

Turn It Up (Remix)/Fire It Up (Dirty)

Busta Rhymes

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 Turn it up, I want to 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 Turn it up, I want to 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 Yo, word is bond
Baby let's get it on
I never steer you wrong
Baby girl take off your thong
Let me put it in your spirit like the Holy Quran
Got the mega song
Sweet like honey chicken dijon
Moving along
Yo, honey body look real strong

Watch your ass swing
Hanging like a medallion
Exercise baby let me see you spread on the floor
What you asking 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 breaking their neck
Yo we play to win
Such a shame, shit is a sin
So hot baby body heat bubble your skin
Every time my flows speak
I caress the whole beat
Just like the body guard Les straight walking the street
We get downTurn it up, I want to hear it real loud, just
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Turn it up, we need to tear the roof off, so just
Turn it up, I need to make it real hot, babyTurn it up, I want to 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 upYo, come on baby just feel my heat wave
A lot of hot ones ready for niggas who act brave
Chill son, you better off if you behave
Flip money while broke niggas trying to save
Lay low, I say so, my pesos
Import my cheese stack by the castros
Make clothes
Or stay fly and chase hoes
Ecuadorians soft lips and straight nose
Making dough
When we ripping the paid show
Get the money and dip, whippin' the Range Rove
Now we making 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 skyscape

Like blah!
So hotTurn it up, I want to hear it real loud, just
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Turn it up, we need to tear the roof off, so just
Turn it up, I need to make it mo hot, babyTurn it up, I want to 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 upI want to make it so hot baby
I want to make it real loud just
I want to feel it so hot just

Songwriters

AL L. GREEN, MABON HODGES, TREVOR SMITHPublished by

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