

## **Paper Lace**

### **"Whatever You Want"**

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Busta:

Uh-uh

Fears, real fears

The universal Flipmode Squad

Known to every existing life form as the Imperial 6

Has formed an alliance with the official Cluemannatti

Whatever you want, we do whatever you want

(in the background as Busta speaks)

Whatever you want (4x)

Do whatever you want, whatever you want (5x)

Baby Sham:

Yo it's time to make these moves

Me and my Flipmode crew

Baby Sham spit the hot shit just for you

Make you get off your seat so you can cop the Clue

Q.B.C. and killer kids never obey these rules

That's why we roll deep and always carry the two

Smack a nigga face, fuck up his mood EXCUSE YOU

When we perform, bitches stand still like statues

Borrow this game, so y'all can proceed to move

Rah Digga:

Uh-uh the rugge**st** thing as far as chics go

Watch nigga grow away faster than a pit bull

I tell them all they ain't got nothing for 'em

Platinum and album with no singing in the chorus

You get ate like you was peanut butter and swarma

Go tell yo' people I got a shitty karma BRICK CITY

Home of the crush MC's and my shit be the joint like I  
was Black Eyed

Peas

Hook (Busta Rhymes and Lord Have Mercy)

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want

When you get a lot of money, spend it how you want

We always got the new, always coming through

Buck wild, do whatever that y'all wanna do

Wiggle how you want, shake it how you want

When you get a lot of money, spend it how you want  
We always got the new, always coming through  
With my nigga Clue, rapping with my Flipmode crew

Rampage:

Ramp, I'm still jig  
I'm in the party taking a swig  
I'm rich, yo I gotta think big  
Holding the bar, me and Busta Bus, Lord Have and  
Spliff Star  
Driving foreign cars, open club speed  
Sham and Rah Digga had the weed, pass the duche  
That all a nigga need  
Twenty to one, y'all know the whole gamble  
All my life I had to scramble WHAT

Spliff Star:

I be that thug back in the club  
Puffin' on bud, chics eyein' me  
Niggaz through the street show me love  
Gettin' paper now, Bill Gates is my neighbor now  
Chics all flavors now, cause a nigga kinda famous now  
This here, my year turn millionaire  
If it's well, cop a beach house, kick a seashell  
If I got it, Imma flaunt it  
That Brooklyn shit, I'm on it  
Spliff Star, America's nightmare most wanted

Hook (DJ Clue shout outs)

Busta Rhymes:

You want beef, my name Beef Steak Charles  
With deeper frequency than Lou Rawls  
Drop like Niagara Falls  
Soft like Quaker Oats whippin' in speed boats  
Make y'all niggaz BA-AH-AH like a bunch of billygoats  
BA-AH-AH back to you, while you take notes  
Rippin' shit down from the arena to parade floats YO  
Yo, Flipmode Squad lock yo' house up  
Quick to talk shit, nigga we lock yo mouths up

Lord Have Mercy:

Landlord confusing you chumps  
Doing it up off rhymes  
Scarring, shooting up the club  
Like pharmaceutical drugs  
You stupid as fuck, doing 'em up  
Losing your blood  
It's a cold world, with beautiful sluts screwing for ones  
King of the jungle(jungle), swing on a humble(humble)  
Stay grippin' on bundles, scattered in pieces

Chatted with Jesus  
Niggaz salute the dead and gone, the dead and gone  
Flipmode and Desert Storm, Desert Storm

Hook (2x)

DJ Clue:  
DJ CLUE

Busta Rhymes(talking):  
It only gets better motherfuckers  
Flipmode the Imperial, Cluemanati  
Do whatever the fuck y'all wanna do

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