

# Backseat Freestyle

Busta Rhymes

Busta had a dream  
Reek Da Villian had a dream  
J-Doe had a dream  
Hold up, okay

All my life I want money and power  
I thought I'd get that moving the white powder  
Then I start spittin, anybody can get devoured  
I made that shit, better turn me up louder  
Damn I got bitches, damn I got bitches  
Damn I got bitches,  
But I can't be consistent  
They all wanna get me  
There's no time cause I'm busy  
You see me once then you miss me  
I'm on the streets on my grizzly  
I gotta scrape up these pitties, she at the door with them titties  
She pull out one, she pull out 2  
I guess I got my moment  
Yes, I'm trying hard to resist it  
So I gotta pray for forgiveness  
Cause Lord knows, Lord knows I got too many bitches  
I'm with a model, why you holla at a basic bitch?  
I got a bottle, see me pourin up that Ace and shit  
Ah nah nah, nigga don't get mad at me  
She see me pourin waterfalls and tried to chase the shit  
She ain't used to being round all this amazingness  
She see me 5 feet away and now she can't resist  
You know I had to drop a verse before my favorite shit

All my life I want money and power  
Respect my mind or die from lead showers  
I pray my dick get big as the Eiffel Tower  
So I can fuck the world for 72 hours

Damn I got bitches, damn I got bitches  
Damn I got bitches, wifey, girlfriend and mistress  
All my life I want money and power  
Respect my mind or die from lead showers

Our hand on the steering wheel, the game is like my taxi  
I'm the one that's driving all you rappers to the backseat  
Conglomerate running shit, welcome to the track meet  
I keep at least 100 racks just where all my stacks be  
Taxi cab fashion, got yo bitch up in the backseat  
Making noises like she have shit, while I stabbed it  
It's the money guys, yea we all about that mula  
Put that ruga to your tuta, now they screamin hallelujah  
Salute to the big homies that's banging on the west side  
9 shots, fill my homie C Murda and Aesop  
Yea that be that blood love, show my niggas thug love  
Even though the credit stores, money what we love blood

Let it run Ali  
Martin had a dream  
Martin had a dream  
Kendrick have a dream