

Busta Rhymes

"You Ain't F*in' Wit Me"**

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Yeah, ayyo uncle Pat, turn up the beat just a lil' more
for me bruh, yeah
This sound like Frankenstein's baby, yeah

Busta Rhymes, you know we live and in color
Shit butter hot, but just a little mo' gutter
Smash shit regularly, word to my mother
Show love for the bitches and put it down for my
brudda

Hot butter funk make it rain, close the shutter violate
Catch it from one of my bitches, boxcutter
Ah, articulate, feels so great
That I can bless my niggaz with shit they appreciate

No jive y'all niggaz can take a nosedive
Shit so live bitches wanna give me a high five, five
Uh, fuck it, it is a must we hold grands
Get with the program and fuck bitches who love to
hold, hands

Foul shit, way out of order
Fuck shit up leave bitches hot and sweaty drippin'
buckets of water
Disorderly conduct, will erupt
When the live shit come on niggaz do what they wanna
Aight bitches, now show yo' asses

The shit we droppin' be sure to get y'all movin'
(Get the fuck up)
We keep it poppin', feel how gangsta the loop is
(We keep it boppin', we keep it gangsta muh'fucka)
And it ain't no stoppin' the way that we gon' do this
Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fuckin' with
me, ah
(What the fuck, come on)

You see I got so much new hot shit stored
Got you givin' me an award, floored a couple on the
come up
Stretched a few, put 'em flat on they back
And laid 'em stiffer than a board, the way I make my

niggaz applaud

My price tag, just to show up the shit
Might be somethin' you can't afford
Make you say the Lord is my shepherd, how we
astonish
Move forward on novice niggaz like Cedric Ceballos
with a hot song

Now niggaz know we rock on, cock-strong
All y'all niggaz is straight popcorn, ah
Talk the trash, comin' forth get past lie duke
Pass shorty with the big horse ass

Now ain't no stoppin' how we comin' full blast
Mix the fire with gas, that's how we put it on smash
No lie, never deny so hot we cook the shit well done
Just like a deep fish fry

Uh, snap crackle and pop, what we drop and how we
keep shit comin'
How we maneuver so fly, so high is where we gon' take
it
Controllin' the land, controllin' the sea
Now we control the whole sky

Perhaps make niggaz collapse make bitches shake
they shit to the floor
And feel the soul up in my raps and your face is the
gutter we slap
Make you crash all in your whip when you drive
I hope your seatbelt's strapped, aight niggaz, now
throw yo' hands up

The shit we droppin' be sure to get y'all movin'
(Get the fuck up)
We keep it poppin', feel how gangsta the loop is
(We keep it boppin', we keep it gangsta muh'fucka,
come on)
And it ain't no stoppin' the way that we gon' do this
Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fuckin' with
me, ah
(What the fuck, come on)

Yeah, this sound like the music to Frankenberry or
some shit
The fuckin' Groovy Ghoulies and friends or somethin'

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