

I Spit Fire

KingCharlie Prince

I SPIT FIRE

(Verse One)

Time to let this beat drop, add a verse, no curse

I'm first, bout to get real you gonna need a hearse

It's the hip hop, the microphone Doc,

Bout to put it on lock and put these kats in a deep shock

I'm that microphone murderer

And some of you kats on the mic I never heard of ya

What the hell is going on with this industry ?

You putting out trash while the King is droppin chemistry

I make moves and come correct, Di Tech, select

Cause I'm that original architect

I start with the Hip than I end it with a Hop

When I drop a verse, you yell stop, like I'm a brutal cop

(Chorus)

I Spit Fire, Deflate Foes Like A Tire.

If We Got Beef, You Should Hold Ya Heat Like A Dryer. Rhymes For Rent, Skills For Hire, Admire. The Way

I Flow, Now You Know It's Time To Retire.

(Verse Two)

I put all you kats to rest, don't give a damn about your stress

Yeah I know you got on a vest but what I'm hitting, take a guess

That onion on your shoulder, and your mans and them, they should've told ya

It only takes one slug cause I'm a ghetto soldier
Now who y'all messing with? Guess you didn't know it
So I gotta put the four fifth to ya brain and just blow it
Is it just to prove a point? No, to make a statement
You won't be able to think no more because your head would be vacant
Now if your man try to step to me, always know that they can't
Mess around, I plant them in the ground and leave them dead and stinking
You say I got a attitude? No I express gratitude
The way you hear me talking to y'all, you might think I'm mad

Lyrics Submitted by KingCharlie Prince

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