

Busta Rhymes, LUXURY LIFE - ft. Coi Leray

Yeah

Aye, you gon' hold me down mama?

Best believe in me daddy, now what you 'bout to do?

Secure another win, just to bring it back and empower you

The other dude I was with

We ain't talkin' about that coward boo, 'cause you my lil' sis so don't turn that pussy into sour fruit

Never that, let me rap, fuck the cap 'cause girls is players too, remember that?

Yeah you know just how to act, oh yeah, you learn from the best, that's a fact, if a nigga violate you

Be cautious, was raised by teachers that was flawless, we bout to make em nauseous, forget about

Talk that shit, yeah, yeah

Love it when I talk my shit

Mhm, you know just who the boss is

We got a lot, peep the way these niggas fuckin' with the bop

Pray on our downfall like we supposed to stop

Shit is funny right

How we get money like

In indescribable ways they can't copy

You niggas know my body

Pop another bottle, pour a couple of shots

'Cause we gon' spend whatever

Luxury life, we living over the top

No one can do it better

They try to [?] so I ain't ever alone

Aye, aye, aye, aye

You talk too much, your friends is calling my phone (calling my phone, calling my phone)

Yo

Every time that I touch it, you know it's flammable

The game that I be feedin' you, hope you got some collateral

The way I function, you tryna figure out my mechanicals

Fuck flowers, it's time to give me the whole botanical

See when I pull up and park in the intersection, when you see me you supposed to see yourself in

The sunlight reflectin' off the moon

If you don't mention me as one of the greatest, your train of thought is no exception

Mm

Come on Busta, I'm immaculate

The way I'm attackin' these bitches, trackin' it

They askin' how I'm havin' it

Put numbers on the board, Billboard

That's where I'm trappin' at

Big plaques, platinum and gold, up in my habitat

Living my best life, why they mad at that?

Already went number one, yeah, they could have it back

I don't even drive, I just sit and roll up in the back

He want to get high then slide up in this kitty cat

Pop another bottle, pour a couple of shots

'Cause we gon' spend whatever

Luxury life, we living over the top

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They try to [?] so I ain't ever alone

Aye, aye, aye, aye

You talk too much, your friends is calling my phone (calling my phone, calling my phone)