

Busta Rhymes, Pass The Courvoisier ft. P Diddy

(feat. P. Diddy)

[P.Diddy] w/ (Busta Rhymes)
Oh yeah, I like this, ladies and gentlemen
The time you all been waitin for
(let's do it, do it, do it)
This is a Bad Boy, Flipmode collaboration
(Come on)

[P. Diddy]
Shake ya ass (come on), watch yourself (okay)
I'm the man (let's go) and no one else
Rrraah, rraah

[Busta Rhymes]
Like a dungeon dragon
Still king of the flow, while my mink be draggin
I said I'm sick with the flow, stick a dick in ya hoe
Make them shut down the club, we threw a brick in da door

[P. Diddy]
Shit, I'm the number man, hot like Summer Jam

[Busta] (Puff)
Slick like Fonzearelli, and Rich like Cunningham
I stretch them like rubber bands (I make them say)
Oh shit, the bitch got up and left with another man
(Saaay what!?, wha is you talkin bout?)
There's nothin to talk about (see), you just a walk about
I light a long L, and just blowin the smoke about

[P. Diddy]
See, we serious wit it, they ain't nothin to joke about

[Busta]
And while I scope it out, I love the way you bounce
Shake ya shit tuck in ya ass in poke it out, come on

[Chorus: Busta & P. Diddy]
[Busta] Give me the Henny, you can give me the Cris
You can pass me the Remi, but the pass the Courvoisier
[Diddy] Give me the ass, you could give me the dough
You can give me 'dro, but pass the Courvoisier
[Busta] Give me some money, you can give me some cars
But you can give me the bitch make sure you pass the Courvoisier
[Diddy] Give me some shit, you can give me the cribs
You can give me whaever just pass the Courvoisier

[P. Diddy]
We got these hoes lovin it
They gettin familiar man, they screamin out my government (Sean John)
I like them in twins like doublement (Don Juan)

[Busta]
We be bangin all types of chicks from here to (Hong Kong)
The best dressed bitches actin all cute to my shit
And get the wlyin out they actin like a boot to my shit
Sorta go a distance from yours, we holdin Jewish money now
Down to the credit card different from yours

[Diddy]
It's the law for me to get in ya drawers
I run the city of cars, they call me Mr. Diddy, the boss
You know me, the only G to willy a porsche

[Busta]

We get dough in all land the size of philly of course
Can imagine the price that my jewlery really would cost
We go to clubs with a briefcase and a half milli to floss (damn)
Fuck around and you can really get tossed
Ken Griffey flow, call me Alaska 'cause I be the king of the frost
What you can do is

[Chorus]

[Hook: Busta]

Five thousand boomin watts
I got a thousand karats all over my watch
Travel lighty, flow back easy
Back with the bus-a-bus and the P.D
We stay livin at the top of the charts
The shit we be spittin, be state of the art
We rockin ya block shit, wlyin like rock shit
Strapped with the gun and the street corner hot shit

[Diddy]

Now we sittin' in the drop top pretty
Knock, knock who is he?

[Busta]

Bus-a-bus, I put it down and this I get busy
(Excuse me bus-a-bus)
Full control of the city, if you aint know

[Diddy]

By the way, the name is Puff
It aint my fault ya dane corrupt
We went form Henny, to Remi to Moe to Belve to..

[Busta]

The game is us; we gettin money motherfucker
And the game we trust
Everytime we put it down, reppin the name is a must
Flipmode!

[Chorus 2x]

[P. Diddy]

Yea, yea, yea just pass the Courvoisier
Yea, pass me that louie that motherfuckin' that that iron groove
Nineteen vintage motherfuckin' medievil
Ow, bitch. Yea, just pass the courvoisier
That that shit make, that dark shit just me wanna fuck
Straight up, I just need to know
Dis nigga Diddy dick hard as a..(*mumbles*)