

Busta Rhymes

"What The F* You Want!!"**

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Flipmode motherfuckas, flipmode motherfuckas
What the fuck you want?
What the fuck nigga, what you want?
What the fuck nigga?
We gon' hit it down like this nigga what, check it out

I be testing your fate and wrecking your face
Invading your space and watch the tables turn like
you're trading a place
I pull stunts like Evil Knievel
Me and my people fly like an eagle and blow your
entire cathingil

Hurry hurry, don't worry worry hit y'all with a flurry
flurry of jazz
Leaving y'all niggas blurry blurry
Brew up some shit like I'm cooking for y'all
When I'm done then I come looking for y'all, hold up
hold up

Federal cases cause nuff bodies end up in medical
places
In they blood finding them chemical traces
Leaving special investigators going through skeptical
phases
While we getting money the decimal changes

I was a seven-day affentice apprentice
Now I strike with a vengeance blowing the door right up
off of the hinges
This be that put you out of your misery song and make
you ask
Your man is this the joint he dissing me on, that's when
I ask

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Moving your muscle and doing the hustle
See nowadays we getting money like rustle
Who really wanna tussle, challenge the super saber in
a nigga
Blast the challenger way out of space like Galica nigga

Battle star Galactica cross my diameter nigga
Derange your whole circular shape into triangular
nigga
Yo so what it was my fault that I had to bring this shit
To a screaming halt, what you need to do is open up
the vault

That's why I make sure that my vest will be on
So when I blast you and your additional stress will be
gone
Then I sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans
And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my
hands

I ain't afraid of ya but I thank all of my niggas for
saving ya
I was about to take you back to when your mother was
making ya
Clapping you up, slapping you up, trapping you up
Holding you hostage, duck taping and Saran wrapping
you up

Yo first she was sober, I smell aroma, put you in a
Trans and slip
Into an irreversible coma, fuck y'all cubic zirconium
niggas it's over
Closing in on all y'all niggas while we're moving in a
little closer
Then I evaluate and elaborate confiscate your shit
And dare your ass to retaliate, that's when I ask

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What the fuck nigga what you want?
Fuck!

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