

Chris Rock**"Show Me What You Got"**

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Hoo!

Yeah it's another one of them marvelous shits
Yeah, Flipmode, huh, Busta Rhymes shit, yeah
So remarkable, yeah
As I say it over and over again
From song to song, yeah, so remarkable
Hah, heh, yeah, so remarkable

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, Busta Rhymes the immaculate raw
Hardcore, riggady raw, lay niggas flat on the floor
We climb into the back of the four
Nonchalant flavor fo' sure, Timbs wit a aqua valor
Flava like you never seen it before
Ha, holy, sacred, and pure
Flipmode, be on it fo' sure
Be incredible to settle the score
Like a nigga shot you in the face, through the peephole
in the door
From New York, down to Singapore
Keep you niggas jumpin' around, had the bitches
beggin fo' more
Street niggas, yeah we speak for the poor
Now we stack cheddar galore, when we shop and buy
at the store
Metaphor like nuclear war
I warned niggas if you try to bite, shit I'll leave a crack
in your jaw
Take the livest niggas out on a tour
Make a nigga black in the spot, make you wanna take
off a door

CHORUS:

All my dogs who hustle everyday
All my dogs who hustle everyday now
Own a store laundrymat around the way
And own a store laundrymat around the way now
We got to get it, YEAH!
My niggas, all my niggas
Show Me What You Got for me, what you got for me
All my niggas what ya got for me

All my shorties who stay fresh everyday
All my shorties that stay fresh everyday
My get money bitches who still hang around the way
All my get money bitches that chill around the way now
We got to get it, YEAH! We gotta...
My bitches, all my bitches, c'mon
Tell me what you got for me
What you got for me, all my bitches what you got for
me

[Verse 2]

Now, yo, we stay packin the toast
Could give a fuck, bust at a ghost
And end up on the front of the post
Niggas know that I be rockin the most
Fuckin Ethiopian bitches, living in the ivory coast
Let me drug y'all niggas up wit a dose
Make you act just like you suppose'
Watch a nigga playin me close
Nowadays type of dough that we gross
I celebrate and throw me a roast
And get an old face for a host
We get it hype even when we be calm
Niggas know my word is my bond
When we come you know we the bomb
Hypnotic shit, get you retarded
Shoulda known it was a bad move
Fuckin around and gettin me started
Still whippin in the back of the truck
So what, not givin a fuck
In the streets, livin it up
So what happened to the last nigga bust
Could give a fuck whoever he was
Throw them niggas outta the clubs
Them niggas all, shit turnin me off
Tie 'em up, makin 'em cough
Gag 'em in the throat wit a cloff
After that we go and wild for the night
Make 'em know the style for the night
Car low, pile for the night
You know we always give y'all niggas a blaze
Black it out and party for days
Let y'all niggas fuck with the strays
Fuckin dimes at the end of the days
Gettin money but it's too late
Got a nigga stuck in his ways

CHORUS

