

Busta Rhymes F/ Rampage**"If You Want It"**

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(Rockwilder in the backround throughout)

[Dutch & Spade (Rockwilder)]

Come on (Dutch and Spade...Rockwilder)

Come on (Entertainment)

[Spade (Dutch)]

You know what? They screamin' Dutch and Spade

Hey man whas up dawg? (whas happenin homey?)

Don't know whats up with these jaws these days (me
neither dawg)

Man, the other day man...

Sis was like straight disrespectful man

(what happened man?)

I hadda tell that smut up

[Spade]

Now baby do you, and maybe we can do us

It's a one in million shot in the world, a nigga blew up

Now we togethor lets get everything that's do us

And tour the whole damn world across the U.S.

I was lost in the streets, you my savior

Now see the fruits of my labor

Wuch you want the cranberry coupe, banana five

Grape Tahoe, or weeknights on Lake Tahoe

In the hottub, poppin bubs, straight from the bottle

A quarter for your purse or the eight with the hollows

Baby ride with me, you gon' have it your way

Like, straight to the alter like Jagged Edge say

Wife, put on your white, cause we about to get married

You give out my love, you gettin buried

And baby I adore me and more, but don't color me bad

Cause I ain't sweatin all the others you had

I'm a player

[Chorus Singing (Rockwilder)]

Baby if you want it, want it

(say do you want it babe?)

You can have it, we can get it down

(we can get it down baby)
If you want it
(yeah yeah)
Baby if you want it, (where my thugs at?) want it
(say if you want it baby)
You can have it (where my thugs at?), we can get it
down
(get down, get down)
If you want it, baby if you want it

[Dutch (Rockwilder)]
How would you like the night life (want it)
Fresh fruit and crushed ice
Nothin crazy, just a taste of the rich life
I gotta let you know girl, I'm the strict type
(Can you wash my clothes?) Uh huh
(Can you pay my rent?) Uh huh
(Can you cook my grits too?)
If not then we can't work
This one's for the pimped out, permed out, hoes-less
turned out
I'm big worm to the third power
So don't worry bout a damn thing
We pissin champagne
Ice on your finger, without the damn ring
Forget your man, he won't do a damn thing
So you can stay here, or hop up on that damn train
I only ask once, you can pass up
I wanna see your face down, and your ass up
Before I ever give that cash up
Dutchie

[Chorus]

[Spade]
So you can, do me baby like you BBD
Or you can download the flow on your mp3
Hey Rock, bang the track out the MPC
I'm, Black Entertainment and I'm MTV
And I'm a, half hour up on VH-1
You got a man in the crib baby, I ain't dumb
I know you know some sweet cats, but I ain't 'dem
And you can't get a dollar baby, I ain't cum

[Dutch]
Yo, yo were my niggas at?
Candy paintin it, full length mink in it
Livin this pimp life, who cares what you think of it?
Baby you can have the world if you wait a bit
Be a good girl, try to walk straight a bit
A heard about your baby pop, he tried to hate a bit

You ain't know what Cris was when you tasted it
I ain't feelin you, I'll holla at you later bitch

[Chorus x2]

(Rockwilder singing)

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