

Fire Ina Hole

Method Man & Redman

Come on, come on, state your business
Come on, let's make it hot
Come on, word, let's make it hot
Come on, let's make it hot
Come on, let's make it hot
Hardcore, to make them brothers act fools
Come on, come on
With all due respect to the game, I'm the P H enom
Not ready for prime time beyond, extinction
Change your way of thinkin' or begone
Fast the fuck out, somethin' stinkin'
Could it be the skunk or could it be that body in the trunk
Of my Lincoln? Continental style pop the pussy like a pimple
I'm fed up, I put it in your ear and fuck ya head up
Turnin' up the temperature, hold them kids that entered
The 36th, master mix shit, bio-hazardous, pretentious
Do it for the chemically imbalanced
State your business, pay me at the door
Iron Man, hear me roar on twelve inches
Shell shocked soldier in the trenches
Fire in the hole game commences
Third string rappers play the benches, reload
There'll be no repentance for souls just life sentence
With no chance for parole and that's real
Fire ina hole, yo, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo, yo, gun downed at sundown
Run now from the bucks sound, touchdown
Your crew wanna punt now? Punk blaow
Swimmin' trunks torn up from the hunt down
Brakes lock 'em up now, a rich bitch knock 'em up now
A plucked out eyebrow gal
Naw, dawg, a broad got to be a huzzy
A hood rat that ride like the bride of Chucky

Walk through my hood, your jewels they scream, "Tug me"
Mind revolve' to reload like a SCSI
Doc, da bigfoot out for da squosh
Shell shocked like I'm six months in the bush
Fire ina hole, hikin' in the snow
With forty motherfuckers expirin' the globe
Footprints of timbs and wallabee soles
We case the place like Barnaby Jones, Homes
Lay it down like plats in ya hair
Ride off withcha money, then clap in the air
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Yo, fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Yo, fire ina hole, fire ina hole
Yo, fire ina hole, yo, yo, yo
This is for dem niggaz on da bricks holdin' down they block
For my nigga Carlton Fisk, a kid who stay up in the box
Ain't no Christmas ever since Santa scratched my name
Off the gift list, shit ain't been the same since the pain
No forgiveness, dead man talkin' 'bout he lifted
I'm livid, hands around the throat of a critic
Yo, Doctor, prescribe me a drug that can knock
A mule on his ass, take the blast out Binaca
For real doe, arsenic production that kill slow
Your eardrums like a happy hooker with a dildo
I spas on anyone who show his ass
I got the mob with me plus a full tank of gas
Yo, yo when me and Meth swarm
You need a net to cover you
Turn the rap game into W C W
Off the rope I hang glide to the throat
Straight beef without French Fries and a Coke
Doc's da name, da burglar, I serve ya
The lethal 5 from Riggs and Murtoch
Then skart out my whip with ran down tires
With a chicken I met who hand out fliers
Look, I'm an Aries, I don't have it
My crew large enough to walk and cause traffic
Bounce like box springs on your kraftmatic
Before you be suin' Doc for malpractice
You couldn't bang from start, your girl see you
Beat up and shit, get a change of heart
Flaming darts is spittin', name the mark
My impact tore JFK plane apart
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole

Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole, fire ina hole

Fire ina hole

Yo, yo, yo, fire ina hole, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Mr. Meth, Funk Doctor, Mathematics, on the track

For my niggaz in Da Bricks, for my niggaz on Shaolin

Worldwide to my whole crew, P P C

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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