

Busta Rhymes, Fire It Up

Uh, ah, uh ah

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Ah ah ah ah

Check it out

Flimpmoo Squad '98

Raw Deluxe, check it out y'all

I be the street hit

The brotha yo momma freak wit

Put yo people on if y'all know how to keep a secret

When I get money ya know I like to keep it

How I get money ya know others are tryin to peep it

Flimpmoo, be the winners ya wanna form a team with

The big money figures to plot da scheme with

The brothas who be used to gettin money frequent

The ones who I'd always measure up my triple beams with

Until they start takin my people to the precinct

But dats all back in da day yo, that ain't nuttin recent

Cuz now we see women we like to speak with

Eat with, lay 'em down and sleep with

Type of woman who make a brotha wanna keep it

Shorty be so exotic she lookin decent

Lotta corny niggaz who be offerin whack free shit

I can't hold the heat no more, yo I gotta release it

CHORUS 1:

What y'all gonna do? Don't we always comin through, me and my crew

Lemme hear ya say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!) Say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!)

To all my dogs dat stay bloody, well around in the 500, all day

Lemme hear ya say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!) Say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!)

Now everytime I meet a sucka dats frontin, it's aight

Gettin money and everybody want it

Smoke a big blunt, get all fucked up

Fall on da floor, gotta call my X-500

Iceburg 5 where you at??

"No need for alarm, right now I'm cruisin' to the sound of my enhanced cd-rom."

Hurry up 5, things are about to get thick

I see dis cat away behind my back about to do a stick

"Tell me where you at, I will be there in 10 seconds flat, I got your back,

I'll be there just in time to counteract."

Sometimes I might even forget my crew, my X-5 bulletproof, I turbo boost,

and blast through da ceiling in da roof

Comin through, hittin you, and knockin out other sucka's tooths

Full speed ahead, like we runnin a toll booth

Produce more flavour than Veryfine juice

Call a truce on me and my people and let loose

CHORUS 2:

All my ladies in da place to be, gettin money while they next to me, lemme see

Lemme hear ya say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!) Say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!)

All my people just wave yo hands, gettin money all across da land, one time

Lemme hear ya say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!) Say "FIRE IT UP"! (FIRE IT UP!)

C'mon

Release the heat, we lettin loose to the extreme

Me my Iceburg X-5 bounce from da scene

Recline my seat, rock to da beat

Lyrical artist, microphone scarred up in da heat

Blow up da spot we be hittin, know what I mean?

Got you hoppin yo people up like caffeine

Flyin guillotine, seein everything on my little computer screen

From here to Phillipines

Keep it movin, we never run out of gasoline

Gas me, your arson, but lookin kerosene

Me and my five be runnin the mission you never seen

Hot shit, makin ya fuckas forever fein

Anyone of you comin, you better come clean

Hit you with a dose of rhyme amphetamine

Got your eyes all bloodshot, ya need visine
People in Wylin, I think you need to wreak da sirene
CHORUS 1 & 2