

## **Busta Rhymes & Q-Tip "For The Nasty"**

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Let me, let me, let me, let me  
Let me tell you a story, yes  
About a boy from the Tribe Called Quest  
I be that nigga that I think ya'll know  
With Mr. Busta Rhymes, a-yo, I'm in the studio

Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know

Close the door, iight, let a nigga rock  
'Cause we 'bout to eat real shit, not shit slop  
Nigga can't say shit about this hip-hop  
'Cause I build dudes lanes while at pit stop  
Built they styles and they names, Frankenstein, right  
It's a high state game, dudes are playing it  
I be questioning a lot of ya'll who made it in  
Just move with the joint that we chartering

Make you disappear quick like you're part of wind  
Then laugh, ah ha ha, and laugh again  
Shorty, move a lil bit, I'm looking at your friend  
Let's get in there and shake for the beat, girl  
Do a lil eye wink, throw a tongue twirl  
Gotta hit lock smashed in, tied down  
We on your block, turned hot spots to ghost towns  
A-yo, I'm tired of these niggas, bus-a-bus, now  
Say it to 'em

This is just for the nasty  
A-yo, this is just for the sassy  
A-yo, this is just for the classy  
A-yo, this is just for the what, tell 'em now

Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move

Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know

Pardon me, now, gimme room again  
It's time to raise the level of the boom again  
Now who's that? Bus-a-bus-a-bus Rhyme  
See, I ain't do that in a long time  
Spitting shit, make piece, do more crime  
Hot songs, cribs, have a little more shine  
Alright, yeah, sh sh, mm, uh, I pity ya'll  
The way I bang niggas, and how I shit on ya'll

Spit the slang bigger, make your label quit on ya'll  
And do my thang, bitch, from here to Synagogue  
We getting a lot of money, me and my friend, Kamal  
I take your money too, I ain't afraid of ya'll  
With so much class, my shit will kill ya when I don't  
wanna rap  
And still I'ma smash and make the bitches make it clap  
As soon as I'm finished with her, homie, I'll give her  
back  
Say it to 'em

This is just for the nasty  
A-yo, this is just for the sassy  
A-yo, this is just for the classy  
A-yo, this is just for the what, tell 'em now

Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
Go move  
Show me what ya'll know

When the beat bang and you're up in the club  
When you listen and you feel a thud  
When you hear my voice, understand the love  
When the dj spins it back, it's a friendly rub  
But, when I'm behind, I cannot be kind with your  
waistline  
And the way you move  
Like a old great beat, I'ma catch a groove  
Or like a old hip-hop joint, you nice and smooth, come  
on, girl

This is just for the nasty  
A-yo, this is just for the sassy  
A-yo, this is just for the classy  
A-yo, this is just for the what, tell 'em now

Go move  
Show me what ya'll know  
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