

## Chris Rock

### "Fire"

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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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