

Mary J Blige "Touch It Remix"

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Feat. Mary J Blige, Missy Elliott, Lloyd Banks & others)

[Intro & Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -

Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[repeat 6x]

[Intro: Busta Rhymes (Lloyd Banks)]

Aiy yo Swizz (It ain't over) we done created another
epidemic for the streets nigga

Just when y'all thought it was safe to poke your head
out again, let's go!!!

I know you thought we was finished, Flipmode bitch!!!

(G-Unit!!!) Yeah! Streetsweepers!!!

REMIX We Bout' Ta Do It Again!!! REMIX We Bout' Ta Do
It Again!!! REMIX

Aiy yo just imagine if they cut the lights off in the club

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks (Busta Rhymes)]

(Get low Banks!) Who you know that got a flow this sick

Pump shorty nobody can hold his click

Them hoes eyeing' they probably on my dick

The chocolate would look good in my all white whip

(TURN IT UP!!)

AND YOU KNOW I STAY WITH THE SKITS SO DON'T EVEN
TRY

KISS YO' ASS BYE BYE YOU BE ALONE IN THE SKY

AND THE FIRST HUMAN BEING NOW TO LEARN HOW TO
FLY

AND I BE LOW IN THE BM ON MY WAY OUT NY

(Get low Banks!) I know it feels like I been gone for a
minute

But I'm back chinchilla Ice on with a fitted

Everybody talk money everybody gonna run

With that bowl of bread smaller than the arm of a
midget

(TURN IT UP!!) AND YOU KNOW I'M DOIN MY THING IT'S
BLUE IN THE RING

IF YOU HAD IT LIKE THIS YOU PROBABLY DO IT THE
SAME

BUT YOU WON'T CAUSE YOU BROKE ALL YOU DO IS
COMPLAIN

AFTER THE CLUB, I'M A PUT A FEW IN THE RANGE AND
LET 'EM

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 2: DMX (Busta Rhymes)]

Grrrrrrrrr

(Get low X) Anything it's took, it's gone be a breakdown
Come through like "hmmm, what I'm goon take now?"

Whatever the fuck I want, trust me dog

It gets ugly even when it comes to the hunt (TURN IT
UP)

NIGGAZ LIKE TO STUNT, YOU WANNA TO FRONT

I'MA HIT YOU AND YOUR MAN

AND IMA HIT YOU WHERE YOU STAND (WHAT)

NIGGAZ AIN'T BUILT FOR NOTHIN BUT FRONTIN

COME THROUGH, FAGGOTS HIT THE SECURITY

FRONTIN (Get Low X)

Get that do, What that do? How that do?

Fuck you faggot, I shot at you

And what? You and you mans butt, you in your man's
truck

But your chance is up, not get up (TURN IT UP!!)

YOU KNOW HOW THAT SHIT GOES, LET THAT SHIT GO

AIN'T NOTHIN CHANGE, BEEN THE SAME FROM THE

GETGO (WHAT)

GET UP OUT THAT WHIP YO, I AIN'T GON' TELL YOU

AGAIN

FUCK IT, SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 3: DMX & Mary J. Blige (Busta Rhymes)]

Swizz is the monster, X is the beast

Fuckin' wit Bus, man everyday is a piece

Stay off the streets, tired of talkin' to y'all niggaz

I'ma stick a fork at y'all niggaz (TURN IT UP)

WHEN I HIT 'EM, MAN THAT CRUNK GON GET 'EM MAN

FUCKED UP HOW I DID 'EM MAN (WHAT)

AIN'T NO REMORSE BUT THE CHORUS, TRUTH IS

CAN I. D. THE BODY WHEN A NIGGA TOOTHLESS (Get
low Mary!)

Maybe you can guess who it is (Uh huh)

Mary J. Blige about to handle my biz (Uh huh)

I'm on my grown woman still I rep for the kids

In every hood, and all my peoples doin a bid (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW YOU KNOW WHO'S REALLY THE QUEEN DELIVER THE MAIL
SEVEN HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND FIRST WEEK OF MY SALES
THE HATERS PLOT AND THEY WATCH LOOKIN ALL PALE WHILE I'M ON A YACHT, OVERSEAS DOIN MY NAILS (Get low Mary!)
Well let me show you how we do (Ha!)
I gotta thank everyone for coppin The Breakthrough (Uh huh)
Bus did take one the remix is take two
You love the way we re inventin' how we just stay new (TURN IT UP!!)
HOW WE SELLIN OUT THE STADIUMS, ARENAS AND ALL (Ha!!!)
ONLY LOUIS AND GUCCI WE DON'T SHOP AT THE MALL (Huh!)
GOT YOU PARTYIN AND DANCIN AND HAVIN A BALL AND YOUR LOVIN THE WAY WE REPPIN HOW WE DO IT FOR Y'ALL GO 'HEAD AND

[Chorus]
"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 4: Ne-Yo (Busta Rhymes)]
(oohhh) (Get Low Boy) Is it any women in here
Like it when I be spankin' them and pullin' they hair
Theirs a freak in your presence im just makin' it clear
Then you would all know if he wasen't nowhere (TURN IT UP!!)
GET YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR IF YOU READY TO GO
COME THROUGH YOUR CITY AND I MURDER THE SHOW
AND THE TRUTH WEIGHING THE PROBLEM IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW
GET UP RIGHT IN YA FACE AND HOLLA NE-YO
(Get Low Boy) Shorty what you wanna do
I ain't got time to deal with your attitude
This shit was designed to put you in the mood
Tryna' do sumtin nasty with you and ya crew (TURN IT UP!!)
IM A FREAKY LIL' BROTHER WITH A WHOLE LOTTA LOOT
YA BOY WORKIN WIT SUMTIN AND IM KINDA CUTE
WATCH THE WAY I DO IT HOW I TURN IT OUT
GUARENTEED YOU'LL BE TRYNA PUT MY DICK IN YOUR MOUTH

