

Busta Rhymes, You Ain't Fuckin' With Me

Yea.. aiyyo Uncle Pat, turn up the beat just a lil' more for me bruh

Yea.. [imitating the beat]

This sound like Frankenstein's baby, yea

[Verse One]

Busta Rhymes! You know we live and in color (color)

Shit butter hot, but just a little mo' gutter (gutter)

Smash shit regularly, word to my mother

Show love for the bitches and put it down for my brudda (brudda)

Hot butter funk make it rain, close the shutter - violate

Catch it from one of my bitches, boxcutter (cutter)

Ahh, articulate! Feels so great

that I can bless my niggaz with shit they appreciate ('ciate)

No jive y'all niggaz can take a nosedive

Shit so live bitches wanna give me a high five (five)

UNGGHH! Fuck it, it is a must we hold grands

Get with the program and fuck bitches who love to hold (hands)

Foul shit, way out of order

Fuck shit up leave bitches hot and sweaty drippin buckets of water (water)

Disorderly conduct, will erupt

When the live shit come on niggaz do what they wanna (wanna)

Aight bitches, now show yo' asses

[Chorus]

The shit we droppin be sure to get y'all movin (get the fuck up)

We keep it poppin, feel how gangsta the loop is (we keep it boppin)

(we keep it gangsta muh'fucka)

And it ain't no stoppin the way that we gon' do this

Now what you want me to say? Say you ain't fuckin with me-ahhhhhhh

(what the fuck, c'mon)

[Verse Two]

Huh, you see I got so much new hot shit stored

Got you givin me an award, floored a couple on the come up

Stretched a few, put 'em flat on they back

And laid 'em stiffer than a board, the way I make my niggaz applaud

My price tag, just to show up the shit

Might be somethin you can't afford

Make you say the Lord is my shepherd, how we astonish

Move forward on novice niggaz like Cedric Ceballos with a hot song

Now niggaz know we rock on, cock-strong

All y'all niggaz is straight popcorn, AHH!

Talk the trash, comin forth get past lie duke

Pass shorty with the big horse ass (ASS)

Now ain't no stoppin how we comin full blast

Mix the fire with gas, that's how we put it on smash (smash)

No lie, never deny - so hot we cook the shit well done

just like a deep fish fry; UNNNGHH, snap crackle and pop

What we drop and how we keep shit comin

How we maneuver so fly (fly), so high is where we gon' take it

Controllin the land, controllin the sea

Now we control the whole sky; perhaps make niggaz collapse

Make bitches shake they shit to the floor

And feel the soul up in my raps and your face is the gutter we slap

Make you crash all in your whip when you drive

I hope your seatbelt's strapped, aight niggaz! Now throw yo' hands up..

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, this sound like.. the music to Frankenberry or some shit

The fuckin.. groovy ghoulies and friends or somethin [laughing]