

Cappadonna F/ Method Man, U-God

"Gutter 2 the Fancy Ish"

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[Busta]

Busta Rhymes and Angie Mar-ti-nez

Sippin on mar-tinis

Check it out now, check it out now, c'mon, c'mon

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Now let's take it from the gutter to the fancy shit, c'mon

Make you really wanna do the nasty shit, c'mon

Bounce all night and wave ya hands and shit

Everytime we come through, me and my mans and shit

[A] Let me get my girls, drink a couple grand and shit

[B] Angie, I love the way we form a plan and shit, c'mon

[B] You know we got 'em lovin how we movin 'em crazy

[A] How we put it down you love the way we doin it baby

[Busta]

Yo, lemme talk, shit, prepare for the worst

Oops spit on a verse, she call me like she got the gat in the purse

Niggaz need to rehearse (you)

Lay you on a stretcher like you caught a heart attack in the church

Reverse in the hearse, another body bring me the nurse

Make you react first

Shoot the sound of my bounce, so when you hear my gat burst

Ask(?) me, we floss fancy, me and Angie

Take shit beyond where niggaz really can't see

Flow freakin yo' music together like we nasty

When you pass the L baby, make sure you never pass me

Do whatever we stack cheddar the smart way

Blaze treets and speed down the Pulaski Parkway

In and out of them lanes, you know we whippin all day

Checkin the passenger seat, pettin my baby sharpei (woof)

Loyal like Kemosabe, haters could never really harm me

I rep for my niggaz, you rep for Puerto Rico mami!

[Angie]

Listen up, nigga get on the bus, ride with us
Most high we trust, other than that
Everybody suspect, don't bother come test
Funk Flex blastin with it, I'm masterin it
Linda Carter of the rap game
With gold bangles on my wrists, latin chicks on the map
mayn
man the game plan's arran-gin
a house on the hills of the main-land, get on board
Step inside, arrest my eyes, I don't sleep
Confess sometimes I roll deep
Underestimating mine is to not know me
I, analyze, every situation
And I rise to any occasion
And I, stays in, do me mode then I'm
runnin the streets, in do me clothes with a
sweatsuit and a fresh pair of sneakers
In the Benz Coupe, smokin weed or Cohibas..

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