

# Fire

## Joe Budden

Let me just make this statement loud and clear, Jersey's here  
Some dude's got problems with me over there, I ain't care  
Some people see me creep, they mack all type, that's alright  
You know I slurp my drink, I'm clipped inside, kids aight  
Yes, y'all it's the one and only, what else?  
And I came to have fun, here homey, what else?  
And I came with a ton of money but  
Don't get it twisted, the gun is on me now  
This chick's with her man frontin' on me  
I'll holla at her when she done with homey  
'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 with 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 cheatin'  
Joey only go to her crib on weekends  
Real real late when the kids are sleepin'  
'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 that house, smoke that 'dro in that 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 with 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 with y'all before I diminish, let me handle  
My business with y'all, watching you niggas  
You shook, all you looking all nervous  
Maybach in front the club, parked crooked on purpose, now ladies  
My 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  
Can't stop, won't stop, rock it to the rhythm  
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You know I slurp my drink I'm clipped inside, kids aight  
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  
Who's flyin' 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 what you provide is wack  
I see creativity dying fast  
I'm glad producers charge so high for they tracks  
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  
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 Rhymes  
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