

Give Em What They Askin For

Busta Rhymes

They say we make the greatest HITS
So who am I, to dis-AGREE?
I hear the streets callin, y'all was lookin for ME
Everybody, was lookin for one thing
You lookin for something, well I got the something
Now every single person that was lookin for something
Well let me give 'em what they askin fo' - HEY!
Let me give 'em what they askin fo' - HEY, HEY!

Hey - what'chu tryin to know?
I got the sick Southside and it ain't no joke
Hot cookin, sittin pretty, shiny smokes
Up in the fine cuisine, sup a little wine with my folks
A bunch of filthy rich niggaz that be grindin the most
Bunch of ace of spade models makin champagne toasts
And I got, Armani suits, sick wrists on glow
A nigga back, hittin harder than a 2x4
See them diamonds, yeah I bet'cha never seen 'em befo'
Drippin off a nigga 'til the stones'll fall on the flo'
I'm throwin, money down the room to please myself
I'm into self-preservation so I freeze myself
See I'm so, dipped fresh I wanna squeeze myself
And do it so big sometimes I can't believe myself
No matter how hard a nigga greed my wealth
See you can front if you want, the game need my help
Now let's GO!

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Hey - how you ain't gon' choke
when you see five mills hangin off my throat?
We don't know about the drugs but you know mines coke
Couple Venezuelan bitches chillin on my boat
Now now now, a lot of niggaz ridin on my coat
But I don't worry cause you know the difference is mines dope
E'rytime the hood's eatin nigga they find hope
Ain't nuttin change same birdie hangin off my rope
Now listen - I got the 50 if you all want smoke
Just put your lips up to your fingers if you takin a toke
You see I gladly share the weed just never leave me the roach
When I get with bitches in the building they be catchin the ghost
I'm sayin, go 'head and roam girl and giggle around me
Break your shit, the shit it start to wiggle around me
So, swaggnificent the shit won't stop
Just got the crib fit with airplane lights on top
Now let's GO!

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Hey - how you all gon' sleep
when a nigga like the groove but beepin on my creep
So serious, when you walk up on my street
The Violator hood niggaz busy parkin my fleet
of vehicles from East Europe I can hardly repeat
the names of, shit is strange but it's hard to defeat
How we do it and we kill 'em 'til there ain't nuttin left
I finish niggaz e'rytime because we do it to death
Now let's GO!

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