

On Fire

Redman

Hahha

Now everytime I grab the mic I always start shit up
Sharper than your double-edger, watch me carve shit up
Live and direct, respect it to the underground connect

Pah!! I'm wreckin any MC you select

Yo E, load me in your gun, light the flares
Give me forty-eight bars, and I go out like gays at Billy Bear
Wear and tear, I'm wreckin for the Bricks I swear
Jump in my way and get your body splattered everywhere

Conjunction junction what's your function

It's that nigga who's so swift I could lose a compass

Step into jams, with seven niggas in a Land

And forty motherfuckers in some fucked up caravan

Drop the Fahrenheit back down to zero

Bring Heat to the streets like Al Pacino and DeNiro

Raw dog material, grand imperial

Talk to my shotty nigga, my ears ain't hearin' you(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)

(As we proceed)

(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)

So take heed to what I'm saying

Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nukkas ain't playing

(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)

(As we proceed)

(I'm on fire)

Rockin' on, Redman rockin' on Now do I look crazy? Deranged, maybe?

You shot first, your Glock burst, but it graze me

Now time for lyrics, put up your guns

And watch me get this shit hoppin like the West was won

Got that lyrical chicken feed, for all chicken heads

Crowd your Rap City committee like I'm Big Lez

More sicker than them Menendez brothers

You need Cochran when you're fuckin with Judge Dredd

Put your fingers up if you love hash and cash

I been that way since Ike Turner was kickin Tina ass

Hookers ridin dick, like I'm a motorcycle

You wanna shine bitch? Let me Simoniz you

I make sure your vision blur, till you don't know what occurred

Until I black out every nerve

Foul women get served as chicken head hors d'ouerves

I drop your tops like your heads was convertibles!!
Hah, if you still look up in the sky I'm still high
All the way live like Lakeside
Wann die? E (whattup son), you got this beat bumpin'
The way I feel niggas ain't leave until they up in somethin'
Pack my dutch like the niggas in the county
Dayrooms, stay tuned, for Doc Illuminati
Up around them big butt freaks is where you find me
(Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante)(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)
(As we proceed)
(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)
So take heed to what I'm saying
Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nukkas ain't playing
(We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin' steamy)
(As we proceed)
(I'm on fire)
Rockin' on, Redman rockin' on To my people in the back, if you're not the wack, say
Don't stop, the body rock
To my people in the front, if you're tokin on blunts, say
Don't stop, the body rock
I'm too strong for you to listen
I started spittin, that's why the brick niggas be lickin
They stay on magazine printing equipments
And lyrics I got em by the shipment, where your bitch went
I'm smokin leaky out the Lec-y, fatal
My Squad steps with the ultimatum, true dat
My muzak, move crowds, like down the hill moved crack
For those who stepped on toes, I want my shoes back
Buddy, bringin money to your girl
For your little daughter like I'm Cutty
Twenty dollars a pop to dub me, I bug G, quote it
I see you noticed how I leave microphones corroded
Hahahahaha, your staff not up to par
You raw? You more like Zsa Zsa Gabor
Call deep niggas, keep the gas pedal floored
And I pump the funk to keep a room and board

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