

## Wrestling

# "Busta Rhymes- "Fire It Up""

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Verse 1:

We grind ya'll  
Bounce back, open your mind ya'll  
Grind your whole ass till you twist your waistline  
Ya'll know the time  
Hey yo feel the base line  
Stack the overdrive  
Bounce, baby feel the incline  
So genuine, everytime, Busta redefine  
The wicked knew the dime  
Makin ya'll press rewind  
Hope you feelin fine  
Watch me combine and intertwine  
The bounce rock skates make you cross the foul line  
Shine a nickel nine  
On all kinds of little swine  
Stick the worst of porcupine  
If you tryin to take mine  
Yo, pick up my nigga Splif  
In the blue 5S's  
Sportin out tan, interior blue head restses  
Move, baby no time for second guesses  
Been articulate the right bounce as the flow finesses  
Yo we gettin papers spreadin love and happiness's  
Shit blazin so hot DJ's scratch the test presses  
Like make it mo hot baby \*chorus comes in\*

Chorus:

Turn it up, I wanna hear it real loud, just  
Turn it up, so we can party in the loft, baby  
Turn it up, we need to tear the roof off, so just  
Turn it up, I need to make it mo hot, baby  
(repeat first three lines, finish with 'Turn it up')

Verse 2:

Yo, word is bond  
Baby let's get it on  
I never say it wrong  
Yo baby girl take off your thong  
Let me put it in your spirit like the holy Kyron  
Got the mega song  
Sweet like honey chicken dijon  
Movin along  
Yo, honey body look real strong

Watch your ass swing  
Hangin like a medallion  
Exercise baby let me see you spread on the floor  
What you askin for?  
Relax, I'm bout to give you some more  
Where the liquor store?  
Hit you with some more metaphor  
The raw, hot to def shit you never seen it before  
Hit the deck, on your mark, get set, we bout to jet  
Spark it like ingelet, chickens breakin their neck  
Yo we play to win  
Such a shame, shit is a sin  
So hot baby body heat bubble your skin  
Everytime I flow speak  
I caress the whole beach  
Just like the body guard Les straight walkin the street  
We get down  
Chorus  
Verse Three:  
Yo, come on baby just feel my heat wave  
A lot of hot ones ready for niggas that act brave  
Chill son, you better off if you behave  
Flip money while broke niggas tryin to save  
Lay low, I say so, my pesos  
Import my cheese stack by the castros  
Make clothes  
Or stay fly a chase hoes  
Equatorians soft lips and straight nose  
Makin dough  
When we rippin the paid show  
Get the money and dip, we in the Range Rove  
Now we makin grands  
We name brand  
We make plans, change plans  
Then we expand across land  
Do it properly  
Yo, I said open sesame  
The recipe, be the hot shit, it's got to be  
Yo, landscape  
We arrange a whole shape  
Rock the fly tape  
Then I continue to skyscape  
Like blah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
So hot  
Chorus

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