

Fire

Mac Dre

[Mac Dre Talking]Where am I?

I smell fire.

Who got that fire? Fire.

I don't smoke that brown. Al Capone.

I don't like that shit.

I don't like that shit.

I need fire, who got fire?

Real pimp.

Yo nigga.

It's yo nigga.

Roll something up.

Smokin'.

Roll something up.

Lets get to flowin'.

(Go herd).

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]I'm at the licker store gettin' more blunts for the skunk.

Hit the block in the chev I got thump in the trunk.

Feeling good off the wood in the hood and I'm fizz 'em.

Kind of annoyed they always trying to take a boy back to prison.

They hate to see a playa, employ yourself.

They hate to see a playa, enjoy yourself.

When I'm (side ?) want a ride, then playa lets go.

I'm 29 with many rimes and love at soul.

I'm a ho, Bust it raw with the words I serve.

Every tape I make baby learns the words.

Young Mac Dre, got to give to get.

Hate a reasy who give easy like she look at some zags.

I'm on the celli telli trying to get some roll from Nelly.

Need it very smelly, fitin to go chunk for the telli.

It's on, fitin to go blow a zone to the dome.

Tone Capone got the bong in this bomb weed song.

[Chorus]Fire.

Puffin' the smoke in the air. Blowin' it big like a playa playa.

Fire.

Cheech and Chong on a spree. Blowin' it big, come smoke with me.

Fire.

Puffin' the smoke in the air. Blowin' it big like a playa playa.

Fire.

Cheech and Chong on a spree. Blowin' it big, come smoke with me.

[Verse 2: Young leech]

Every day in the life as G (Westside) we be trifling and we,
Are likely to see niggaz aint likein' me.
Them pimped out gangsta-ism tactics,
Spinnin' all over my gun like a blacksmith.
Them bitches belligerent actor, see the chiropractor.
But I crack yeah neck, back to the scene.
Blow 'em to smithereens like the things I done seen.
In my everyday smoking out ritual, regular ooh thing.

Walking down the street with a gangsta limp and demon jeans.

Me and some squalls, and smile (bling, bling).

I just want to lean.

Why I don't chugalug this 40.

Then jump in block park homie for the block smok-ie.

With the O-G, Mac Dre, kill-a Cali parlay, parlay.

Smoking the ounce of that bomb bay every day.

Puffin' the smoke in the air. Blowin' it big like a playa playa.

[Chorus][Verse 3: Mac Dre]I need narcotics, that goo-e and stanky.

When I aint got it, I'm moody and cranky.

What the dilly, what's really, what's down that filly?

We can old school with a zag, blow bags in the dilly?

Is you silly? Never throw the dubbe away.

Lace no dank when you're blowin' with Dre.

Trying to cope with this stress, so I blow big.

How can the bulletproof vest protect my wig?

See them cutthoat fools, done changed the roles.

The public got it twisted and we blame the news.

Got game for fools,

'Cause I hang with fools,

That got game to use,

And maintain the roles.

Keep it real dog, but represent what's rite.

Be a real hog when you bless the mic.

Smoke big live long, and get yo pringles.

Young Learch and Mac Dre making hit rap singles.

[Chorus to fade with Mac Dre talking]

Killea.

Rapper gone bad.

Smoking them big gads.

Uh.

Keep it bouncing.

I told 'em, can't hold 'em. 2000.

Feel it bitch. Yeah.

Mac Dre boy.

[Young Learch] Wicked Learch if you didn't know and Mac Dre.

Playa playa!

And that broke you. Yeah.

My nigga Snipes off in the building.

Out that fillin'.

That new millennium shit.

Tone Capone pass the bong it's on my nigga. Yeah.

They can't fuck with this.

They can't fuck with this.

They can't fuck with this. Uh.

I'm back boy.

Clear the lane I'm going to the hole.

All in your bootie hoe. Groupie.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>