

King Tut

Busta Rhymes

Jahlil Beats! Holla at me!

They got nerve lil' nigga (HEY!) See me when I pull up to the curve lil' nigga (OWWWWW!!!!!!)

My money absurd lil' nigga while I count it off please do not disturb lil' nigga

(HEYYYYY!!! THESE NIGGAS GOT IT MIXED UP!)

Watch how they bring us all them bottles of that (PINK STUFF!!!)

Look! You nigga better get your (CHIPS UP!)

You already know my style nigga (KING TUT! KING TUT!)

My money pound nigga (KING TUT!)

HUH! You could see it in my smile nigga (KING TUT!)

(OH!) My jewelry look wild nigga (KING TUT!)

(YEAH!) Who else be ridin through the town in a (RANGE TRUCK!)

Yo Yo! See the way I takeover casinos like Dinero said
Bitch your money short watch how it fold up like a hero bread
Nigga thought he was a super friend, now the hero dead
Try to cross the shit we represent but that's a zero dread
All of this money that I be countin
And my cup a runneth over like a fuckin water fountain
Any nigga try to front, I'm a show 'em shit get ugly
Throwin bread until they jealous and they money lookin funny
Hold up!!!! And body shit that's what a monster do
See me throwin this money your bitch is like a sponsor do
Put the gloves on and beat up a nigga like I'm Kostya Tsyu
And fuck the talkin just bring me my money like a prostitute

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Ok I'm ridin through yo' city blowin ditties of that icky
Got yo' wifey in the passenger I'm ridin as she lick me
I get money like my cuban (Cuban) You know my bank is heavy
And I rep that 31 like Jason Terry when I'm shootin
ATM in my jeans bank sittin on my left thigh
Burn a mansion down watch it coverin my Left Eye
Girl on deck, I just split another lick
Now my trap look like black friday 12AM in front of Best Buy
Ha Ha! Sour got me all sedated
Niggas lookin at me angry what's with all the smiley faces?!
My dinero like Shapiro I see Johnny Cochran wages
I'm no lawyer but they only bring them bottles by the cases

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Uh, okay now stupid-ass stacks in my pocket (yah!)

Test me, best be faster than a rocket (yah!)

I ain't got no time if it ain't about a profit (uh-uh)

If you send me my deposit, I will have yo' city rockin (OH!)

I get the hottest beats, niggas wish that they could rhyme on it (rhyme on it)

I got the hottest watch, ain't even set the time on it (time on it)

The way I'm killin niggas, it look like a crime, don't it?

I got the Light, with a little bit of lime on it

Okay, now stupid ass stacks in my pocket

Whip clean, jet ski attached to the Charger

Bitches want attention and I tell 'em try harder

Got 'em doin shit I know that's gon' be disgracin they father

O-O-Okay, le'go

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