

Fire Proof?

F.T.F.

[FTF]

Oh what you think you're fire proof in that studio booth
Like you can't burn forever teachin these children how to shoot
Behind closed doors, you worser then Adolf Hitler
But when it comes to the reala, you just a studio killa
Playin cap peela, just to fill your record sells
Not knowin you leadin a whole generation to hell
I got a story to tell, bout this Dude I never knew
The Wody was crusified on the Cross for me and you
And out the sky blue, the Wody rose from the dead
Forgiven His enemies even though they bust His head
My eyes bloody red, as I turn the next page
The Wody said from off top, through HIM I can be saved
The Wody had to be the Son of Man
So much power so much love in His hand, you know what I'm sayin
And I'ma roll wit the Wody's plan, you know what I'm sayin
Cause ain't no love in this cold land, you know what I'm sayin
We were all made to live eternal, you know what I'm sayin
I ain't burnin wit them demons cornell, you know what I'm sayin
Everbody wanna be the big man, you know what I'm sayin
But only GOD hold the world in His hand, you know what I'm sayin
The Daddy dont believe that song, you know what I'm sayin
Cause gangstas dont live that long, you know what I'm sayin

[Chorus]

Oh what you think you're fire proof in that studio booth
Like you cant burn forever teachin these children how to shoot
Thugged out, drugged out, just to fill your record sells
Not knowin you leadin a whole generation to hell

[x2]

[FTF]

Who can I trust wody, only the man up above
And killas poppin the slugs, tryin to crack my coffee mug
They showin no love, cause the demons be full of hate
I push the Word like weight, cuttin demons like cake
From stake to stake, my dogs hungry for a plate
Im gonna feed a millions thugs wit a loaf of bread and my faith
Say the LORD is great, dont play no games stay in line

You gon get your time to shine lil daddy, respect my mind
You rappin that death, like I ain't never been through crime a
 Beefin in New Orleans I had to isolate my momma
 Praise the Lord I made it out that night war
 My homies in graveyards, down town press pause
 Times was hard, we stand in line for the dead
 Like killas become framers in hoods from bustin heads
 Live by, Die by thats the code of a souljah
 Either you rollin wit Jahovah
 Or get your head burnt off your sholder
 In that wild Magnolia, Satan playin for keeps
 Every week a dead body rapped up in bloody sheets
I don be through the fire and touched the bottom of the sea
 Leadin souljahs to Christ and tossin the empire see
You better pay attention, these words be real comin out my mouth
 Heaven be up North wody, and hell be down south
 What cha talkin bout, that place be hotter then a stove
 Worster then old parents, prision on top in the droves
 Life wit out parole, that revalation unfolds
 Wody they really got a place, grab the toe of your soul
 Like whoa

[Chorus]

[FTF]

So many rappers from New Orleans, off the top startin to ballin
 Rappin gangsta stories, kidnappin to you hualin
 Bustin dealers heads, slangin crack up in the dome
 Runnin wit grave fillas, leavin brains on sidewalks
 And no chokin wody when you slippin up in that booth
 Them boys be quick to shoot, them boys be bout that loot
Rappers die by the packs, cause young thugs be tottin choppas
 Surrounded by yellow tape, nosie people and crime stoppers
 I can see the picture, the 3rd war catty-o
 Murders to funerals, drugs to calicos
 Police wit equipted minds, little children wit Tech-9s
 Everybody diein, but still livin the life of crime
 Maybe GOD will rough you up when you stuck in the hood
An automatic will take their lives, thats why they think its all good
 So many rappers rap that murder, but never do they learn
 But when the fire gets to hot, they ain't willin to burn
 They think they fire proof, ya heard me

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