

Busta Rhymes Feat. P. Diddy "Pass The Courvoisier"

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The time you all been waitin' for
(Let's do it, do it, do it)
This is a Bad Boy, Flip mode collaboration
(Come on)

Shake ya ass, watch yourself
(Come on, okay)
I'm the man and no one else
(Let's go)
Raah, raah

Like a dungeon dragon
Still king of the flow, while my mink be draggin'
I said I'm sick with the flow
Stick a dick in ya hoe
Make them shut down the club, we threw a brick in da
door
Shit, I'm the number man, hot like summer jam

Slick like Fonsareli, and rich like Cunningham
I stretch them like rubber bands
(I make them say)
Oh shit, the bitch got up and left with another man
(Say what? What is you talkin' 'bout?)

There's nothin' to talk about, you just a walk about
(See)
I light a long L, and just blowin' the smoke about
See, we serious wit it, they ain't nothin' to talk about

And while I scope it out, I love the way you bounce
Shake ya shit tuck in ya ass in poke it out, come on

Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier
Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier

Give me some money, you can give me some cars
But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the
Courvoisier
Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs

You can give me whatever just pass the Courvoisier

We got these hoes lovin' it
They gettin' familiar man
They screamin' out my government
(Sean John)
I like them in twins like doublement
(Don Juan)

We be bangin' all types of chicks from here to
(Hong Kong)
The best dressed bitches actin' all cute to my shit
And get the wlyin' out they actin' like a [unverified] to
my shit
[Unverified] go a distance from yours, we holdin'
Jewish money now
Down to the credit card different from yours

It's the law for me to get in ya drawers
I run the city of cars
They call me Mr. Diddy, the boss
You know me, the only G to Willy a porsche

We get dough in all land the size of Philly of course
Can imagine the price that my jewelery really would
cost
We go to clubs with a briefcase and a half milli to floss
(Damn)
Fuck around and you can really get tossed
Ken Griffy flow, call me Alaska 'cause I be the king of
the frost
What you can do is

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Five thousand boomin' watts
I got a thousand karats all over my watch
Travel lightly, flow back easy
Back with the bus-a-bus and the P.D

We stay livin' at the top of the charts
The shit we be spittin', be state of the art

We rockin' ya block shit, wlyin' like rock shit
Strapped with the gun and the street corner hot shit

Now we sittin' in the drop top pretty
Knock, knock who is he?

Bus-a-bus, I put it down and this I get busy
(Excuse me bus-a-bus)
Full control of the city, if you ain't know

By the way, the name is Puff
It ain't my fault ya Dane corrupt
We went form Henny, to Remi to Moe to belve to

The game is us, we gettin' money motherfucker
And the game we trust
Every time we put it down, reppin' the name is a must
Flip mode

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Yeah, yeah, yeah just pass the Courvoisier
Yeah, pass me that Louie that motherfuckin' that that
iron groove
Nineteen vintage motherfuckin' medieval
Ow, bitch

Yeah, just pass the Courvoisier
That that shit make, that dark shit just me wanna fuck
Straight up, I just need to know
Dis nigga Diddy dick hard as [unverified]

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