

Playing with Fire

Stereo MCs

You're playin' with fire
You're playin' with fire
You could be one in a million
Could be walking down the street, just like any civilian
You could be amphibian
But it still don't mean that you ain't gonna fall victim to the April showers
And the tombstone and the bouquet of old flowers
Powers above who be guiding
A madman at the wheel is the way we be riding down the line
Standing upon corner, selling two at the time
You really wanna shock it
That's when you make the exchange in you pocket
Lord, that's the way it goes
That's the way it is
That's the way it happens
Mister or miss
It's a dog eat dog world
That's the truth
Especially to the youth
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
(You're playing with fire) You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You'll end up on the funeral pyre and now you've lost your soul
And to all the youngsters, you're a mystery role
Ya think ya running the show but you're just being used like a dirty old hole
A model of travesty, ya falling thru gravity
Ya try to get a grip but you slip on your sanity
There's nothing you can do when you realise it's a picture of you
Is it something to reach to?
Being all boxed up
Didn't nobody teach you?
They're gonna sell ya
Feed you up and swell ya
Like a fool in the frying pan
I ain't a fortune teller

I'm just a realist, a catalyst
And if you get the gist, come closer, get it real crisp
It's a dog eat dog world
That's the truth
Especially to the youth,(Ya playing with fire)
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
(You're cracked) You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
(You're playing with fire) You're playing with fire
You'll end up on the funeral pyreAnd now we're living in a cage
And if you ain't got it made, it's a struggle not to fade
It's all part of the game but nobody comes clean or wanna name any names
The blame the neighbourhood for something so sad
Originated from a diplomatic bag
I see a face in an orange haze
It's just a phase, a binge but I'd call it a craze
Behaviour patterns going sixes and sevens, see?
Heaven don't exist but hell's come to get thee
Mars bars, soda's, chips all you touch
And that's why you ain't looking up too much
So come out of your nosedive
Stop the music or you'll be dead as you arrive
So come out of the nosedive
Kill the sound or you'll be dead as you arrive(Ya playin' with fire) You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
(You're playing with fire) You're playing with fire
You're playing with fire
(You're cracked) You're playing with fire
You'll end up on the funeral pyreEvery second, every minute, every hourYou're playing with fire
You're playing with fire

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