

Joe Budden, Fire (Yes Yes Y'all Remix)

[Intro: Joe Budden] (Redman)

Let me just make this statement (uh!)

Loud and clear - Jersey's here (yeah!)

Some dude's got problems wit me

Over there - I ain't care

Some people see me creep (Jersey!)

They mack all type - that's alright

You know I slurp my drink (Brick City!)

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]

[JB:] Uhh

[RM:] Watch me get it cracking!

[JB:] Uhh

[RM:] Bitch I get it cracking!

[JB:] Uhh

[RM:] Fuck y'all I'm a get it cracking!

[JB:] Uhh

[RM:] Jersey gon' get it cracking!

[Girl:] Just slide, get down (Yeah!)

Everybody to the flow just slide (Chill Town)

Get down (Brick City!) everybody to the flow

[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 embarrassing! 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]

[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 prazdle 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 niggaz 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 niggaz, 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]

[Outro: 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 niggaz at?