

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)
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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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