

# Thank You (feat. Q-Tip, Kanye West & Lil Wayne)

## Busta Rhymes

Welcome to the bank, where you deposit Young Money  
And and you get Cash Money  
I'm Tunechi, the boss, and live from the vault, is Busta Bus  
Yeah! Yeah! Yo!

Swagmania pop that goes most  
Carry the most, beautiful bitches with us happily toast  
Keep the faculty close, gross when we give 'em a dose  
Got 'em OD'n leanin in each coast  
Scenary froze, take notes rock most diamonds that fit us  
Chanel minks in the winter who fuckin with us?!

We comin to give 'em the shivers watery flows spillin like rivers  
Floodin the street hopin niggas is swimmers  
Movin gorillas, King Kongs, Godzillas when we roll up  
Seat fillin niggas get up when I show up  
Awww! Shit! Please don't throw up, hold your liquor grow up  
If you robbin niggas we 'gon show you how to blow up  
Thank you lucky stars it's the rap czar tuck your shit in  
My niggas bite like Rin Tin Tin the chagrin  
You never win model thin walkin crack in your shin  
She gives in every time that I spin  
Square up bow down to the kings of the hall

We wave on talk shit while we ball, so what's crackin with y'all?  
Native New Yorker the slick talker keep shit in order  
Call the reporter steppin like British walkers  
Legendary swagfluence see the influence, see how we do it  
Get 'em into steadily got 'em God I'm stupid  
So undisputed, act fool back tool 'til they pop off  
Police crowd up the street blockin 'em off lockin 'em off  
Got these niggas wildin while I signal my soldiers  
Bossin it up, maintainin composure stand on the sofa  
Thirty bottles twenty waitresses bring 'em over  
See how we light up shit nigga call the promoter  
And tell that nigga bring the bag better hurry up with it  
Then count the money up proper 'cause you can get it!

I wanna thank you (Yeah!) heavenly father (It feel good don't it?!)  
For shinin your light on me (It feel good don't it?! Uh!)  
I wanna thank you (Hey! I wanna let y'all know!) heavenly father  
(Hey! Hey! I wanna let y'all know!)

For shinin your light on me (This Yeezy! And you listenin to Q-Tip!)  
Settle up stiletto up saddle up and let's go

Good times only difference niggas makin it though  
 Chatter is up, peep the way we batter it up  
 On top of the mountain foldin the ladder up  
 You dead and done rip up your paper 'cause your status is none  
 Transfixed on the strengths of the page, whether chopper or gauge  
 Your just a single 'cause you wouldn't engage  
 Turnt up with the script on the cup, you keep the goggles with us  
 See how we push sometimes a man fi get kuff  
 Beat him in the head boop ba diddy baff, zippity boof  
 Beat him in the head again stop killin me wolf  
 WOP! Beat a nigga 'til he drop piggity poof  
 Ox see in mi pulse, he don't want no problems with niggas  
 Fuck it let's get the drinkin poison our livers  
 Damn it we sinners when me and Abstract together see we deliver  
 She got me touchin it fuckin on all my fingers  
 Damn it we winners, pillars of this rap shit homey they know  
 Kill e'rything 'til it's time for me to go  
 That's when I bomb it when I blow it and I black and get a little bit dummy  
 The microphone is bleedin you should take it from me!  
 Incredibly we do it and to resonate the music  
 Itune it YouTube it it could never ever be refuted  
 It's gnarly for niggas and naughty for ninas, bitches and ballerinas  
 Ballers and inbetweeners blatant non believers and overachievers  
 Kickin it in Pele Adidas drink gallons and liters  
 All of you must reconcile a leader  
 She beggin to eat us and her man's attitude defeated  
 But never a scandal because me and Bus we prone to handle we gentlemen  
 Not to mention we veterans, second we need some medicine  
 Before I black you should get off my premises  
 Better fly you pelican, idiot ass niggas  
 But then again you need a suit for your funeral measurements  
 See me doin it effortless it's never gettin no better than this  
 Givin your shit that you miss a better preference  
 Watch me turn 'em to skeletons, see how I come to bring out the betterness  
 Time is with it I rep the foreverness  
 Flyin United Emirates, size private plane that kind of etiquette  
 Purchasin diamonds handle them delicate  
 Now you need you a better ref  
 You could peep us regulatin see we all in this bitch like we ain't never left  
 I wanna thank you, heavenly father, for shinin your light on me  
 I wanna thank you, heavenly father, for shinin your light on me  
 I know, it couldn't have happened, without you  
 Ooohhhhhhhhhhh! Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!  
 Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!  
 Without youuuuuuuuu! Oooh Oooh Oooh!

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