

I'm Talking to You

Busta Rhymes

Yea
Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready?
Yea
Are you rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrready?
Ha ha ha ha ha
{ "Make some nooooooioise!" }
Put your hands together
{ "Make some nooooooioise!" }

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"
"C'mon!"

I want everybody in here to stand up on your feet
Turn my music up
{"Make some nooooooioise!"}
[B. Rhymes] Turn my mic up a little more too
{"Make some nooooooioise!"}
Yeah (yeah, yeah)
{"Make some nooooooioise!"}
I want everybody in here to stand up on your feet

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"
"C'mon!"

Aiyyo where's Spliff at?
It's about to be a problem now nigga

Once I capture the soul of the street it's so hard for me to let go
It's like I let the Tec go, hear the stadium echo
Now it's reachin the barrio, where the weakness is silent
Puttin the fear of God in them while I'm shiftin the climate
The gladiator presence, everything about me giant
This the (Year of the Dragon), with the heart of a lion
Got 'em throwin they flag up, how I come to provide it
Now we makin them riot, 'til we makin them tired
You could never deny it, how I came and conspired
Then bang them with the shit like Earth and Jupiter collided
Then I came and reminded 'em, of how the spark ignited 'em
and conquered continents the size of easy times five of them
And while I ride for them, you niggaz lied to them
I give pride to them, and get it right for them
I heat the street to wear you, and smell the earth burn
And captivate 'em with my first words
Everybody!

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"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"
{"Make some noooooooooise!"}
"C'mon!"
{"Make some noooooooooise!"}
{"Make some noooooooooise!"}
{"Make some noooooooooise!"}
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"HOLLA!!"

Back to apply the pressure
Body up on the stretcher, hot like a lot of pepper!
Most of you niggaz soft, cotton and polyester

Y'all know how I go off, legend like Robert Nesta
You know I'm out get you, take over large towns
And politic with Billys, couple cigar rounds
See how I make it pop, knockin 'em all down
Watchin 'em all drown, this how the LORD sound!
Your swag lost so now you really need to look around
And try to find it nigga, searchin the lost-found
While I welcome the hate, my mother prayin for me
Got too much money to count, my niggaz weigh it for me
Let me appraise you closely
They can't believe the way we bust it up like it's nothin, problem is we jus
t playin homie
And when we in the spot there won't be no delayin, only
to collect another trophy, now go 'head and say it for me!

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

"C'mon!"

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

{"Make some nooooooise!"}

"HOLLA!!"

"Shout, shout - I'm talking to you"

"C'mon!"