

# Fire

## Nature

[Nature]

Fire.. it's fire, put the fire out  
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo I got the whole city stoppin, O.G.'s diddy-boppin  
Playin my shit, critics sayin my shit  
Tryin to get me for that ice that lay on my wrist  
It's like flippin on your wife, cause I made her my bitch  
Feel me? I play with any card you niggaz deal me  
Every nigga out the fam is guilty, I plead the fifth  
Queens niggaz be the strength, the lock and chain  
Thugs on the block know I got the game  
You mighta heard me with The Firm and forgot my name, pardon me  
It's N-A-T-U-R-E  
The latest Barkley's, known to smack niggaz nonchalantly  
Queensbridge, same hood as Nas and Mobb Deep  
Ghettotfabulous, class of nine-eight my fellow graduates  
Well known savages, we elbow cabbages  
Niggaz better duck or I'ma spray a round  
I make it like the O.K. Corral, blazin 'til I lay 'em down [Chorus - repeat 2X]  
If you need flames, you need this  
If you resist, you need help  
Third degree burns, the heat felt  
Blaze when I know that it's on, what you thought it was a false alarm? [Nature]  
Yo, yo, aiyyo  
I got more twists than Six Flags, more chicks than gym class  
Overweight momma sippin Slim Fast, glad to meet Nate  
The casualty rate, risin like yeast  
And they label me surprise of the streets, Cobra Commander  
I smoke Newports, meanin I roll with cancer  
Fuck what y'all thought, y'all know the answer, is psychological  
Tone and Poke beats, make me write phenomenal  
I give lifetime scars like drama do, it's gangsta chronicles  
Turn to page one, hurricanes come, I call 'em twisters  
It's deeper than life Dunn, I'm four dimensions  
More suspensions, SV-12; gettin pressed my cassettes need shells  
Fuckin Mets need help  
It's therapeutic, I lay it out clear  
Y'all niggaz better use it  
Nowhere else you find better music  
You try to find it in the hall of fame

My man's callin shit fire, I just call it flame[Chorus][Nature]  
Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo  
Queens to the heart from the start it was Run and them  
No love faggot MC's respect none of them  
Niggaz stop mumblin, get popped you're fumblin  
Regulatin raps to rocks the block's bubblin  
Five percent days, in the Bridge bobbins off calente  
Wise enough to drop out the 10th grade  
Hold that thought, twist up nigga, roll that short  
Catch me with my chick that let me go back door  
Hall of famer, don't make me shoot your game up  
at close range, stand back watch the toast flame  
Yo it's funny, the way a nigga act like that  
It's only money, that make a nigga rap like that  
Keep a roscoe, peep me on the Chris Rock show  
You either beat me or you get your eye swoll, y'all know the rules  
Faggot niggaz like y'all, chose to lose  
I give meaning to the phrase smoke'n'brew, fire nigga[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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