

Lauryn Hill F/ D'Angelo

"Light Your Ass on Fire"

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Clones..

[Intro: Pharrell Williams]

Whachu say your name was?
Well um, lookin real sexy right now
You and your girls, are lookin good
Look why don't y'all take off y'all jackets
What's your name baby? word? okay
Tell your friend right there this, this my man Busta

[Verse: Busta Rhymes]

Hah, I know you starving for this shit
Baby I'm feeling your hunger
I'm so clean call a nigga Felix Ungar
So what if I said it baby I'm still gon' tell ya
I hope your ass bigger than Willona and Thelma
Listen, it's Busta Rhymes bitch I ain't never fail ya
Your ass all over like paraphernalia, hmm
See the police gon jail ya
For walking around wit the kind of ass that'll kill ya now
Don't worry bout it I got money to bill ya
Shorty stacking like a mule, type of shit that'll scare ya
Headboard bang, bump the side of ya head
Watch how ya ass spread spill all off the side of the
bed now, hmm
Now whachu do to the dread? baby your ass really
changed
What he initially said because a nigga dead
But fuck em! cause now we vibing and talking and shit
I love to hear your ass go (ga ga goon) when you
walking and shit

[Chorus: Pharrell Williams]

Move girl like your ass on fire - like your ass on fire
Move girl like your ass on fire - like your ass on fire
Move girl I'll light your ass on fire - I'll light your ass on
fire
Move girl I'll light your ass on fire - Bitch I'll light that
ass on fire
Move girl I'll light your ass on fire

[Verse: Busta Rhymes]

Bust it, baby I know you probably really
Need a table cloth to cover your ass
Digging in your pocket while you rubbing yo ass
Shit so big just put the club in yo ass
Prep the H2 park it right in front of yo ass
I see your little gap between your cunt and yo ass
And make you jump inside the whip and smoke a blunt
wit yo ass
I'm saying hmm, the shit'll spread like a rash
The way they ass wiggles see I got the shit on a smash
now listen
I light the L smell a wiff of the hash
And bag all the bitches, now watch you see me zip in a
flash
I'm saying hmm, now I'm a put you on blast
Just like a tint window when you put your shit on the
glass
Bust right through the window then it sit on the dash
And have a nigga driving wreckless till you making him
crash
(Hah, c'mon) we making money and shit
Now pop your muffin while we be watching you shaking
your shit

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Welcome to hot in Hazyville
It make you wanna dance till you break your heels
I know you love the way the God make your feel
Now watch me get deeper than a Navy Seal (Navy
Seal?)
It got a crazy feel, shit feel like you in a danger field
Hypnotize, stuck it in her, daze for real
That's exactly why we call this one Hazyville (Hazyville)

[Verse: Busta Rhymes]

Baby, just shake ya ass till you spread on the floor
I noticed that your ass too big for your draws
You need a - a chiropractor just to marry yo ass
To tell the truth you need a tractor just to carry yo ass
Fo reala, you motherfuckers probably think that I'm
playing
All bitches love to talk and all that other shit I be saying
And going hmm, see how you putting it down
I love the way you shake it throw it around!

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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