

Live It Up

Busta Rhymes

Yea
Pick up the pace now
C'mon
Yea This feel like that tight shit
That make you just go get the keys to your whip
And just bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce
N'ah I mean
Go stop at the little spot
Get you a little bag of the lye
And just bounce, bounce Yo, now watch a nigga tongue kiss the track like it was fried chicken
Spicy seasonin' was finger lickin'
Everythin' looks grand and I feel so good today
Jewels jinglin' below my belly
You know we steady talk shit to them bitches when we be on the celly
Four wheelin' with a fifth of henny
See now we whippin' and we dippin' through traffic
Like we don't give a fuck
Niggas follow how we bounce in the truck
Then we wylin' and we thuggin' a little
Yo we ain't wylin' much
A little mellow from the spark of the Dutch
Down shift, throw it in the fifth gear with my foot on the clutch
Speed ballin', like we all in a rush
While we switch a couple of lanes
Flick my little hazard light on
Better pull over and get on the lawn
Yo, move the barricade, and let my niggas park on the block
Make a grand entry up in the spot
You know we only here to take all of the food out the pot
It's only right cause niggas know we be takin' they slack Now let's get high
(Get high)
And let's get drunk
(Get drunk)
You feel that bounce
(That bounce)
Then turn it up
(Turn it up now)
You light your L

And blaze it up
(Hu)
(Blaze it up now)
Get in the game
And change it up
(Change it up now)
Come in the spot
And flame it up
(Flame it up now)
Let's get this dough
(Ha)
And live it up
(Live it up)
Let's get this dough
(Yea)
And live it up
(Live it up)
Let's get this dough
(Yea)
And live it up
(Live it up now)Yea, so amazin', we blazin' and changin' the bounds
Grazin' y'all niggas, with somethin' aimin' to takin' you out
We never resort to any measure to keep you with me
Wylin' with a sinky, rinky, dinky ring on pinky
Follow the simple flow that'll cripple y'all niggas
Drop the shit that'll shake and just ripple y'all niggas
What, your boom scheme, get with the new thing
Hit you and get y'all niggas, all into the new swing
Ah, tally it up, rally it up
From the streets to the alley, from the eastern Cali and up
I'm talkin' dope, all of my niggas, all of my bitches
Give you somethin' that'll split you up
And leave you with stitches
Lookin' pathetic, I hit y'all niggas with the kinetic
Make you respect it, and beat you in the head till you get it
Take off my jacket, hope you can match it
When the DJ go scratch up the bounce
I hope you could catch it
So whatNow let's get high
(Get high)
And let's get drunk
(Get drunk now)
You feel that bounce
(That bounce)
Then turn it up

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And live it up
(Live it up now)
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Let's get this dough
(Yea)
And live it up
(Live it up now)
Let's get this dough
(Ha, yea)
And live it up
(Live it up now)
Let's get this dough
(Yea, ha)
And live it up
(Live it up now)
Let's get this dough
And live it up
(Yea, live it up now)
Let's get this dough
And live it up
(Yea, live it up now)
Let's get this dough
And live it up
(Yea, live it up now)
Let's get this dough
And live it up
(Yea, live it up now) Yea, you know when you got shorty in the passenger side of the whip
You bouncin' from the club, step on the gas
And just bounce, bounce, bounce, yea
Then shorty come with you to the nearest short stay
Get up on top of that and just
Bounce, bounce, bounce
That's what I'm talkin' about niggas, yea
If you pushin' down the belt parkway
The Grand Central, The Long Island Expressway
The Cross Island Expressway
Southern State, Northern State, Parkway
You know ninety five south, Brooklyn Expressway, you know
However way y'all travelin'
You just bounce, bounce, bounce
You n'ah I mean
Blunts burnin' and all
keep the windows up though
the smoke stay in the motherfuckin' ride, yea
All my bitches in the passenger seat
Now just bounce, bounce, bounce, yea