

Live It Up

Busta Rhymes

Yeah
Pick up the pace now
C'mon
Yeah
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 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 seasoning was finger licking
Everything looks grand and I feel so good today
Jewels jingling 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 whylin and we thugging 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 balling, 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 taking they slack

Now let's get high, and let's get drunk
You feel that bounce, then turn it up
You light your L, and blaze it up
Get in the game, and change it up
Come in the spot, and flame it up
Let's get this dough, and live it up
Let's get this dough, and live it up
Let's get this dough, and live it up

Yeah, so amazing, we blazing and changing the bounds
Grazing y'all niggas, with something aiming to taking 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 talking dope, all of my niggas, all of my bitches
Give you something that'll split you up

And leave you with stitches
Looking 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 what

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Yeah, live it up now, yeah
You know when you got shorty in the passenger side of the whip
You bouncing from the club, step on the gas
And just bounce bounce bounce, yeah
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 talking about niggas, yeah
If you pushing down the Belt Parkway
The Grand Central, the Long Island Expressway
The Cross Island Expressway
Southern state, Northern state, Parkway
You know 95 South, Brooklyn Expressway, you know
However way y'all traveling
You just bounce bounce bounce
You N'ah mean
Blunts burning and all
Just keep the windows up though
Let the smoke stay in the mutherfucking ride, yeah
All my bitches in the passenger seat
Now just bounce bounce bounce, yeah