

# We're On Fire (Feat. Mavado)

## Foxy Brown

Number one baby  
Black Hand, Movado, gangsta  
Ayo, I gotta do this with my stylin voice  
AyoSee it's the Louboutin leather pump Don Diva  
Get my Kevin Chiles on call me Don Diva  
Im in the Zac Posen, strapless with the back open  
Back locing tossing petals off of Black RosesThis is more gutta, this is more crack  
And I aint change, I been the same bitch before rap  
The only thing that changed is my ass got more fat  
But my titties been crazy babyYou aint gotta ask who back, you soft bitch move back  
Had BK on my back, even Shawn couldnt do that  
I cruise all slow in the S-Class down Classen  
Pullin' up in traffic on Nostrand and Patchin'I took six years off, I let 'em have rap  
And yall bitches played with it, I came to snatch it back then  
Put it back on the project bench  
And made every gangsta nigga want a dark-skinned bitchWere on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Were on fire, we aint stoppin  
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbinWere on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Makin paper, money stashin  
Since I really, really wanna know whats happeninSo wanna bloodclaut this man, bad gal 'bout here  
Drips out the pussy them na friend gal 'bout here  
Bitch now the body sting round here  
Big star body, kill off every dirty gal roll nearBitch bust a shot and fiya  
Two shots fiya, fiya, put the pussy pon fiya  
Yes Iya, dress fliya, hoppin out the Bentley coupe  
On Flatbush and EmpireYall rap bitches, I will ruin em  
My reps for the boostin bitches with them bags full of aluminum  
One love to Tu and them, Clyde, Shyne and Shoe and them  
Chaz, Prince and Graff the whole fuckin crew and themCant forget Scruce and them, Shabar and Dew and them  
Kev, Wedge, Draft and BIG I ate food with them  
Yall know Fox run the block bitches  
Its the Fox bitches, for the bloodclaut bitches, murdahWere on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Were on fire, we aint stoppin  
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbinWere on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Makin paper, money stashin

Since I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Were makin cheese, slowly with ease  
With small fuck these easily from the Gz  
The goons from the land of kings  
Her breasts me squeeze all night, she make me pleased  
You want promote the gangsta life and hustle  
Now my girls approach you and know boy cant bust with  
And now its all fine and they all come sit  
Were not goin nowhere, dont fuck with this  
Yes, Fox Im back baby and Im still with the hand still  
Still in the hood, nigga still on the block still  
Still in the Benz baby, still in the drop still  
Im still in the chinchillas, still move wit them killas, woah  
Besides that I got my hearing back  
The same attitude like what the fuck you staring at  
Homie, my case is beat, Im still spitting heat  
Who ya know rep it harder than me, Brooklyn  
Were on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Were on fire, we aint stoppin  
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbin  
Were on fire, we aint stoppin  
'Cuz I really, really wanna know whats happenin  
Makin paper, money stashin  
Since I really, really wanna know whats happenin

Songwriters

Arnold Mischkulnig;Inga Marchand;Robert Perry;Philip Anthony Bernard;David Brooks  
Published by  
PORK MUSIC INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>