

Busta Rhymes "Cake"

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Intro:

Busta Rhymes, 2000
We got the fire now
Come on!

Verse 1:

Hey, come on, hey
Whether it's from all of us
You best believe Busta rhymes more flavor than all the
rest
From all the mess, hardcoreness from all the stress
Gotsta get this flawless flow from off my chest
Whose impossible folding impossible flow
Ain't a thing in the world that ain't culpable so so
I make you anticipate great
Type shape real live niggas appreciate
To the utmost I pack toast, keep the gat closed
Run niggas to the island I pack most
After the gun burst quench my blood thirst
We will be leavin' you much worse so one hearse
Yo, now we embellish fuck the jealous
And they mark on niggas now what you gon' tell us
Skydiver, short circuit just like a live wire
And give it the niggas because we got the FIRE!

Chorus:

All my people in the place (lyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy)
Just put your hands up in the air
And while we blow the spot and keep it hot
You got that FIRE!
Jump, shake, bounce when we come to you turn you out
It's Flipmode Squad that keeps on right your rightest
place
We got that FIRE!

Verse 2:

Aiyyo
Rock until I'm gone

Till the party's over and he start turnin' the lights on
Type of shit, right inside your whole crew be on
Be the bullshit, so keep movin' on
No I ain't havin' it
Why you grabbin' it, my flow is immaculate
Passionate when it comes to the fire that you have to
get
Then I tackle it and kill like we Jackal and Jaffolit
Rob niggas and give it to the church so they can raffle
it
Now you can distinguish how
Afro-English flowin' broke in English
Witness how we stay hot and how we keep us goslin'
Women flawsin' blow the spot often
(WHAT) niggas say (WHAT) you need to calculate
Re-evaluate the shit off so we retaliate
Marinate, when I give the hustle and carry weight
And bust up niggas like you would have the Bleat
Estate
It's the niggas like y'all I hits for only when it counts
Black on the set and make motherfuckers bounce
Connected the raw types of shit
To make your bitch bug and make niggas pull out cake
Hey I think it's whack yo, I stack dough, and pack a rap
show
And then let all of my niggas in the back door
And let the spot short circuit just like a live wire
And give it the niggas because we got the FIRE!

Chorus

FIRE!

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