

# **Busta Rhymes Feat. Reek Da Villain, Spliff Star, Lil' Wayne, Nas, The Game & Big Daddy Kane "Don't Touch Me (Throw Da Water On 'Em) (Remix)"**

Visit "[Don't Touch Me \(Throw Da Water On 'Em\) \(Remix\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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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