

# What Up

Busta Rhymes

Yeah! Yeah, Busta Bust down, Flipmode now  
I know what y'all feel like doin  
Go 'head and crash your whip in the fuckin wall  
It's cool, niggaz.. we gets busy

Fo' sho', spit rogue, get mo' bout to kick in the door  
Dick sore, split whores 'til they shit on the floor  
Clique more sick from when you use to see us before  
Shit, kill a nigga quick, niggaz know my rapport  
Keep workers on the strip that be ready for war  
Brick I flip a little quicker if they shit in the store  
Rip, maybe 'til they drop, and they shit in they drawers  
Shit crazy when I pop, and I'm grippin the four  
Thick bitches in the spot, watch 'em strip for the sport  
Spit vicious for the block, yeah we swingin a torch  
Stick niggaz for they shit, thank 'em for they support  
Quick nigga, better quit snitchin down at the court  
Check track a little slick and try to go on my Forbes  
Cause we stackin like we rich, and we holdin the fort  
This time, we had to bring it, guess what we brought  
The hottest shit to bang from L.A. to the streets of New York

All my people, get drunk, get high - WHATTUP?  
Get money, get rich, get fly - WHATTUP?  
Get stupid, get busy, get live - WHATTUP?  
Jump all in your whip, turn the key and drive - WHATTUP?  
Make a mill' yeah we gon' make about five - WHATTUP?  
We speak the truth and we ain't talkin no jive - WHATTUP?  
I'm speakin to the streets and everybody's widdit - WHATTUP?  
Once again you know we only come to get it - WHATTUP?

AOWWWWWWW!! Ha, I stay wicked now I'm back on the strip  
Like I went on a vacation and I'm back from my trip  
Nuff radio rotation like I'm sailin a ship  
Or when the team circle the block, busy trailin my clique  
Truck packed fulla niggaz with the strap and the whip  
Get the gat out of the stash, put it back on my hip  
Gat butt you in the face, split and fatten your lip  
Blood hit the floor louder than the clap when it drip  
I credit your name with bullets, read the back of the script  
My victim's initials engraved on the back of the clip  
Chicks love the way we roll, how the movement is thick  
So official like my name's on the back of your bitch  
Pay triple for the name on the back of the stitch  
Name like the whole city now I'm changin the pitch  
Kick back kinda crazy when I'm holdin the fifth  
Think you nicer than the God, shit is only a myth  
Grab ahold of the masses, I was born with a gift  
Niggaz be runnin they trap, throw 'em over the cliff  
Thinkin and drinkin the Guinness, busy holdin the spliff  
Flippin and shittin on niggaz 'til we old and we stiff  
I don't even drive whips, throw the shit on the lift  
12 hours, one worker do the whole of the shift  
I do the thing to make you open your mouth  
And give you shit to bang the Midwest and the rest of the South

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