

# Busta Rhymes, Shorty (Put It On The Floor)

(feat. Nick Cannon, Chingy, Fat Joe)

[Intro]

New York, Put it on the flo.  
New York, Put it on the flo. (What!) (Cmon)  
Cali, Put it on the flo.  
Cali, Put it on the flo.  
Miami, Put it on the flo.  
Miami, Put it on the flo.  
Atlanta, Put it on the flo.  
Atlanta, Put it on the flo.

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

One time, the women start sniffin around, when we be rippin it down, we got em stickin around.  
The way they love to feel like Im the king of the town.  
The way my money stack steep and got em flippin around.  
And got em makin a sound.  
Ayo, you looking delicious. Baby girl, I only use my dough for coochie or chicken.  
Listen, cooked food. Shorty fatten my tummy. You can go in and have my slice, dont touch my mon  
Even though you looking good and it was nice to meet ya, you be lucky if you even get a slice of pi  
Before you ever try to touch my money clip, Ill put you on the corner walking up and down the mon  
Now looka here, honey dip betta find another dummy quick. Homie tryna stunt, betta jump inside a  
I see where you can get and keep it over there, you betta try your luck cause you aint getting nothin

[Chorus: ]

I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)  
Move it to the left (Shorty)  
If you aint got your own paper, I dont suggest you hold your breath (Shorty)  
Keep it right (Shorty)  
You betta keep it tight (Shorty)  
You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you aint getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)

[Verse 2: Chingy]

Ma, let me see you twist it like a centipede.  
I keep a sack of that, plus some Hennessy.  
Since I got rich, I keep a lot of enemies.  
But trick when its like that, its cause I been a G.  
Look at the way women tend to grin at me.  
I like the way she shake it with a lot of energy.  
Magnums, alcoholic freaks the remedy.  
Im the young Donald Trump, is yall hearing me?  
Girls on the side line, yeah they cheerin me.  
Ask her, can she drive a stick, now she steerin me.  
Man, Im sick. Know it aint no curin me.  
C to the H to the I-N-G. Y

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)  
Move it to the left (Shorty)  
If you aint got your own paper, I dont suggest you hold your breath (Shorty)  
Keep it right (Shorty)  
You betta keep it tight (Shorty)  
You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you aint getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)

[Verse 3: Fat Joe]

Put that ass up on the flo, make it clap when you see cats pass for the door.  
I aint tryna act gassed at all, chicks attack like hes Joe Crack the boss.  
Played it back, cause I be so paranoid.  
I got a wife, but baby please dont back it off.  
She understood that, said, Whats good, Crack?  
Got me screaming with a hood, with a hood rat.  
Mami, I aint got a pot to piss in  
But the rocks got a gleam, so hard to miss em.  
So I, cut the chase, took her out the place.

Put her in a bed, put a smile on her face.  
She dont know Joe Crack, the Daun  
Never spend no type of real cheese on a broad.  
All I keep is a 100 Gs, limit credit card.  
Could you believe, we could spend it all.

New York, Put it on the flo.  
New York, Put it on the flo.  
Jersey, Put it on the flo.  
Jersey, Put it on the flo.  
V.A. Put it on the flo.  
V.A. Put it on the flo.  
Chi-town, Put it on the flo.  
Chi-town, Put it on the flo.

[Verse 4: Nick Cannon]  
Shorty, you gon work for this little bit of change.  
Side order of pimpin, little bit of game.  
What ya know, gon hurt, just a little bit of pain.  
When I rip your skirt, from your little bity frame.  
Whole lot drinkin, whole lot of cash.  
Dirty ol Nick with a whole lot of \*\*  
Fly Guy, Antonio Vaugus.  
Porshes we aint even parkin.  
Valet, alligator air forces.  
Waves in my head have them chicks getting nauseas.  
Let em cause the fame, my dough, your world.  
So shake it like a n-n-n-nasty girl.

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]  
I think you need to move it to the left (Shorty)  
Move it to the left (Shorty)  
If you aint got your own paper, I dont suggest you hold your breath (Shorty)  
Keep it right (Shorty)  
You betta keep it tight (Shorty)  
You betta bring money out ya crib, cause you aint getting none of mine, tonight (Shorty)[2x]

BK, Put it on the flo.  
BK, Put it on the flo.  
BX, Put it on the flo.  
BX, Put it on the flo.  
St. Louis, Put it on the flo.  
St. Louis, Put it on the flo.  
Philly, Put it on the flo.  
Philly, Put it on the flo.