

Wrestling Lyrics

"Busta Rhymes- 'Fire It Up'"

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Verse 1:

We grind ya'll
Bounce back, open your mind ya'll
Grind your whole ass till you twist your waistline
Ya'll know the time
Hey yo feel the base line
Stack the overdrive
Bounce, baby feel the incline
So geniune, everytime, Busta redefine
The wicked knew the dime
Makin ya'll press rewind
Hope you feelin fine
Watch me combine and intertwine
The bounce rock skates make you cross the foul line
Shine a nickel nine
On all kinds of little swine
Stick the worst of porcupine
If you tryin to take mine
Yo, pick up my nigga Splif
In the blue 5S's
Sportin out tan, interior blue head rests
Move, baby no time for second guesses
Been articulate the right bounce as the flow finesses
Yo we gettin papers spreadin love and happiness's
Shit blazin so hot DJ's scratch the test presses
Like make it mo hot baby *chorus comes in*

Chorus:

Turn it up, I wanna hear it real loud, just
Turn it up, so we can party in the loft, baby
Turn it up, we need to tear the roof off, so just
Turn it up, I need to make it mo hot, baby
(repeat first three lines, finish with 'Turn it up')

Verse 2:

Yo, word is bond
Baby let's get it on
I never say it wrong
Yo baby girl take off your thong
Let me put it in your spirit like the holy Kyron
Got the mega song
Sweet like honey chicken dijon
Movin along

Yo, honey body look real strong
Watch your ass swing
Hangin like a medallion
Exercise baby let me see you spread on the floor
What you askin for?
Relax, I'm bout to give you some more
Where the liquor store?
Hit you with some more metaphor
The raw, hot to def shit you never seen it before
Hit the deck, on your mark, get set, we bout to jet
Spark it like ingelet, chickens breakin their neck
Yo we play to win
Such a shame, shit is a sin
So hot baby body heat bubble your skin
Everytime I flow speak
I caress the whole beach
Just like the body guard Les straight walkin the street
We get down
Chorus
Verse Three:
Yo, come on baby just feel my heat wave
A lot of hot ones ready for niggas that act brave
Chill son, you better off if you behave
Flip money while broke niggas tryin to save
Lay low, I say so, my pesos
Import my cheese stack by the castros
Make clothes
Or stay fly a chase hoes
Equatorians soft lips and straight nose
Makin dough
When we rippin the paid show
Get the money and dip, we in the Range Rove
Now we makin grands
We name brand
We make plans, change plans
Then we expand across land
Do it properly
Yo, I said open sesame
The recipe, be the hot shit, it's got to be
Yo, landscape
We arrange a whole shape
Rock the fly tape
Then I continue to skyscrape
Like blah!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
So hot
Chorus

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