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 infront 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
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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
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