

Busta Rhymes F/ Rampage**"Say What You Want"**

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[Dutch]

You hear that shit?

Everybody sayin Dutchman...Dutchman...Dutchman...

You hear that shit?

All them bitches screamin Dutchman, Dutchman

Don't nobody be flippin those flows like Dutchie do

Wha? Gun pop, gat only, and then we bustin you

Nigga, numerous things these lyrics'll make you do

Hold up! Stop, wiggle, jiggle

Do what you do and make a thug pull a gat and start to

Act a fool, you hungry for some coke on the block?

Then get full

Y'all niggas want me to stop, I can't do

Y'all gon' hate when I drop, I KNOW you

But I don't give a damn, I drop full

Move, you get it man?

Me and Bumpie J come slidin' through up in that mini
van

All that frivolous beef, my dawgs don't get into that

All my niggas ready to come through and put an end to
that

Thug shit? I'm livin that

Drugs? I done been in that

Is you niggas feelin' that?

Cuase I'm really livin' that

I'm the type of nigga that be runnin' with them hoodie
rats

Yo, them niggas actin like they dogs

I know they puddy cats

[Chorus - Dutch]

Niggas say what they want (they want, they want...)

But they don't want it with the Dutchman (Dutchman,
Dutchman)

Oh no they don't (oh no they don't), oh no they don't
(oh no they don't)

Say what they want (they want, they want...)

But they don't want it with the Dutchman (Dutchman,
Dutchman...)

Oh no they don't (oh no they don't), oh no they don't

(oh no they don't)

[Dutch]

One big head
Shorty got the tounge to my dick head
Dutch go all night until the sun on my dick head
Might spit a daughter or a son out my dick head
Might catch me fuckin' your wife, dick head!
Roll through, tinted up, Jag with the big head
Even white chicks hop they ass in the big head
No they don't (no they don't)
Want it with the Dutchman
Come through, top down, rims all toughed in
Drop ten, throw the watch under construction
I do shit, ummm, niggas don't think about
Catch 'em with shock, look like S5 blinkers out
All the chicks grin when they see the twinklers out
I ain't no stingy man
Girlfriend, I'll take you out
Then treat you like the trash
Bag you up and sit you out

[Chorus]

[Dutch]

Nigga listen
My block got niggas whole glocks never missin'
Mommy said take yo ass to class, sit there and listen
Instead, I cop four and a half, break out the dishes
Brand new razor, and my ass got the nickin'
Coke smell, smellin up the kitchen
Dickie suit, hoodie on the block with a mission
Glock pop, cops come, and they holdin' pictures
Up against the wall, mother fuckers bout to frisk us
Damn! Should have never put this stash in the britches
(damn)
As soon as he hit the ankle, lean up, kick him!
Hear him callin' back-up, and my ass sprintin'
Toward the Ocho, you'll never get me in the district
Put me in the headlock, beat me to submission (you
know somethin'!?)
Tell me I get fifty years, think I'm gon' be snitchin'?
For twenty rocks, get the locks, guess I'm gon' be
missin
Up state, pumpin' weight, until my hands get blistered
Cartin' the cigarettes, your MAN on the block
Three hots in the cock, keep a tab in my sock
Money orders keep a nigga commacery stock
Back and forth to court, hopin' state charges drop

[Chorus 2x]

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