

Busta Rhymes "Where's My Money"

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[INTRO]

Ayo Green..i feel like im turnin green too!
from Bill bitch b!...to some incredible Hulk shit!
I dont even know why u give me shit like this to spit to?
Im sure we speak the same language
fuck you bitches....pay me!!!

[VERSE 1]

(HAA)

wait a minute..came to go get it...ranger fitted
whenever it come to paper..better know im major with it
make it rain a major blizzard..leather alligator lizard
i Talledega race any challenger name a didgit
even if on the slightest you take a smidget or dare
touch my revenue i slice you with the razor quit it
icy till i make it frigid..(BURRRR)..
the laws of physics says its getting cold..my money
taller than a hall of midgets
i get up all up in it
kickin down the door (Who is it!!??)
Bitch i be the crew of bill collectors..pay the mall a visit
after cleanin bank accounts you questioned if i gave a
shit if not i tell the truth so you could tell em that the
player did

it(HEYAAA)

its ok i say a prayer its the mayor bititch slayer givin
you another layer of the data tritick
bust rhymes..hittin you with punch lines
funny how i fuck dimes..bitch you know i want mine
Where my fuckin money?!

[HOOK]

I aint speakin foreign..you know what im saying
better have my bread nigga i aint playin
(Bitch..where my fucking money?)
Mark every word..spoken reddish so your pussy
if you think im jokin?
(muhfucker...where my fuckin money?)
Think i still aint crazy coz i cut my dread
and if you short my cake im off side of your head
(bitch where my fuckin money?)

[VERSE 2]

(OHHHH)

critical its pitifull im cynical
how i deliver lyricals and take these other niggas paper
topsy-tervy contraversy im so thirsty go no mercy
for some of these bitches..i collect my money now and
later
keep it movin with the clique..while making bitches hit
the strip
cake up everyday i wake i RATE the way my money flip
i want its mine..borderline..call it crime..all the shine im
takin it
aint no mistakin it nigga whats yours is mine
no need to second guess it check im the gloss and
grind the gritty and the floss, the profit and the loss all
intertwined
because i profit from your losses
you dont want it..you should get it
in the hood with you money..i extended my line of
credit
the medic..doctor rymes that put you on a dihharettic
shrinkin up a nigga pockets
simple niggaz style pathetic
bust rhymes..hittin you with punch lines
funny how i fuck dimes..bitch you know i want mine
Where my fuckin money?!

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