Busta Rhymes, Don't Touch Me (Throw Da Water

This is a national security alert. Ground music. Flipmode. Aftermath.

Here we go!

Back with the most venomous rap I be the godfather of the club banger, let me hear you clap You can applause me from the very beginning You can give me a standing ovation while I bang your face in With another banger, now call it a cliff hanger Watch me mangle and strangle this whole rap shit, Come On!

You can see the way I make em act sick from down bottom
The way I got em gimme my cash quick, Come On!
Rock on, you better grab on to something
Because I'm about to shake shit again to make a black bitch, Come On!

I can hear the shots ring off, my bitches taking everything off Each other got em wilding running for cover The King Kong, Big Foot gully with a scully bully of raps Still ugly with the money running a trap Now they giving me dap As far as I'm concerned in this motherfucker look how I got 'em Now they ready to shout

So, don't touch me nigga, you might burn yourself (Ha) Don't touch me nigga, you might burn yourself We got 'em hot in this bitch, so throw the water on 'em (Hey) We got 'em hot in this bitch, so throw the water on 'em (Hey) We got 'em hot in this bitch, so throw the water on 'em (Hey) We got 'em hot in this bitch, so throw the water on 'em (Hey)

Here We Go!

Now you see the alcohol spilling
And we got 'em, hands in the ceiling
You know we only come to rattle the building
And break it on down just a little once again knowing we holding
The bank so let me keep the dice rolling
And keep it traditional the way I keep my money falling
While you slacking on your macking dude we always keep it going

Right to the left, do it to def Now watch me come through with a chisel and make the game sizzle, And I Pull out the skillet prepare for the cooking How I'm wilding niggas wonder when I'm gonna bring the hook in Thugs ice grilling every time they get to looking Got 'em wilding over seas all the way back to GO BROOKLYN!

Now they ready to spaz, cause we bring the best of the Shit that shut it down on the regular That's with the, fly 80's nigga that was whipping in a Creseda Fresher than, most of these niggas killing the rest of them Villains that was thinking that they rushing in and busting in But the way we was doing, we was muscling their hustling

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Here we go!

You don't really want it my dude I'm saying most my niggas is rude And when we come, we eat a nigga food Back to the fact of the matter at hand For me to come and control this whole shit, was only part of the plan The other part of the plan, for you to understand That nothing can fuck with the kid, Let me say it again!

The Broad Back B, Busta Bust back to put out the trash And just for the record we got it on smash, now How the fuck they even got the audacity To fire marshal come and try to talk about the capacity Every time I'm in the spot I hope you know it has to be Extremely packed to shut it down you'll probably cause a tragedy

Don't you know that when I'm in the place I change the mood again I be wilding with raunchy bitches and a bunch of hooligans

Now don't get it fucked up just because I flaunt it Niggas think that they can test me bring it if you really want it See I be the type to always beat you to the punch faster I keep a smile on my face but carry the bush master

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Keep it going!

You already know I said it word to mother
Shit is so hot you niggas think its cold up in the summer
Shh - calm the noise down lets get a little quiet
Cause the neighbors call the police, they know we cause riots
And they know that we'll have them thinking they dancing with the devil
When they play the music turn the volume to the highest level
(Breathe in, breathe out, and sigh)
You got it right let's keep the bombs going
like we lit a stick Of dynamite now you know
You need to follow whenever you hear the god spit, Aww shit!
You see me nigga back in the cockpit
I be getting this money I'll give you all a stock tip
First buy a nigga till you see the sweat drop, drip

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