

Asleep At The Wheel

"Fire Remix - Joe Budden"

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[Intro - Joe Budden - talking]

Let me just make this statement

Loud and clear - Jersey's here

Hey, Ja, Joey

Triangle Offense do it like ... (whoa)

("what" - repeated in background)

(*female voice: "yeah" - repeated*)

[Verse 1 - Fabolous]

Maybe it's the dipped Jesuses

The twin Jesuses with diamonds in them, that's clear
they break geeses

Maybe cause I'm in they roofless or the Hypno I put in
they juices

I'm the "Joe Millionaire" of rap and one of these chicks
is gonna get picked and gonna get dicked

I'm all that and then some, y'all cats have been bums

That's pocket change, you call that an income?

Tell the way I walk that I'm doin my thing (uh huh)

A lot a niggaz talk but ain't doin a thing (uh uh)

Whatever come in the fall, I do in the spring

See I told y'all I'm doin my thing

And I'm winnin by a landslide, damn right

Don't you see the way they point at this man's ride

Now, look at here, I took it there

I'ma make this statement loud and clear - Brooklyn's
here

[Chorus - Joe Budden] (*female voice - repeats "yeah"
in background of Chorus*)

That fire, problems in the club, reach for that snub

Look dog it's on fire, that's when you turn it up

You wanna burn it up, come deal with them riders

Small one on my hip, when you hear the clip

You got to see fire, when it all hits the wire

We gonna light it on fire

[Break - Joe Budden]

We gonna do it like

We gonna do it like

(We gonna light it on fire)

Triangle Offense daddy
Cain (we gonna light it on fire)
I know you got somethin more
(* "yeah" - repeated*)
Don't even hold back
Woo, we gonna do it like
Yeah get 'em
Uh, uh, uh

[Verse 2 - Paul Cain]

Here with the white and the Canary cross (yeah)
Bracelets to match, diamonds clear of floss
Convertible hard top in a Carrera Porsche (Cain)
I'm young but I'm damn near a boss
And of course your boy ride with a thing in the stash
box
Quick to hit the button, even quicker to blast shots
Nobody gonna eat, 'less we see chips
This not even funny, not the way we freak chicks
My waiters make ladies see sick
I'm "So So Def" like a J.D. remix
I got enough whips to keep switchin up flavors
Drafted outta high school, straight into the majors
These haters, fake smiles, but they hardly like me
They hate to see me in a party icy
Clean white T, sippin on Bacardi lightly
Suade low cut Force, one caramel nightly

[Chorus] (*female voice - "yeah" repeated through
Chorus and into Break*)

[Break - Joe Budden]

We gonna light it on fire
Yeah, whoa

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

I got a ear for your amp it up with Jersey's answer
The chancellor standin up for ten minutes man
It's tough plan, plan that's what the camma does
And Jam's son it's the new King, done with the cameras
You pop lip like you got shit
That's a minor congestion you not sick
Now you wanna call names like Tupac did
Home boy here's a few glock clips
Still Junior like Lou Gossett
Joey right back on
overcharge New York to cut the lights back on
Peform Bloomberg to come get me all
I send the gools that make the bad things happen in
city hall
All, K's spray cats, we don't play that

She allowed to sway why don't use say that (yeah)
Can't stop, won't stop, shots heard, one shot, gun shot
make your lungs stop, breathe easy

[Chorus]

[Break - Joe Budden] - w/ ad libs
We gonna light it on fire
We gonna light it on fire
(female voice - "yeah" - repeated)
We gonna light it on fire
We gonna light it on fire

("woop, woop, woop, woo" & "yeah" - repeated until
end)

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