

Fire (feat. E3)

Redman

Yeah
(I can feel your fire)
When you niggas feel cold and your flows ain't got it no more nigga?!
(I can feel your fire)
Yeah nigga, you know what it is nigga, Gilla House nigga
Yo check me out yo yo yoRed gone wild, more stunts than a fog I
A buncha wild drunk niggas yellin' raw ha!!
While you tryna get your weight up, but we on fire
Gilla House don't die, leave da spot bone dry
I want it all, are and E-D-M-A
N, cock the semi
A little henny in me
It's like ya black hawk down
I blast like a skinny
Roll up ta the jam and party like little Penny
My watch ain't for showin' time, it's for show and tell
And I got it for sellin' dimes on A-O-L
I'm off the hook, lookin' young, you gray as hell
You off the hook cause punk you ain't pay your bills
Redman, a truth nigga, put my name on it
Gilla House, die harder than John McClane on it
I'm smokin' sour diesel, gettin' head on my couch
From a chick that resemble Rosie Perez in the mouth
Simon Says swallow it ma, (Knock) don't spit it out
Y'all got fat, I got a plan for y'all slimmin' down
I ain't playin' no games nigga, I'm a take it there
Break it there, Visine your block, till I make it clear, nigga?!(I can feel your fire)
When you niggas gettin' cold and your flows ain't got it no more you like
(I can feel your fire)
Brick city on my back, Doc Grizzley on the track, have ya hood sayin'
(I can feel your fire)
East coast, west coast, down south, world wide, everybody like
(I can feel your fire)
Welcome me back like Carter, welcome back the father
Keep it gutta, your problems, Bitch!

Songwriters

BREITER, BERND/KEMPF, RAINER/SWIFT, A.K. Published by

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