

Fire

Busta Rhymes

Busta Rhymes, 2000

We got the fire now

Come on Hey, come on, hey whether it's from all of us
You best believe Busta rhymes more flavor than all the rest

From all the mess, hardcoreness from all the stress

Gotta get this flawless flow from off my chest

Whose impossible folding impossible flow

I ain't a thing in the world that ain't culpable so so

I make you anticipate great, type shape real live niggas appreciate

To the utmost I pack toast, keep the gat closed Run niggas to the island I pack most

After the gun burst quench my blood thirst

We will be leavin' you much worse so one hearse

Yo, now we embellish fuck the jealous

And they mark on niggas now what you gon' tell us

Skydiver, short circuit just like a live wire

And give it the niggas because we got the fire All my people in the place, just put your hands up in the air

And while we blow the spot and keep it hot, you got that fire

Jump, shake, bounce when we come to you turn you out

It's Flipmode Squad that keeps on right your rightest place

We got that fire Rock until I'm gone 'till the party's over

And he start turnin' the lights on

Type of shit, right inside your whole crew be on

Be the bullshit, so keep movin' on, no, I ain't havin' it

Why you grabbin' it, my flow is immaculate

Passionate when it comes to the fire that you have to get

Then I tackle it and kill like we Jackal and Jaffolit

Rob niggas and give it to the church so they can raffle it Now you can distinguish how Afro-English flowin'

broke in English

Witness how we stay hot and how we keep us goslin'

Women flawsin' blow the spot often

What, niggas say, what you need to calculate

Re-evaluate the shit off so we retaliate, marinate

When I give the hustle and carry weight

And bust up niggas like you would have the Bleat Estate

It's the niggas like y'all I hits for only when it counts Black on the set and make motherfuckers bounce

Connected the raw types of shit

To make your bitch bug and make niggas pull out cake

Hey I think it's whack yo, I stack dough and pack a rap show

And then let all of my niggas in the back door

And let the spot short circuit just like a live wire
And give it the niggas because we got the fireAll my people in the place, just put your hands up in the air
And while we blow the spot and keep it hot, you got that fire
Jump, shake, bounce when we come to you turn you out
It's Flipmode Squad that keeps on right your rightest place
We got that fire, fire

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