

# Fire (yes, Yes Y'all)

## Joe Budden

[Intro: 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 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 (Just Blaze!)

[Verse: Joe Budden]

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!)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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?

[Verse: Busta Rhymes]  
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 at

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Joe Budden]  
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[Verse: Joe Budden]

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

(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 cracking

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Whoo! [repeat to fade]

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