

# Busta Rhymes, What The Fuck You Want?!

Flipmode motherfuckas  
Flipmode motherfuckas  
What the fuck you want  
What the fuck nigga  
What you want  
What the fuck nigga (We gon hit it down like this nigga what)  
Check it out

I be  
Testing your fate and wrecking your face  
Invading your space  
And watch the tables turn like you're trading a place  
I pull stunts like evil kadeival  
Me and my people fly like an eagle  
And blow your entire cathingil  
Hurry hurry  
Don't worry worry  
Hit y'all with a flurry flurry of jazz  
Leaving y'all niggas blurry blurry  
Brew up some shit like I'm cooking for y'all  
When I'm done then I come looking for y'all  
(Huh huh hold up hold up)  
Federal cases cause nuff bodies end up in medical places  
In they blood finding them chemical traces  
Leaving special investigators going through skeptical phases  
While we getting money the decimal changes  
I was a seven-day affentice apprentice  
Now I strike with a vengeance  
Blowing the door right up off of the hinges  
This be that put you out of your misery song  
And make you ask your man is this the joint he dissing me on  
That's when I ask

[Chorus:]

What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga what you want  
What the fuck nigga

Moving your muscle and doing the hustle  
See nowadays we getting money like rustle  
Who really wanna tussle  
Challenge the super saber in a nigga  
Blast the challenger way out of space like Galica nigga  
Battle star Galactica cross my diameter nigga  
Derange your whole circular shape into triangular nigga  
Yo  
So what it was my fault  
That I had to bring this shit to a screaming halt  
What you need to do is open up the vault  
That's why I make sure that my vest will be on  
So when I blast you and your additional stress will be gone  
Then I sprinkle just a little bit of salt on your plans  
And watch your shit shrivel up right in the palm of my hands  
I ain't afraid of ya  
But I thank all of my niggas for saving ya  
I was about to take you back

To when your mother was making ya  
Clapping you up  
Slapping you up  
Trapping you up  
Holding you hostage  
Duck taping and Saran wrapping you up  
Yo  
First she was sober  
I smell aroma  
Put you in a Trans  
And slip into an irreversible coma  
Fuck y'all cubic zirconium niggas it's over  
Closing in on all y'all niggas  
While we're moving in a little closer  
Then I evaluate and elaborate  
Confiscate your shit and dare your ass to retaliate  
That's when I ask

[Chorus (2x):]