Fire

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!)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!)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?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 atCan't stop won't stop
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I'm clipped inside, kids aightYes 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 crackingCan't stop won't stop
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Who!
Who!
Who!

Songwriters
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