

One, two, three, four

I be's, I be's  
I be's the baddest in the business  
Givin' you more than Demi, keepin' Stevie Superstitious  
No shit, I'm vicious  
Hot like the kitchen, nigga  
Introduction, Steff B's my cousin

Lately I've been wondering what the hell is goin' on  
Off up in Vegas  
Cuz every time I turn around  
You're telling me that's where ya got to go  
Now I've got mad love for you  
But all of the sneaky things ya do  
I can't take it, oh, no  
You're going in and out of town  
Some funny shit is goin' down  
I can feel it, Oh

Tell me  
What the deal is  
What's your business  
See I gotta know what's going on, yeah

Tell me  
What the deal is  
What's your business

Oh baby won't you tell me  
A junction, junction, what's your function  
Is it your job or is it me  
Open my eyes so I can see  
You never call when you're away  
Tired of the lonely days, oh, oh

Biz, oh yeah

I be's the baddest in the business  
Givin' you more than Demi, keepin' Stevie Superstitious  
No shit, I'm vicious  
Hot like the kitchen, nigga  
I'm coming up like the raven  
Net's convention  
Darkish like the pension  
Richie, I'm rich and sportin' fear  
Rocks choking the wrists'es  
Romantic only when I'm counting G's  
Love my enemies  
Please, nigga's hit them knees  
Now who the fuck you seein'  
In Vegas every weekend  
Tellin' lies make me wanna kick your fuckin' teeth in  
Peepin' you on the internet  
House in Nevada, home in Chicago  
Who gotcha, Strings

Biz, oh yeah

Tell me why you're running in and out of town  
I think some funny shitin' is goin' down  
Tell me what the big shit is  
I gotta know what's goin' on