

Busta Rhymes

"Where's Your Money"

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Yo, all my bitches that make money
Throw ya motherfuckin' hands in the air
'Cuz it's all about the money
Money rules the world
I take over all pussy with money

All cars get taken over 'cuz of money, baby
All businesses, baby, it's all about the money
To all my niggaz that bustin' shots for money, right now
Bust shots, bust shots for the money, now

Where's your money?
Where's your money?
Where's your money?
Throw ya motherfuckin' hands in the air
Where's your money?

The Brooklyn borough king, your bitch to me is
everything
Sent me to Jersey, trapped off the parascene
Or Penelope Pitstop
You can't duplicate the picture or record this hip hop

My owl's are tryna crust up the ziplock
Dime pieces in high heels and flip flops
Real playas with the Zenty's wristwatch
Outside of clubs is backed up in gridlock

Three bouncers the size of sasquatch
Plus whips that will make your eyes pop
Hot burns that burn faster than matches
Dirt is only out to catch Vicks

B-boys on the back on some rap shit
Fake industry heads sweatin' in the guest list
I'm on the spot with a bottle of fresh Cris
Lay up on the table, arm around the best chick
It's all about the money

Hey, I'm O.D.B., let me know where's your money
Next time you see me, let me know where's your money
Baby, I just got home, let me know where's your money

We got to feed these kids, baby, let me know where's
your money

In a fly tailor made shit, cookin' a blunt
Got the Phantom parked crooked out in the front
Rowin', gun totin', Sonny Chiba niggaz we large
Caymen Island style, suckin' on Cohiba cigars

The way we stack cake, you know I know it's makin' you
sick
Watch dough with diplomats from other countries and
shit
Now let me show you why we walk with a swagger
Money over flowin', spendin' like it don't even matter

Money do a lotta shit, money make me more bread
But money take a nigga life, put a price on they head
Think you nicer than the dreads, snitches fight with the
Feds
Keep it cool, while I put all of the hype on the bed

Bitch, ever since my cake got a little bigger
Fuck with JP Morgan, Merryl Lynch and them niggaz
Fuck it, call it what you wanna call it, nigga, we sinners
Throw my money at ten thousand dollar tables for
dinners

Now it's a Busta Bus, now, nigga, let me know where's
your money
Every time you see me, let me know where's your
money
You can give me all your money, let me know where's
your money
When it's the first of the month, nigga
Let me know where's your money

For the carat D class next to my middle finger
When I see my own reflection, diamond frost the mirror
Diamonds as cold as ice, frost bite like winter
Floss fitters, three quarter four length chinchillas

You wish you knew the way, the kid'll quiet dough is a
mystery
Niggaz bread stack longer than American History
Now peep the way we runnin' through y'all, it's funny
Fuck around get you murked with my 'Woo-Hah' money

Lay you down in the dirt, let me school y'all dummies
Hit the town with the work like crack heads, they love
me
Shit to call my cake disrespectful, bitch, holla

A lot of acres with a pet alligator named Dollar

Bust it, y'all niggaz know that I'm the most, so just stop
it

I cop cribs and stash cake and keepin' money in wallets
Niggaz money smaller than a bar of Whatchamacallits
Money hungry like Sudan, when my paper stay brolic,
listen

Hey, I'm O.D.B., let me know where's your money
It's a Busta Bust now, nigga, let me know where's your
money
Next time you see me, let me know where's your money
'Fore I stick ya ass up, nigga, let me know where's your
money

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