

# Do It to Death

Busta Rhymes

Huh huh-huh huh-huh huh huh-huh-huh huh  
Huh huh-huh HUH HUH-huh huh-huh-huh huh  
Huh huh-huh, huh huh WOOOH!!!  
WOO-WOO-WOO-WOOH!!!  
WOO WOO WOOOOH  
Yeah, everybody, c'mon  
Here we go party people WOOOH

Pull up in the whip, pop the trunk, feel it?  
Fear for the will of baboon funk, ya hear it?  
Me and my nigga Richie was itchy to meet some women  
Met some chickens, they was actin so snobby and bitchy, fuck it  
Pass me the sticky,  
the chicky wanted to leave me with a kiss and a hickie  
I ain't wit it but give me a quicky  
I ain't in to doin the licky-licky  
even though you be lookin so pretty,  
I own all of my shit, never 50-50  
Oodle noodles all 'dose fools never refuse  
Accuse me for the bruise  
Chick outta rattle and sound, better tighten the screws  
Runnin and gunnin, kinda stunnin  
the way we be comin around, slummin, wylin and dollin  
My nigga Horace kick up a nigga like Chuck Norris  
Got some other niggas lost way up in the forest  
Hang you up in a harness, label me and all of my niggas the hardest  
Fuck around, be the next "Formerly Known As" artist  
Layed out with a goddess, pretty lilly Adonis  
Besides all of that, niggas is 'nomous, I make you all a promise  
The promise is that I'm so dominant and that I am so prominent  
captured the whole of Asia as a continent  
Oh shit, I be comin and tumblin down  
rumblin, stumblin down  
Freaky prophet with unusual musical sound  
Bringin the ruckus, you motherfuckers be givin me pounds  
So many sound, give me the camcorder and a city with plans  
Me and my fam, hustle and tussle in makin this groove, me and my mans

How we gon' do this? (MAKE THEM MOVE)  
Keepin it live (WHERE MY NIGGAS IS AT?)  
Stackin my paper (PUT IT AWAT SAFE)  
Straight buckwild, let me see your hands  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)

Yo! Pin or a needle, make you wobble or weeble  
Niggas is feeble, back in the day I used to get money illegal  
Get some ass, cop a room down at the Regal  
Hit you wit so much drama make niggas always wait for the sequel  
Yo there ain't no equal on how we be reppin for the people  
Yo there really ain't no equal.....  
Ask Hillary, met her down on Flatbush and Tillory  
She killin me, got me crazy, wylin, actin straight grizzly  
We never made it too far together,  
I left her standin on Franklin and Willoughby

Another mystery to me  
While she still on the corner kissin at me, hissin at me  
Ignorin these bitches, they're angry, now they're riffin at me  
Vital and critical, literal lyrical, make niggas pitiful  
Go to the clinical, examine your physical  
Frightening and enlightening at the same time  
Get the goods and price them, and doin the heist again  
You thinkin we would be nice again  
We on a mission, we don't need none of your advice again  
Hold me down BABY, pitter patter, you chitter chatter too much  
I'ma splitter splatter your blidder bladder,  
make you spill out your guts

How we gon' do this? (MAKE THEM MOVE)  
Keepin it live (WHERE MY NIGGAS IS AT?)  
Stackin my paper (PUT IT AWAT SAFE)  
Straight buckwild, let me see your hands  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)  
What we gon' do? (DO IT TO DEATH)  
Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
Aiyo, how we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
Aiyo, Flipmode Squad, HELL YEAH!  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)  
How we gon' do? (WE GON' DO IT TO DEATH)