

Busta Rhymes F/ Lenny Kravitz

"Let's Dance"

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Intro: Busta Rhymes

Brand Nubian '98, hot shit for your ass
Get up everybody, make your ass move fast
Check it out, like this, check it out

Let's dance, I know you got the feeling
Let's dance, come on and get down
repeat x3

Verse One: Grand Puba

One time for your mind and it just don't stop (Hah)
Chickens flock, I hit you wit dat knock (Hah)
I be the Grand Royal makin it hot, flame broiled (What?
What?)
To this I stay loyal while your style goes spoiled (Huh)
One of a kind, I'm like a diamond in the mine (Hah)
Brush of the dirt and watch the Haji God shine
Mama Pu, Mama Pa, Mama Grand Puba (Hah hah)
Alamo, Dotty X and the Lord Jamar (Wooooooo, hah)
We wanna party (huh), fiesta (Woooooo)
together (hah), forever (huh)
Say word, son, a nigga flow like Chandon
Champion, been in more cooties than a tampon (hah)
Grand Puba Nubian co-workers (Hah)
specialise in music, these cats'll never lose it (Huh)
Time for some action for your satisfaction (Hah)
Stackin Benji Jacksons without no procrastinatin

Chorus: Busta Rhymes, (Rebbie Jackson)

Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (Brand Nubian
makes the party, hot)
Let's dance, come on and get down
Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (This jam is all
for you)
Let's dance, come on and get down
Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (It's the energy
that's hot)
Let's dance, come on and get down

Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (My body's all
for you)
Let's dance, come on and get down

Verse Two: Sadat X

Here's a simple joint that a baby could follow
I had wrote some twisted shit that niggas just couldn't
follow
Love Vivica, Nia, Pam and Tamia
Soul Food with the cornbread, greens and head (Hah)
I'm off-ramp while y'all camp under a street lamp (Huh)
I got a stamp from back then, remember when you was
ten
But now you're burstin, enough to make me u-turn on
Lennox
Watch your mouth, this a grown man with the grown
plan (Hah)
And a swift hand on the witness stand
before the grand, I can't go out on my man
I know nothing of the sort, never seen a transport (Hah)
Wax built thors and cats who open doors (Huh)
Can get it in their paws when I release my youth
Down with Jamar, he's in the B-K, Haji in the Rule
Known Alamo since birth, young boys we went to school
Family planner, I can't forget my daughter in Atlanta
(What?)

Chorus

Verse Three: Lord Jamar

Yeah
Light-skinned, understandin see with brown eyes (hah)
Seen me in the van, the streets of Crown Heights (Huh)
Wit weed in my hand, runnin lights (Uhh)
In need of a grand to put down on a fight (Yeah)
See me and the Brand Nubians keep it tight
Flew me in to do a show in the middle of the night
If we don't get our dough then you know we're gonna
fight
Keepin niggas on their toes cos our flows be right
(Word up)
I used to bag hoes on sight
now it turns me off when their clothes be tight, I'm on
the road of the
right (Uhh uhh)
and just, when I was 15, I used to smoke dust
Now I strive to stay pristine and free from lust
Watch the 3 bust, I be the Black G-zus (Hah)
Attack any man who plan to freeze us

Your hand should be up, my man's be tree'd up (huh)
in a land that the black man needs to free up!

Chorus: Busta Rhymes, (Rebbie Jackson)

Everybody let's dance, I know you got the feeling
(Brand Nubian makes the party, hot)
Let's dance, come on and get down
Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (This jam is all
for you)
Let's dance, come on and get down
Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (It's the energy
that's hot)
Let's dance, come on and get down
Let's dance, I know you got the feeling (My body's all
for you)
Let's dance, come on and get down

Outro: Busta Rhymes

Hah yeah, Brand Nu's
Busta Rhymes, all in a 12 jewel
Break fool, nigga, no go to school
One down, fuck ya head up
One shot, bounce nigga bounce to this
Just bounce to this, just bounce nigga bounce nigga
bounce to this

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