

Busta Rhymes, Turn It Up Fire It Up

It's Busta Rhyme, they do much more
So yo you one more time, knucklehead flow that
You act real dumb, yo, I'm pert near fool
Lights out when, let it riplike my neck
With search warrant, I make sure everything we make is raw
I make sure everything we make is raw...

Yah, yah, yah...

1-When I step up in the place, ay you I step correct

Woo hah woo hah

Got you all in check, I got that head nod

That make you break ya neck

Woo hah, woo hah, got you all in check

And you know we come through, to reck the disco tech

Woo hah, woo, I got you all in check

Throw your hands up in the air, and never disrespect

Woo hah, woo hah, I got you all in check

Busta Rhymes up in the place, true indeed

Yes, I catch wreck and that's word on my seed

I'm guaranteed to give you what you need

One blood everybody like junior reed

Make up every morning, I must succeed

Nationwide ruckus make the world stampede

Yo, Willie make we roll some--

Made charge...now I must proceed

Yo, we bout to make moves set speed

Peace to baby phife cue-tip ali-shaheed

Watch me knock you out like apollo creed

Body blows bustin' you... makin' you bleed

Just feed off the dynamic flows and take heed

Need more information, homeboy then just read

Ayyy, you can read all about the pure breed

Do the bogle dance man, do the pepperseed

(repeat 1)

How dare you ever try, to step on my suede shoes

Top Gun...down your firm like Tom Cruise

Please, let me get down and blow a fuse

Actin' fools, brakin'...down to molecules

Yo, let me hit you with my ill street blues

Busta Rhyme always headlines the street news

Woo hah, woo hah

Ah, baby girl, don't be confused

Sail my Seven Seas and enjoy my boat cruise

I know you really want to know who's

Comin' through leavin...stains and residues

Sorry homeboy, but your flow sounds used

Got to pay your dues, baby, you know the rules

Whenever I travel the world I landcruise

If you choose to...around, you get bruised

Now, I got you gas on super unleaded fuels

Give me room gimme some space yo excuse

(rpt 1)

You're now rockin' with the best

Busta Rhyme coming through from the flip mode squad

Boyscouts who I be straight to your dome

We comin' straight to your dome

Bringin' all the ruckus, to all you rad mother...

Boyscouts who I be flipmode is da squad

Busta Rhyme break it down like this

Yo, which mother...stole my flow, eenie meenie minie moe

Throw them type a...right out my window

Blast they...hit them from a direct blow

Bo, comin' through like G.I. Joe

Star wars movin' like Han Solo

Make you bounce around like this was calypso

Always shine 'cause I got the hi-pro glow
You think that you can hide, you think you can lay low
Roll up on you...like Hawaii 5-0
Make out with my dreads in my kangol
Forget the moe... just pass the cisco
Yo, take a trip down to Mexico
Come back with that...that might make you psycho
Maximum frequency through your stereo
Sorry, this is it, but homeboy I gotta go
(rpt 1)
Yeah, hey, hey, yo hey...