

Busta Rhymes

"Turn It Up (Remix)/Fire It Up"

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Uh, ah, ah, oh, ah, ah, ah
Check it out, Flipmode Squad, '98
Raw deluxe, check it out y'all

I be the street kid, the brother your momma freak wit
Put your people on if y'all know how to keep a secret
When I get money you know I like to keep it
How I get money others are tryin' to peep it

Flipmode, will be winners you wanna form a team wit
The big money figures, the ones to plot the scheme wit
The brothers who be used to gettin' money frequent
The ones I would always measure up my triple beams
wit

Until they start takin' my people to the precinct
That's all back in the day yo, that ain't nuttin' recent
'Cuz nowadays we see women we like to speak wit
Eat wit, lay 'em down and sleep wit

Type of women make a brother wanna keep it
Shorty be so exotic, she lookin' decent
Lotta corny niggaz be offerin' whack free shit
I can't hold the heat no more yo, I gotta release it

What y'all gonna do? Don't you know
We always comin' through, me and my crew?
Lemme hear you say, "Fire it up", say, "Fire it up"
(Fire it up, fire it up)

To all my dogs that stay bloody, well around in the 500,
all day
Lemme hear you say, "Fire it up", say, "Fire it up"
(Fire it up, fire it up)
C'mon

Now everytime that I meet a sucka who's fronted
It's aight, gettin' money and everybody want it
Smoke a big blunt, get myself all fucked up
Fall on the floor, gotta call my X-500

Iceburg 5, where you at? No need for alarm, right now

I'm cruisin' to the sound of my enhanced CD-ROM
Hurry up 5, yo, you know it's about to get thick
I see this cat away behind my back about to do a stick

Tell me where you at, I will be there in 10 seconds flat
You know I got your back, I'll be there just in time to
counteract
Sometimes I might even forget crew, my X-5
bulletproof
I turbo boost and blast right through in the ceiling and
in the roof

Comin' through, hittin' you and knockin' other suckas
tooth's
Full speed ahead like we runnin' a toll booth
Produce more flavor than Veryfine juice
Call a truce on me and my people and let loose

All my ladies in the place to be gettin' money
While they next to me, lemme see
Lemme hear you say, "Fire it up", say, "Fire it up"
(Fire it up, fire it up)

All my people just wave your hands
Gettin' money all across the land, one time
Lemme hear you say "Fire it up", say, "Fire it up"
(Fire it up, fire it up)
C'mon

Release the heat, we lettin' loose to the extreme
Me and the Iceburg X-5, bounce from the scene
Recline my seat, rock to the beat
Lyrical artist, microphone scarred up in the heat

Blowin' up the spot that we hittin', know what I mean?
Got you hopin' we keepin' you people up like caffeine
Fly guillotine, seeing everything on my little computer
screen
From here to Philippines

Keep it movin', we never run out of gasoline
Gas me, your arson but lookin' kerosene
Me and my 5 be runnin' the mission you never seen
Hot shit, makin' ya suckas forever fein

Anyone of you comin' you better come clean
Hit you with an overdose of more rhyme amphetamine
Got you eye bloodshot you need visine
People in wylin, I think you need to wreak the sirene

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