

Starsky & Hutch

LL Cool J

Uh (Ha!)
Uh (Ha!)
Uh (Ha!)

Uh (Ha!)
Uh (Ha!)

Yes y'all throw your hands up real high
Let's see where the people in the world is at
Where you at shorty?
With LL, Busta Rhymes, Check it out

Two big ballers keep the juice blending
Fuck Black Ceaser, I didn't like the ending
Why?, cos we two jiggy niggas always making
Too many million dollar affiliations
Abbreviation, LL, period
I'm platinum every time, it's serious
Ayo, we serious when we experience millions
High, rolling to the max, extra big willying
Uh, huh, with a third of my deposit
I'll buy your whole crib plus the clothes in the closet
Take your current chickens then take your ex-chickens
Shake it down for papers
Hey, now she jump shaking

Gotta keep on making it high
Gotta keep on making it high (Yes, yes Mr Smith)
Gotta keep on making it high
Gotta keep on making it high

Why you ice-grilling, I'm far from a villain
Two hundred and twenty pounds, you're half shilling
Yo, ice-watery lyrics flow like water spilling
You know the rules of the giz-ame, milk and top billing
Ayo, I think your empty-ass cup needs some refilling
Let me bust my milk on your back, watch you start illing
You know she's willing, cos' honey's a Star Trekker
Clothes coming off like jewels in front of Mecca
Ayo, cock diesel baby girl, bigger than Chubby Checker
In the process of the jolt she might feel the Black'N'Decker
Reason being, I work my tool right
Handcraft the cake till it's baked just right

Gotta keep on making it high (Uh)
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Yeah, that's right)
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh)
Gotta keep on making it high (Uh) (Just spark my L)

Just lean left, lean right
Lean front, lean back
C'mon, you gotta ride it baby
(You gotta shake it, shake it all night baby)
Just lean left, lean right (right)
Lean front, lean back (lean back)
(C'mon shake it, just shake it)
(C'mon shake it, just break it)

You gotta ride it baby

Busta Bust, Mr Smith
Flipmode, Yo, lets sing a little something for the song

Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat
C'mon and chill with me, me, me
C'mon baby, you know I'm audi
Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat
Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me
Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways

Busta Bust
Mr Smith
We on the track, I always spark the lah
I always catch a contact
Aeiyo, stimulation make a nigga wig (wig) push back (push back)
Like he gotta touch

A bottom here for Mencap
He went from Dreadlocks
To Ceasers
Now he called
Cash
Brothers shaving bums is nasty
Kid so watch that

I be the B, you, S, T, A, R, H, Y, M, E, S full of finesse, lyrically comple
x
And I'm the double L, C dash O, dash O, L, period J my leers waiting on the
Runway, Bust
Yo, aeiyo, yo, I'm Mr You, God
Is it the bashment?
Aeiyo, yo, yo, yes we is a rude bwoy

Mizzy gizzy busy for bissi
Mizzy kizzi let the rhythm dizzi
Just a leeson for you sucker MC's
Cos y'all don't make no rhymes like these, period

Word is bond
Ah man
I had a good time working with you Mr Smith
Do you think they'll ever recover?
I have no idea, I'm seeniggas is in comas and concussions
It's ridiculous, word up, throw your hands in the air
Just have a good time and wave them around
Throw your hands in the air, word up
Mr Smith and Busta Rhymes get down

Ladies get up out your seat, seat, seat
C'mon and chill with me, me, me
C'mon baby, you know I'm audi
Fellas get up out you seat, seat, seat
Don't be ice-grilling me, me, me
Uh, you jealous niggas, change your ways son

Ah man
Splash a little bit of flossing on niggas
Ah man
In a happy and fun loving way
You know, splash!
Yeah, you know that

Like a little bit of ice waters and shit man
You niggas need to chill down
Put your shades on kid
Cool the fuck off
Put your shades on baby
Aight?
Shine, nigga put them shades on
Niggas leaning
Leaning like they deformed or something
Ha, fix your neck
You like like Shaq in that commercial