

Busta Rhymes Feat. Reek Da Villain, Spliff Star, Lil' Wayne, Nas, The Game & Big Daddy Kane "Don't Touch Me"

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This is a national security alert
(Remix, remix, remix)
Ground Music, Flipmode, Aftermath, here we go
(Remix, remix, remix)

Real talk word to mother, it be the gutter, brother
Back with another banger to set off the summer
Better get up and come around
'Cause the way our shit will be cloggin' up the toilet

You probably should call the plumber
You niggas get dumb and dumber
Thinkin' you can come around
And test me like these other niggas

Well, pick a number, I'm sayin' you should never ever
think
That you better nigga, get it together and body your
shit
Since mommy named me Trevor Stellar
The way I give a hell of a performance and get a
reaction

I attract all the people to come together
Whether niggas realize or not, oppose a letter
Just let a fella think what it wouldn't make him
remember
That when I'm in the buildin', it's cool for you to rest in

Remember, I'm too hot to touch kid
Curious, my fire burnin', niggas, serious
I gift wrapped the flame and give it to niggas
Here it is, see through mu'fucker, we'll never be equal
I'll banish and make 'em vanish and do it for the people

I be the baddest see when I see, when I spit I become
the maddest
And kill 'em until the blood seek through
Front if you want but you know who the top biller
Bounce while I'm killin' the strut and walk with a bop
killa

So don't touch me, nigga
(You might burn yourself)
Don't touch me, nigga
(You might burn yourself)

It's gettin' hot in this, bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
We got 'em hot in this, bitch
(So throw the water on 'em)
Here we go

R double E, K, D, A, Villian
I'll pull a grip out of this waist and splatter ya face
When the cali' blow, you'll get a face shot like a cameo
Rob the man and leave his ass naked like he D'Angelo

Bet, I'll let a pistol dismiss you if it's a issue
Of a tissue that money'll get you clapped quick
(Come on)
Turn a wimp past whittle to a gym class hero
When my AR13'll make 'em back flip
(Come on)

I'm a BK felon, I'll run you down with a weapon
My goonies get looney anytime that I tell 'em
Dead 'em, I walk around with stacks in my denim
With fast foreign cars with the gator skin in 'em

Now I got pretty women all around the world
If I been in your city probably pound your girl
Had her stretched out swimmin' in the pool with her
breast out
Send her back home set to fire the sex out

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Motherfucker, it's Flip-mode, when I come up in the
club
Throwin' up a dub, liftin' up a snuff
Flipmode be stars, you know who the fuck we are
Used to be fish scales, now we fuck with caviar

Eatin' on supreme shit at the round table
On some cream shit, like I grew up in Queens Bridge
I talk reckless, the whole world know
My style is C4 and I'm about to blow

So don't get close, we'll touch ya ribs
And come bust lil' brother with the stick-up kids
Like, "Shh, take off the watch"
"Shh, take off the watch, shh, take off the watch"

They said game in the club with a big ass clock
Like boom guess who stepped in the room
LAX comin' through, JFK real soon

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Chirp on the check like Michael Jeffrey
Even the referee said I need an ESPY
Award just applaud, I'm a boar with a broad
I go hard and my leather so soft and I cough

And the board of health say the boy need help
I am so hot the AM just melt
All aboard all aboard black card no fraud
I'm an extension cord, I'm a lightning rod

I'm a lion roar, I'm a dinosaur
I'm a sinus minus the nose, I'm a cold
I'm raw than a temperature rose to five
And two O's that's five hundred degrees for those who
know

My fire's higher than a liar, we don't burn rubber, we
burn tires
We riders we ciders, we live in The Carter
Wayne is a flame that could live in the water
Okay, now let's get it straight either you bait
Or the mate either eay you on my plate gettin' ate

After grace if you taste like base, snares and tenors be
my dinner

I'm hotter in the winter, burn like sinners, turn like
spinners
I swear I'll put ya in the urn by your picture
Pa we ain't playin' Weezy, baby, be the man
Hotter than the Peter Pan, till wet here I am

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Man, listen, I spot a square dude from a distance
Through the tenant Maybach curtain in partition
Nip and Tuck niggas, I could never fuck with 'em
Or pass the blunt with 'em, let the guns hit 'em

Bring fire, frizzy hair for perspire
You ain't a rider, partner, I'm acripler
Crutch give a hospitalizer, hottest whip driver
Heap on my hip, the biggest life or death decider

I ain't a rapper or an activist, I'm badder
I used to run from a cracker named Lieutenant Casper
No black leather jackets or black horasis
My old days, like I said from a Vogue page

And none of y'all cock what I cop
Forget your excuse if the music ain't hot
Where the Range? Where the drops? Y'all never got
hoes
See you on the club, wrist never on froze

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Busta, bus pick me up in the Coupe to come bubble
through

This is routine kid it ain't nothin' new
You bring trouble to me the untouchable
Make me have to bring in the troops like George W

I'll scorch you somethin' awful when I fell through
Of course the raw to be when you could put a broad to
Better bring with you, your fire extinguisher
Listen, I love static and I'm ready to cling to ya

(Okay)
Kid I made it from magazine pages to big stages
How I made this through all the different ages
Thinkin' you do it like this is outrageous
Yeah, I'm sick with it but it's not contagious

You're hottest thing to me, not a thing
Every night my crib is like the Bada Bing
So make sure that you youngin's got it right
Kane's, who's the fuckin' rock stars party like
(You heard)

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