Joe Budden "Fire Feat. Busta Rhymes"

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[Intro: Joe Budden]
Let me just make this statement
Loud and clear - Jersey's here
Some dude's got problems wit me
Over there - I ain't scared
Some people see me creep
They mack all type - that's alright
You know I slurp my drink
I'm clipped inside - kids aight (Just Blaze!)

[Verse: Joe Budden] Yes y'all it's the one and only (what else?) And I came to have fun, here homie (what else?) And I came wit a ton of money (but!) Don't get it twisted the gun is on me (now) This chick's wit her man frontin on me I'll holla at her when she done wit homie Cause, Jump Off I got a ton of grown freaks One named Tasha, one named Monique One's diva'd out, keep her make-up tight She got her good heels on wit her Jacob ice And ma love to club, so she stay up nice And she give me brains just the way I like! One's real ghetto, don't give a reason She knows I'm not her man, she don't riff bout cheating Joey only go to her crib on weekends Real real late when the kids are sleeping 'Tis the season, no more BS music Watch and learn, see us do this Geeks here's new shit Playboy I keep exclusives to make dudes see less units (c'mon!)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
Can't stop won't stop
Rock it to the rhythm
Cause we - ah get down
Cause we - ah get down
Cause we - ah get down
Joe Budden, Busta Bus
Cause we - ah get down
And we seeing that

There's some hoes in this house There's some hoes in this house Light that 'dro in tha house Smoke that 'dro in tha house Bring that doe in this house Bring that doe in this house Where dem hoes in this house? Where dem hoes in this house? Where my niggas at?

[Verse: Busta Rhymes]
Guess who's coming?
It be the God of the flows
It be the God of the spitting
It be the God of the blows
You'll be black and blue up your shit
And probably swell up your nose
Lotta bitches love when I spit so let me dazzle you hoes
Let me prazzle your head, do and skidattle wit Joe
And get a stack of that money and get a stack of the
'dro

Better back it up money before they crack through the dome

I got a pack of them niggas that leave a crack in yo skull

HOLD UP!! ... see I ain't finished wit y'all Before I diminish let me handle my business wit y'all Watching you niggas, you shook! all you looking all nervous

Maybach infront the club, parked crooked on purpose Now ladies my Mercedes Maybach Probably hold six in the back and three if ya fat Probably hold more in the back if they sit on the lap I gotta go and move to the party to see where it's at

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Joe Budden]
Let me just make this statement
Loud and clear - Jersey's here
Some dude's got problems wit me
Over there - I ain't care
Some people see me creep
They mack all type - that's alright
You know I slurp my drink
I'm clipped inside - kids aight

[Verse: Joe Budden]
Yes yes y'all who ain't believe me?
Don't be fooled it ain't this easy
All y'all so 'n so's shamed, that cheesy

You wonder why people don't go and spend they change on a weekly (But) Who's fly in rap? I in fact By myself, no one behind the attack And fuck Sound Scan, I ain't BUYING that Cause y'all sell em to the stores then buy 'em back Now one hot storm, we'll fly and rap If the rest of you provide is wack I see creativity dying fast I'm glad producers charge so high for they tracks (tell em why though) Now they do it all, you just applying the rap Honestly now, it's not the economy's down Now rap dudes suck they own pee hole The wacker the music the bigger the ego Fans left suffering, gasping! And it's embarassing! Jump Off I'm the aspirin I'm still hungry, I'm still fasting Y'all fade out, I'm just getting it cracking

[Chorus]

[Outro] Whoo! [repeat to fade]

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