

# Touchdown

Busta Rhymes

Word around town, I'm the man  
Break that bitch down to the grams  
Sixteen O's in a pound  
Quarterback drop, touchdown, nigga

Touchdown, this the remix  
108, three bricks  
Gotta move sixteen cause the shit sells  
Still flip a couple water bottles, but the shit smell  
Turned up, but I don't like niggas  
He a mark, Air Nike, nigga  
Niggas trippin' and I'm bustin' on site, nigga  
Window down, arm out, hitch hike, nigga  
Not a stoner, but I do move statue  
Hoes in my cashew, they like, is that you?  
Glock poppin', I ain't fuckin' with the lames  
Sellin' Sherman and I got the best corner in the game, what's up?

Word around town, I'm the man, nigga  
Break that bitch down to the grams, nigga  
Sixteen O's in a pound nigga  
Quarterback drop, touchdown, nigga  
Touch, touch, touchdown, nigga  
Touch, touch, touchdown, nigga  
Touch, touch, touchdown, nigga  
Next day air, no ground, nigga

Got the niggas on the strip, you know they pitch raw  
You ain't knowin' who you with, even my bitch ball  
Niggas hate the way I handle when they bitch call  
Couple ounces for me, sit up in they bitch brah  
Major distribution, what we dealin' with is facts  
Step up in the building bitch, we turn up to the max  
Chop a hater down like we cut him with an axe  
Watch him pop 'em in they crown if niggas think they all of that  
Spend a little money, (jewelry sicker on 'em)  
Put your bottles up (spill your liquor on 'em)  
It's the conglomerate, shit shutdown  
Taking over everything, touchdown!

Word around town, I'm the man nigga  
Want it all, bring it down to the grams nigga  
Bout it, Coupe 500 grand nigga  
You ain't talkin' money, I don't understand nigga  
Uptown nigga, bust down nigga  
Face down nigga, James Brown nigga  
Ass up with your legs shake  
Talkin' work know I gotta for the fan base  
It ain't how you get it, it's what you do with it  
Flip 21, 42 with it  
Two hands up, towndown nigga  
Hundred grams, lift you with the ground nigga

Juicy J, no days off, full time hustlin'  
Shawty I'm the plug I ain't gotta touch nothin'

Send 'em your way, I just gotta press a button  
If the price ain't right, nigga I ain't budgin'  
Niggas stompin' industries, they rims touchin'  
You lookin' like food and we got the munchies  
Quarterback legendary, John Elway  
Rhyme with the bulldog 38, no shell case  
G-5 take off for the coast  
A nigga been have more peels than Quaker Oats  
Taylor Gang flyin' first class on a paper plane  
With a foreign chick broad, still can't pronounce her name  
Stuff a 100 grand in a Honda Civic  
When you get it from the ground then the sky is the limit  
Gettin' face in the car from another nigga broad  
Smokin' football fields, rollin' up a 100 yards  
Touchdown

Throw that shit like Peyton  
Throw that shit like Peyton  
Throw that shit like Peyton  
Hurry up, I got these other niggas waiting