

Busta Rhymes F/ DMX, Jay-Z**"Shorty"**

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[Intro]

New York put it on the floor
New York put it on the floor (what, c'mon)
Cali put it on the floor
Cali put it on the floor ("Love Don't Cost A Thing")
Miami put it on the floor
Miami put it on the floor
Atlanta put it on the floor
Atlanta put it on the floor (Just Blaze)

[Verse 1 - Busta Rhymes]

Yo, watch how the women start sniffin around
When we be rippin it down, we got 'em stickin around
The way they love the kid, like I'm the king of the town
The way my money stack stupid, got 'em flippin
around, and got 'em diggin
the sound
I know you look finger lickin
and baby girl, I only use my dough for trickin or chicken
Listen, cooked food shorty fatten my tummy
You can go in and out my slacks, don't touch my money
Even though you lookin good and it was nice to meet ya
You be lucky if you even get a slice of pizza, from me
(c'mon)
Before you ever try to touch my money clip
I'll put you on the corner walkin up and down the money
strip (now look it
here)
Honey dip, better find another dummy quick
Homie tryna stunt, better jump inside a money whip (go
on)
And see what you can get, and keep it over there
You better try your luck, cause you ain't gettin nothin
over here

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I think you need to move it to the left
(Shorty)
Move it to the left
(Shorty)
If you ain't got your own paper, I don't suggest you

hold your breath
(Shorty)
Keep it right
(Shorty)
You better keep it tight
(Shorty)
You better bring money out ya crib, cause you ain't
gettin none of mine
tonight
(Shorty)

[Verse 2 - Chingy]
Ma let me see you twist it like a centipede
I keep a stack of that, plus some Hennessey
Since I got rich, I keep a lot of enemies
But trip and it's like that, cause I've been a G
Look at the way these women tend to grin at me
I like the way she shake it with a lot of energy
Magnums, alcoholic freaks the remedy
I'm the young Donald Trump, is y'all hearin me?
Girls on the sideline, yeah they cheerin me
Ask her "can she drive a stick?" now she steerin me
Man I'm sick, no it ain't no curin me
C to the H to the I-N-G ... Y

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

[Verse 3 - Fat Joe]
Yeah, uh, yo, uh
Put that ass up on the floor
+Make it clap+ when you seen cats pass through the
door (uh)
I ain't tryna act gas at all
Chicks attack like he's "Joe Crack, The Boss"
Played it back, cause I be so paranoid
I got a wife, but baby please don't back it off (uh)
She understood that, said "what's good, Crack?"
Got me screamin "where the hood, where the hood rat"
Mami I ain't gotta pop the piston
But the rocks got a gleam, so hard to miss 'em
So I, cut the chase, took her out the place
Put her in a bed, put smile on her face (uh)
She don't know "Joe Crack the Don"
Never spend no type of real cheese on a broad
All I keep is 100 G's, limit credit cards
Could you believe we could spend it all
Talk to 'em, c'mon

[Break]
New York put it on the floor
New York put it on the floor

Jersey put it on the floor
Jersey put it on the floor
V.A. put it on the floor
V.A. put it on the floor
Chi-town put it on the floor
Chi-town put it on the floor

[Verse 4 - Nick Cannon]

Just work shorty, you gon' work for this little bit of
change
Side order of pimpin, little bit of game
What ya know gon' hurt, just a little bit of pain
When I rip your skirt from your little bitty frame
Whole lot trickin, whole lotta cash
Shorty on Nick with a whole lot of ass
Fly guy, Antonio Vargas
Carrera Porsche's we ain't even parkin
Valet, alligator Air Forces
Waves in my head have them chicks gettin nauseous
Let 'em cause the fame, my dough, your world
So shake it like a na-na-nasty girl

[Chorus] - 2X

[Outro]

BK put it on the floor
BK put it on the floor (Flipmode)
BX put it on the floor
BX put it on the floor (TS)
St. Louis put it on the floor
St. Louis put it on the floor (DTP)
Philly put it on the floor
Philly put it on the floor (no doubt) (*fade*)

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