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 5: Papoose (Busta Rhymes)]

(Get low Papoose!) Papoose, Pa-poose, had to get on
this club banger
Smack you in your mouth make you swallow your pulp
razor
Pop a couple bottles laugh about it with Bus later
Bare witness I'm the young savior (TURN IT UP!!)
I GOT STATEN ISLAND ON MY PINKY QUEENS ON MY
THUMB DUDE
THE BRONX ON MY MIDDLE FINGER SCREAMIN FUCK
YOU
ROCK ICE IN MANHATTAN SO THERE'S THE RING FINGER
YOU KNOW I HAD TO KEEP BROOKLYN ON THE TRIGGER
FINGER
(Get low Pap!) Five boroughs of death, you don't
understand
I got New York City in the palm of my hand
Now I could make a tight fist and let it crumble
ridiculous
Or I could smack the world with a New York Nemesis
(TURN IT UP!!)
I FLIP THE MAG AND GET THE CLAPPIN IF IT HAPPENS RIP
HIS JACKET
SPLIT HIS BACK AND LIFT HIS HEAD I'M GETTIN AT HIM
(Ha!!)
PICK UP A DIFFERENT MAG AND THEN ATTACK HIM
WHEN I GRAB HIM TRIGGERS BLASTIN
WITH A PASSION GET IT CRACKIN THE ASSASSIN, YOU
LET 'EM

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 6: Rah Digga (Busta Rhymes)]

(Get low Digga!) See me rollin up in your hood {Uh
huh}
These jokers screamin damn Rah still be lookin good
{Yeah}
They do they little mack he askin me who I tapped
Ain't none of your concern you a G make it hap (TURN
IT UP!!)
WHEN I GIVE A NIGGA SOME PLAY HE LOSIN HIS BRAIN
(Uh)
ASKIN ME A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS ACTIN LIKE HE MY
MAN

WANNA STRESS A BITCH OUT TELLIN ME I DID CHANGE
THEY SAYIN DAMN MY BAD IF YOU FELL FOR THE GAME
(Get low Digga!) Now he sittin there lookin stuck (Ha!)
He thinkin cause he spent a little dough I'm 'gon fuck
If money ain't a thang I'm sayin let a bitch know
Type to empty your account, how far you willin to go
(TURN IT UP!!)
NOW HE HOPIN ON THE JET HE AIN'T WASTIN NO TIME
TOLD ME ALL EXPENSE PAID ANYPLACE I COULD FIND
HIT THE ISLANDS IN THE WINTER TRICKIN ALL ON HIS
DIME
AIN'T A SHORTY IN THE WORLD PUSSY BETTER THAN
MINE, THEY WANNA

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 3x]

[Verse 7: Missy Elliot (Busta Rhymes)]

Bus this is serious man!!!!!!! (Get low Missy!)
I'm jinglin baby, go 'head mami, don't I look charmin
put your lips up on me {Woo!!!}
Kiss it touch it, good, yes I wish you would (TURN IT
UP!!)
YOU LIKE TO SEE ME WHEN I DIP BABY DIP (Ha1)
DON'T IT LOOK LIKE I GOT BEYONCE'S HIPS
LOOKIN LIKE I COULD BE LIKE NIA LONG
BOY YOU SMOKIN THAT CHEECH AND CHONG
(Get low Missy!) Have you ever seen thickness in a
thong {Come on!}
You can hit it like a game of ping pong
If you give me two shots of it strong
Nigga bring it on I might let you take me home (TURN IT
UP!!)
NOW BUSTA BUS (BUS!!) MISDEMEANOR IN HERE
THIS YEAR BE CLEAR Y'ALL BE BEWARE
FAKE MC'S Y'ALL CAN'T COME NEAR
I'M TOXIC BABY LIKE I'M BRITNEY SPEARS

[Chorus]

"Touch it- bring it - babe - watch it -
Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"
[repeat 4x]

[Verse 8: Busta Rhymes]

(Get low Bus!) You see me you love me the streets
declare me God of the hood
You niggaz is watchin and wishin you could
Be claimin the throne the way I got it lock it mu'fuckers
What's good you tryin to stop it I'm wishin you would

(TURN IT UP!!)
CAUSE THEM I'M GLAD TO HIT YOU WITH THE FACT
THAT THE GOD IS IMMORTAL AS SPIT
THE WAY I BE DOIN HISTORICAL SHIT
INCASE YOU AND YOUR NIGGAS ACT LIKE YOU AINT
KNOW WHEN I'M INFORMIN YOUR CLICK
I TAKE YOUR BITCH WHILE I'M PERFORMIN MY SHIT
(Get low Bus!) As I was sayin niggaz know I ain't playin
There's no more delayin I'm comin and slayin
The street with the heat now turn up the beat until you
go deaf
I eat a nigga food until nothin left (TURN IT UP!!)
NOW THE WAY I'M KILLIN AT THIS MASS LIKE I'M DOIN
THE BOOKER T
RESPECT IT YOU BETTER GET THE SALUTIN ME WHEN
YOU SEE ME
LLOYD BANKS, PAPOOSE AND BUSTA BUS YEAH I'M
GREEDY
I PAINT THE ILLEST PICTURE FOR THE HOOD LIKE I DO
GRAFFITI SO

[Chorus]

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -

Turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

[repeat 4x]

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