

Charlie Hust', Busta Bust', let's do it  
[Busta] Hehehehe, Flipmode, Sic-Wid-It  
You know what's best for you, you better get widdit

I heard him talkin, but then he walkin, now tell me why  
they never been incarcerated in a correctional facility  
for doin this kinda street chemistry (hell yea)  
I'm an original rapper, retrospected by plenty, hated by people  
Me, 40, we took it back as street soldier  
You got my back I got your shoulder  
Peas and toes, tryin to make it, it's all oh's  
Impossible is a hit never get caught diggin in my nose  
Ex d-boy used to be a big time neighborhood rock star  
although I never owned a gui-tar  
I-uh-I'm lyrically inclined with my start stutter scrilla  
type delivery, 40 and Busta Rhymes, was drinkin  
and smockin hickory, on the porch one time  
When I came up with this line: I was perkin  
off of some of that Carlos Rossi wine -- whatcha playa patnah got  
Flows, like a latina female orgasm  
Hoes, be yellin and screamin causin contractions at my  
shows, they take off they clothes and throw they pantyhose on stage  
Any appliable age from dookie braids to suki braids, deal widdit

Do it to me baby, do it to meeeee!  
(Do it to me baby, do it to me baby)  
Just do anything you want to do to meeeee!  
(We go do it, do it, do it)  
Do it to me baby, do it to meeeee!  
(Do it to me baby, do it to me baby)  
(We go do it, do it, do it)

Check it out yo  
Do it to me I'ma do it to you  
Rubber you glue, bounce off of me I stick it on you  
Weather whatever you could never ever measure my pleasure  
Dig in my treasure, be making your lungs cave in together  
Blow smoke out my face, pick up the pace  
Speed up the race, never let a hot joint go to waste  
My dogs'll bark when your marksman trespass  
You better use caution, your body parts might get auctioned  
No need for you to keep stalkin, HELL but what you talkin  
have you dusted like a zombie lookin straight Christopher Walken  
Shorty tried to call me and warn me and E-40  
about these other corny rappers that ain't got nuttin for me  
You know they all blew it, time to move it  
Blow the spot you knowin how we do it, capitalize  
Upgrade to gold now we platinum-eyes  
Keep my flavor holy sacred and pasteurized, WHAT!

We doin this to blow through it til you suffocate, losin your breath  
til you satisfied, you know we do it to death  
Ay you know we do it to keep you flippin, do it for whylin  
Doin it for me to get my hustle on, do it for profilin  
Do it for the love affair because I'm lovin it  
When we clubbin all you hear is the live DJ rubbin it  
Runnin it all into the ground, doin it for days

Do it for money, know I gotta keep my bills paid!

My reals be pokin and stickin out like nipples  
The felines, be lookin at us like we some popsicles  
Busta Rhyzzzimes, and Charlie Hustle, or should I say Fonzarelli  
Poppin they collars and workin they star jelly  
Up in the club, order the one, the party's just begun  
Love, batches outnumber the fellas ten to one push come to  
shove, forgot my gun, but it won't hurt fool  
My music come up out the woodwork, beatch!

[Chorus w/out Busta (3X to fade)]