

Take It Off (Part 2)

Busta Rhymes

Yeah .. Come fuck wit us ..
Yeah, ya'll know what to do to this shit
Yeah, haha, streets
We bout to do it again
We bout to do it again
We bout to do it again niggas
I hope ya'll ready
Check it, check it, c'mon, WOO

Check out the technique
C'mon, spit flow and bag up the next freaks
Soldier wit a quicker ho that a live on the next street
Over playa then do this shit again next week
Gettin this paper, phat chicks up in the next Jeep
Probably listen closer if you let the check speak
I keep fire cause niggas respect heat
Look, I spit fire then come up the best beats
I said I pull the spot from here way down on South Beach major
Globalize, then blow down a South Beach ager
Check it, banana yellow G wagon for the whole saggin
Feel the fox mink draggin on the floor watch it
You really need to stop
Just copped the rob blueberry Lamborghini drop
C'mon, stay struntin with the mini bop
Niggas know when we step in the place, the whole city stop

Better tell 'em if they ain't know, put 'em on shorty
(We know how you be doin it baby) How we be doin it baby
(We know how you be takin it off) How we take it from 'em
(We know how you be killin 'em baby) How we killin 'em
(We know how you be ready to ball) c'mon, c'mon, you know we ready to do it
(We know how you be drivin 'em crazy) Make 'em crazy now, c'mon
(We know how you be breakin if off) You know we breakin it off, let's go
(So come and get it down for me baby) Put it down now
(And make it hot 'til they take it off)

This is a shake down (c'mon)
Weakin your whole shit 'til it break down (uh huh)
Speak to the whole clique 'til we take down dudes
Put the heat to 'em make them put the cake down dude (dude)
Scrape down food (food), niggas stay hungry 'til the shit is over
Spit and make the tape sound rude
Ha, niggas get screwed, see they ain't really worth not a thing
But only gettin on the stage to get booed
Kennedy loft hos mackin at the top of the Trump Towers
Rockin fly Versace, cherry cloth robes (robes)
Like ghostface the most ready just for the glow
Showcase the most, them niggas sure to blow
No waste a time, you know we sure to grow
I'm sayin no place a mine, is for them corny hos
C'mon, with all this paper and the shit we copin
We keepin it gully and know we always keep it poppin

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Ha, get that money
Come fuck wit us
Hands in the sky
Keep on livin
Do your own thing
All my people holla and let me hear ya reply
Say take it off (TAKE IT OFF)
Say take it off (YOU BETTER TAKE IT OFF)
Say take it off (TAKE IT OFF)
Say take it off (BETTER TAKE IT OFF)

C'mon, ha, we hold a rock boy
The way we on fire call a nigga hot boy
Hot, we raise the level to we blow the spot boy
And watch the water boil and spill over the pot boy
Listen, I hope you know you need to stop boy
Frontin and tryin be somethin you not boy
Listen again we keep on bangin and pissin 'em off
Spazzin on niggas until we silence or finish 'em off

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Yeah
Wait, wait, wait hold on
Come on let me put it right here, what you doin? What you doin?
Hold on, hold on, wait, wait, wait, got a rubber?
I don't need no rubber, you look clean, wait the fuck you ain't got no pimple
s or nothin
Na, na, you ain't runnin up in here without no jimmy
Ah, you fuckin actin like that
You better find one
Aight so, aight so, hold on, hold on, don't yo
Just stay, just like that, don't even, just stay
I'm not leavin
Aight cool, hold on, hold on
I knew I had a condom what the fuck man (crinkling noises)
Where the fuck is a condom when you need one?
(sounds of a horse galloping)
It is I, Trojan Man! (echo)
Oh shit, oh thank God it's you, you got a condom man?
No, I only have one trick cover left, and my hormones are risin
And I want your bitch to taste it (echo)
Trojan Man! (humming sound)

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And I don't give a fuck what you say
Cause I still believe you could catch AIDS from tongue kissing a bitch
So remember always strap your shit up (*echo*)

Trojan Man!