

## Touch It (Remix 3)

Busta Rhymes

"Touch it - bring it - babe - watch it -  
turn it - leave it - stop - format it"

Aiyyo Swizz (It ain't over) we sone created another epidemic for the streets  
nigga

Just when y'all thought it was safe to poke your head out again, let's go!!!

I know you thought we was finished, Flipmode bitch!!!

(G-Unit!!!) Yeah! Streetsweepers!!!

REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART THREE!!! REMIX PART THREE!!!

Aiyyo just imagine if they cut the lights off in the club

(Get low Banks!) Who you know that got a flow this sick

Pump shotty nobody can hold his click

Them hoes eyein they probably on my dick

The chocolate would look good in my all white whip (TURN IT UP!!)

AND YOU KNOW I STAY WITH THE SKITS SO DON'T EVEN TRY

KISS YO' ASS BYE BYE YOU BE ALONE IN THE SKY

AND THE FIRST HUMAN BEING NOW TO LEARN HOW TO FLY

AND I BE LOW IN THE BM ON MY WAY OUT NY

(Get low Banks!) I know it feels like I been gone for a minute

But I'm back chinchilla Ice on with a fitted

Everybody talk money everybody gonna run

with that bowl of bread smaller than the arm of a midget

(TURN IT UP!!) AND YOU KNOW I'M DOIN MY THING IT'S BLUE IN THE RING

IF YOU HAD IT LIKE THIS YOU PROBABLY DO IT THE SAME

BUT YOU WON'T CAUSE YOU BROKE ALL YOU DO IS COMPLAIN

AFTER THE CLUB, I'M A PUT A FEW IN THE RANGE AND LET 'EM

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(Get low Papoose!) Papoose, Pa-poose, had to get on this club banger

Smack you in your mouth make you swallow your pulp razor

Pop a couple bottles laugh about it with Bus later

Bare witness I'm the young savior (TURN IT UP!!)

I GOT STATEN ISLAND ON MY PINKY QUEENS ON MY THUMB DUDE

THE BRONX ON MY MIDDLE FINGER SCREAMIN FUCK YOU

ROCK ICE IN MANHATTAN SO THERE'S THE RING FINGER

YOU KNOW I HAD TO KEEP BROOKLYN ON THE TRIGGER FINGER

(Get low Pap!) Five boroughs of death, you don't understand

I got New York City in the palm of my hand

Now I could make a tight fist and let it crumble ridiculous

Or I could smack the world with a New York Nemesis (TURN IT UP!!)

I FLIP THE MAG AND GET THE CLAPPIN IF IT HAPPENS RIP HIS JACKET

SPLIT HIS BACK AND LIFT HIS HEAD I'M GETTIN AT HIM (Ha!!)

PICK UP A DIFFERENT MAG AND THEN ATTACK HIM WHEN I GRAB HIM SHIT IS BLASTIN

WITH A PASSION GET IT CRACKIN THE ASSASSIN, YOU LET 'EM

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(Get low Bus!) You see me you love me the streets declare me God of the hood

You niggaz is watchin and wishin you could

Be claimin the throne the way I got it lock it mu'fuckers

What's good you tryin to stop it I'm wishin you would (TURN IT UP!!)  
CAUSE THEM I'M GLAD TO HIT YOU WITH THE FACT THAT THE GOD IS IMMORTAL AS SPI  
T  
THE WAY I BE DOIN HISTORICAL SHIT  
INCASE YOU AND YOUR NIGGAS ACT LIKE YOU AINT KNOW WHEN I'M INFORMIN YOUR CLI  
CK  
I TAKE YOUR BITCH WHILE I'M PERFOMIN MY SHIT  
(Get low Bus!) As I was sayin niggaz know I ain't playin  
There's no more delayin I'm comin and slayin  
The street with the heat now turn up the beat until you go deaf  
I eat a nigga food until nothin left (TURN IT UP!!)  
NOW THE WAY I'M KILLIN AT THIS MASS LIKE I'M DOIN for T.V.  
RESPECT IT YOU BETTER GETTHE SALUTIN ME WHEN YOU SEE ME  
LLOYD BANKS, PAPOOSE AND BUSTA BUS YEAH I'M GREEDY  
I PAINT THE ILLEST PICTURE FOR THE HOOD LIKE I DO GRAFFITI

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