

Busta Rhymes "What Up"

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"It's new!"

Yeah! yeah, Busta bust down, flipmode now
I know what you all feel like doin'
Go 'head and crash your whip in the fuckin' wall
It's cool, niggaz, we gets busy

For sure, spit rogue, get more 'bout to kick in the door
Dick sore, split whores 'til they shit on the floor
Clique more sick from when you use to see us before
Shit, kill a nigga, quick, niggaz know my rapport
Keep workers on the strip that be ready for war
Brick I flip a little quicker if they shit in the store
Rip, maybe 'til they drop, and they shit in they drawers
Shit crazy when I pop, and I'm grippin' the four

Thick bitches in the spot, watch them strip for the sport
Spit vicious for the block, yeah we swingin' a torch
Stick niggaz for they shit, thank them for they support
Quick nigga, better quit snitchin' down at the court
Check track a little slick and try to go on my Forbes
Cause we stackin' like we rich, and we holdin' the fort
This time, we had to bring it, guess what we brought
The hottest shit to bang from L.A. to the streets of New York

All my people, get drunk, get high
Get money, get rich, get fly
Get stupid, get busy, get live
Jump all in your whip, turn the key and drive
Make a million yeah we gonna make about five
We speak the truth and we ain't talkin' no jive
I'm speakin' to the streets and everybody's with it
Once again you know we only come to get it

Ha, I stay wicked now I'm back on the strip
Like I went on a vacation and I'm back from my trip
Nuff radio rotation like I'm sailin' a ship
Or when the team circle the block, busy trailin' my clique
Truck packed full of niggaz with the strap and the whip
Get the gat out of the stash, put it back on my hip
Gat butt you in the face, split and fatten your lip

Blood hit the floor louder than the clap when it drip

I credit your name with bullets, read the back of the script

My victim's initials engraved on the back of the clip
Chicks love the way we roll, how the movement is thick
So official like my name's on the back of your bitch
Pay triple for the name on the back of the stitch
Name like the whole city now I'm changin' the pitch
Kick back kinda crazy when I'm holdin' the fifth
Think you nicer than the God, shit is only a myth

Grab ahold of the masses, I was born with a gift
Niggaz be runnin' they trap, throw 'em over the cliff
Thinkin' and drinkin' the Guinness, busy holdin' the spliff

Flippin' and shittin' on niggaz 'til we old and we stiff
I don't even drive whips, throw the shit on the lift
12 hours, one worker do the whole of the shift
I do the thing to make you open your mouth
And give you shit to bang the midwest and the rest of the south

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