

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

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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