

# Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Could See

## Busta Rhymes

Ahh yeah, Flipmode  
Here we come  
'Bout to bust and explode  
'Flipmode, Busta Bus  
Nine-seven  
Hot shit

Check it out Hit you with no delayin' so what you sayin' yo?  
Silly with my nine milli, what the deally yo?  
When I be on the mic yes I do my duty yo  
Wild up in the club like we wild in the studio  
You don't wanna violate nigga really and truly yo  
My main thug nigga named Julio he moody yo  
Type of nigga that'll slap you with the tool-io  
Bitch nigga scared to death, act fruity yo  
Fuck that, look at shorty, she a little cutie yo  
The way she shake it make me wanna get all in the booty yo  
Top miss, just hit the bangin' bitches in videos  
Whylin with my freak like we up in the freak shows  
Hit you with the shit, make you feel it all in your toes  
Hot shit got all you niggaz in wet clothes  
Stylin' my metaphors when I formulate my flows

If you don't know you fuckin' with lyrical player pros, like that Do you really wanna party with  
me?

Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be  
If you really wanna party with me  
Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be  
If you really wanna party with me  
In God we trust

Yo, it's a must that you heard of us yo we murderous  
A lot of niggaz is wonderin' and they furious  
How me and my niggaz do it, it's so mysterious  
Furious, all of my niggaz is serious  
Shook niggaz be walkin' around fearin' us  
Front nigga, like you don't wanna be hearin' us  
Gotta listen to hot radio, yo be playin' us Thirty time a day shit'll make you delirious  
Damaging everything all up in your areas  
Yo, it's funny how all the chickens be always servin' us  
All up in between they ass where they wanna carry us

Hitcha good then I hit em off with the alias  
Various, chickens they wanna marry us  
Yo, it's flipmode, my nigga, you know we 'bout to bust  
Seven figure money, the label preparin' us  
Bite the dust, instead of you, makin' a fuss  
Niggaz know better 'cause there ain't no comparin' us  
Mad at us, niggaz is never, we fabulous  
Hit my people off with the flow that be marvelous  
Ho-shit, my whole click victorious  
Takin' no prisoners, niggaz is straight up warriors  
While you feelin' that I know you be feelin' so glorious  
Then I blitz and reminisce on my nigga notorious  
Do you really wanna party with me?  
Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be  
If you really wanna party with me  
Let me see just what you got for me  
Put all your hands where my eyes can see  
Straight buckwhylin in the place to be  
If you really wanna party with me?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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