

We Dem Boyz

Busta Rhymes

Yeah, O.T. Genasis
Yeah, J-Doe
Yeah, Bus-A-Bus
BOYZ!

Hol up, we dem boyz
Hol up, we dem boyz
Hol up, hol up, hol up, we makin' noise
Hol up, hol up, we dem boyz

Hol up, hol up, hol up
I'm gettin money
Hol up, hol up, hol up
She acting funny
Man, that because these bitches want me
Weed feel like I dipped it in honey (It's sticky)
Hand cuffin cause she model
Man, my hand cuffs is pair of diamonds
Hoping that she want to fucking swallow (Fuck me bitch)
I hit the club and click pictures, called the lotto
I got a deal they say I'm comfortable
Well, yeah, I'm treating verses like Lunchables
Drop top GT to feel the weather
Your broke ass GT, get it together

Hol up, Nah! ain't gon touch that style (Oh no)
About my business, [Yeah] you already know I don't fuck around
Unless I'm touching down with your bitch
Got her going up and down on that dick
She said what we doing tonight
Cause I don't know what you're doing but we better get to that shit quick
My new name Freshness, Aloe Vicious [Uh hun]
All about my business
I don't do fake, I don't do hate, and I damn sure don't do no dishes
All my niggas trip, [uh huh] all my niggas thorough
Half em rep their block, [yo] half em rep their borough
Look All these niggas know me, that Inglewood homie
Got respect from all the OGs', what the fuck you bout to show me? Hol up

It's the conglomerate bitch! Make some noise
Respect and honour it bitch, We dem boyz
Rookie your bitch chose me, she made a choice
She said hol up hol up, I hear his voice
When I pull up, Rolls Royce
While we spend all this money, you counting coins
My bitch be bathing in berries it smell like oils
Hol up, Hol up, Hol up, Hol up, We Dem Boys
Now if you fucking with me, fire up in the air, light your dutches with me
Stack some more M's bout a hundred fifty
Hol up, Hol up, Hol up, and if you fucking with me
Sing it!