

Fire it Up

Copywrite

If such a thing exists as being such a king as this
Sluts pucker up, to kiss the ring and fist
The rhyming vet, the livest yet
Drop fly shit like a G-4 private jet
Bet you get more than grazed by the nine
Laid by the side
Oh you out of bullets? Here, take some of mine
And clowns hate how I lock this down
If they think I'm obnoxious now, wait til I pop Cristal
Got one need, to just smoke out
But if your weed's got one seed, the shit don't count
Dog, you don't want us running home.
You don't want it Holmes. If you a 'G'
You as silent as the one in front of Gnome
And you can love me, or you can judge me
But dissin me's like, Beetlejuice in a cape, Super Ugly
Trust me, I'ma shit on my foes
And sit on my throne
So hop off my dick and get on your own

O-H-I-O, no place like home
Everywhere I go, I relocate my throne
Roll it up. Light it up. Fire it up
Bring a bitch to the telly and get high as fuck

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Schatz got me upchuckin in a cut buzzin
Might spit about the same shit, but then again
Who the fuck doesn't?!?!
When writers fed, bite his lead, or we can fight instead
And fuck a can, we open whoop ass by the keg
Tell your boys to get your lame crest on
Want to rip together? why'all can share the same headstone
And it's rarely ever that I bury pairs together
But I'm ruthless.

I did it with ease like Jerry Heller
So if you mention me,
You fairies better levitate or jump a fence from me

Seven eight's a heavyweight, like pregnancy
And you can die in a coupe with dark tint
COPY! Shoot the sky til the moon is dark red
STOP ME! You could try, but I move at mach 10
WATCH ME! Superfly from the booth like Clark Kent
COPY! Doctor Strange when I'm on the ???
The vets I roll with will put your dogs to sleep
Puff five blunts straight to the brain
Jakki's got one five one through a pump straight to the vein
Sights a bit wrecked.
I ain't even light the spliff yet
And already my eyes are bloodshot like a crips set

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Y'all cats ain't never gonna advance, I'm big headed
Got an even bigger ego for the one in my pants
Lames hurtin.

I aim perfect for opponent's heads
Still in charge like a cordless phone is dead
Only writin four bar verses now. REASON??
Can't get past the fifth line without the crowd screamin
Y'all don't rhyme, why'all bitch. Dick in mouth even
Only time why'all spit's when you spittin out semen
Hope you're ready bastards,
My prose already classic
And like laffy taffy I got a joke on every rapper
You hold your own? NO YOU DON'T
I'll let you shit first, when I start shittin the toilet overflows
And I ain't quittin six four, dyin hittin chicks raw
In the Hyatt on the fifth floor with her hymen splittin
So bet the money you got MY ALBUM'S LIKE HELL!

You don't know when it's comin but you know it's gonna be hot

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