Fire

Nature

[Nature]
Fire.. it's fire, put the fire out
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyoI 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
Ghettofabulous, 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 bobbin 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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