fit y'all
We suppose to reach most shit bang
Watch how niggaz bounce in East Coast (Heaighh!)
Choke y'all provoke y'all
Killin' street everytime we distribute the coke y'all
Check it, see now a days we caught cribs
And caught big fat loss
Fuck big fat bitches that make cliques back off
The way we prove it to y'all
Is just bang niggaz every time we do it to y'all

It's your night go get your money
Get that dough bounce if ya want (That dough nigger)
And light that blunt smoke if you got to (Life's with
"L" now)
Shake yo shit bounce if you have to (Bounce baby,
bounce)
Flipmode squad back in the spot (Flipmode squad)
With all yo shit bounce in the truck
Yes, yes y'all, we got what ya want (Y'all got what you
want)
All my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches!
C'mon!

Straight black out shit fo show
Making you back yo mack out quick Aiyo (huh)
Yeah we floss and drop pricy things
Talk slick look money and rock icy things
She tried to get that score
By throwing the pussy begging me to hit that raw (uh
oh)
We puts it on and watch bitches getting a getsy
Flipmode up in this mutha fucka just for the record

It's your night go get your money
Get that dough bounce if ya want (Get your money
nigger)
And light that blunt smoke if you got to (Smoke
niggers)
Shake yo shit bounce if you have to (Bounce baby,
bounce)
Flipmode squad back in the spot (Flipmode squad)
With all yo shit bounce in the truck (Truck now)

Yes, yes y'all, we got what ya want
All my niggaz, all my niggaz
All my bitches!
C'mon!

See how we're sittin' on
Checkin' how my 20 inch fittin' on nigger
Rollin' down 'em motherfuckers keep sittin' on
them doves bitches

To all my truck drivin' ass motherfuckers
Wind your motherfucking windows down right now
Turn your fucking volume up to 10, motherfucker
And let's shatter a couple neighbours' windows out
this bitch
Let's get to it

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

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