

## Chris Rock

# "Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Could See"

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Ahh yeah.. Flipmode..  
Here we come..  
Bout to bust and explode..

Flipmode.. Busta Bus.. (huh, what?)  
Nine-seven (c'mon, what?)  
Hot shit (hah hah)  
Check it out

[Verse One: Busta Rhymes]

Hit you with no delayin so what you sayin yo? (uh)  
Silly with my nine milli, what the deally yo? (what?)  
When I be on the mic yes I do my duty yo  
Wild up in the club like we wild in the stud-io (uh)  
You don't wanna VIOLATE nigga really and truly yo (uh)  
My main thug nigga named Julio he moody yo (what?)  
Type of nigga that'll slap you with the tool-io (blaow!)  
Bitch nigga scared to death, act fruity yo (uh)  
Fuck that! Look at shorty, she a little cutie yo (yeah)  
The way she shake it make me wanna get all in the  
booty yo (whoo!)  
Top miss, just hit the bangin bitches in videos (huh?)  
Whylin with my freak like we up in the freak shows  
(damn)  
Hit you with the shit make you feel it all in your toes  
(yeah)  
Hot shit got all you niggaz in wet clothes (take it off)  
Stylin my metaphors when I formulate my flows (uh)  
If you don't know you fuckin with lyrical player pros, like  
that

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Do you really wanna party with me?  
Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be  
If you really wanna party with me  
Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be

[Verse Two: Busta Rhymes]

If you really wanna party with me.. In God We Trust

(what?)

Yo it's a must that you heard of us yo we murderous

(uh!)

A lot of niggaz is wonderin and they curious (what?)

How me and my niggaz do it, it's so mysterious (that's true)

Furious, all of my niggaz is serious (huh!)

Shook niggaz be walkin around fearin us (what?)

Front nigga, like you don't wanna be hearin us (no!)

Gotta listen to hot radio yo be playin us (ahh)

Thirty time a day shit'll make you delirious (what?)

Damaging everything all up in your areas

Yo it's funny how all the chickens be always servin us

All up in between they ass where they wanna carry us (what!)

Hitcha good then I hit em off with the alias (what?)

Various, chickens they wanna marry us (hah)

Yo it's Flipmode my nigga you know we bout to bust!

(uh!)

Seven figure money the label preparin us

Bite the dust, instead of you, makin a fuss (what?)

Niggaz know better cause there ain't no comparin us (nope)

Mad at us, niggaz is never, we fabulous (yup!)

Hit my people off with the flow that be marvelous (hah!)

Ho-shit, my whole click victorious (yup!)

Takin no prisoners niggaz is straight up warriors

(what?)

While you feelin that I know you be feelin so glorious

(uh)

Then I blitz and reminisce on my nigga Notorious

Like that, like that-tha-that-that

That that that, tha-that-that-that

Like that..

Chorus: \*overlaps Busta chant\*

If you really wanna party with me..

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