

## Chris Rock

### "We Got What You Want"

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(Busta Rhymes)

Yeah I though all y'all was goin'  
Uh, Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Were gonna take y'all on a little ride and shit  
You mean now, now, now, yeah  
We gonna sail in one of them big fat ocean liners on  
the street  
Swim through this mutha fucka  
Busta-Bus now, now, now

(Busta Rhymes)

Hop scotch I found a new bounce  
Just rock back and fourth while my beat knock (Aurgh!)  
Stop chips and cock glocks wit' clips  
Go sailing in hot ships and park big whips (oh!)  
Getting' them whips and bounce outta town  
Take trips ride slow through them hoods and park at  
the main strip  
Baby girl gimme yo hand cock fast (c'mon!)  
With a number in your hand, hot ass (hold up!)  
Shorty actin' just like she had a hit (on me!)  
Fuckin' while shorty's busy shakin' her shit (on me!)  
Man stop, just let 'em flop watch girlfriend let alone  
cock block  
Hot shit make a bitch wanna whine just like a reggae  
tune  
Make y'all niggaz wanna act and bust the AK boom!  
Everyday create a may lay today is pay day mutha  
fucka you better make way!

(Hook)

It's your night go get your money  
Get that dough bounce if ya want  
And light that blunt smoke if you got to  
Shake yo shit bounce if you have to  
Flimode squad back in the spot  
With all yo shit bounce in the truck  
Yes yes y'all bounce we go what ya want

All my niggaz, all my niggaz  
All my bitches!

C'mon!

(Busta Rhymes)  
We stay spittin' on  
See what we sittin on  
Shittin' you see how my 20" be fittin' on nigga  
A 100 dollar bill shorty number was written on  
Hittin' shorty on the sink wit' the lights in the kitchen on  
C'mon! move quiet with all the DL chicks  
Who carry on Lincoln head up on my CL 6  
Hit y'all wit' the shit split y'all  
Chicks all on my whip hoping ya ass fit y'all  
We suppose to reach most shit bang  
Watch how niggaz bounce in East Coast (Heaighh!)  
Choke y'all provoke y'all  
Killin' street everytime we distribute the coke all  
Check it, see now a days we caught cribs  
And caught big fat loss  
Fuck big fat bitches that make cliques back off  
The way we prove it to y'all  
Is just bang niggaz every time we do it to y'all

(Hook)

(Busta Rhymes)  
Yeah  
Straight black out shit fo show  
Making you back yo mack out quick Aiyo (huh)  
Yeah we floss and drop pricy things  
Talk slick and money and rock icy things  
She tried to get that score  
By throwing the pussy begging me to hit that raw (uh  
oh)  
We puts it on and watch bitches getting' a getsy  
Flimode up in this mutha fucka just for the record

(Hook)

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