

## Partition Remix

Busta Rhymes

Let me give you the 2014 talk  
My girl like Beyoncé, me too  
This what me and her be doing in the back of the Maybach when we're listening to Beyoncé  
Listen

Driver, roll up the partition, please  
Blind your rearview mirrors with the end of my sleeves  
The shit that's on my wrist, you probably wouldn't believe  
Every symbol of success levels you couldn't achieve  
Driver, roll up the partition, please  
I'm alarmed at how she's looking, and she's starting to breathe  
Move my arm and grab my john and now she's starting to squeeze  
She dropped it with me, fulfilling my need  
She swallowed my seeds, she's ready to go  
Partition is up, the curtains is closed  
Mommy nice with it like she play for the pros  
She gag from her throat, while she breathe through her nose  
She starting to choke, she curling her toes  
Look how she trying to take it all down, come out your clothes  
I waited for a second and I thought for a minute  
Ain't no loving good enough to give her while I'm up in it

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Stress never, the sex better, the sex wetter  
Check cheddarer, etcetera etceta  
Bet bet you could get severed and left deaded  
Slept slept and I crypt crept in the s-seven  
These niggas be puffing, they piff in the public  
They digging, they lusting, the feminine strutting she hitting that button  
I dip in the function  
I'm prissy, I'm pumping  
The tit & the rump  
And I'm flipping 'em, dumping 'em  
Tricking em trumping em  
But if these niggas wanna spend they cheese  
Tell em hit up little miss AZ  
Very heavy-headed, dick take heed  
I'm-a flip out if a bitch play me!

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