

# Fire (remix)

## Fabulous

Let me just make this statement  
Loud and clear, Jersey's here  
Hey, Ja, Joey  
Triangle offense do it like  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Maybe it's the dipped deuces, the twin Jesuses  
With diamonds in them, that's clear they break gooses  
Maybe 'cause I'm in they roofless or the Hypno I put in they juices  
I'm the "Joe Millionaire" of rap and one of these chicks  
Is gonna get picked and gonna get fucked  
I'm all that and then some, y'all cats have been bums  
That's pocket change, you call that an income?  
Tell the way I walk that I'm doin' my thing  
A lot a niggaz talk but ain't doin' a thing  
Whatever come in the fall, I do in the spring  
See, I told y'all I'm doin' my thing  
And I'm winnin' by a landslide, damn right  
Don't you see the way they point at this man's ride?  
Now, look at here, I took it there  
I'ma make this statement loud and clear, Brooklyn's here  
That fire  
Problems in the club, reach for that snub  
Look dog, it's on fire  
That's when you turn it up, you wanna burn it up  
Come deal with them riders  
Small one on my hip, when you hear the clip  
You got to see fire  
When it all hits the wire, we gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
Here with the white and the Canary cross  
Bracelets to match, diamonds clear of floss  
Convertible hard top in a Carrera Porsche  
I'm young but I'm damn near a boss  
And of course your boy ride with a thing in the stash box

Quick to hit the button, even quicker to blast shots  
Nobody gonna eat, 'less we see chips  
This not even funny, not the way we freak chicks  
My waiters make ladies see sick  
I'm "So So Def" like a J.D. remix  
I got enough whips to keep switchin' up flavors  
Drafted outta high school, straight into the majors  
These haters, fake smiles, but they hardly like me  
They hate to see me in a party icy  
Clean white T, sippin' on Bacardi lightly  
Suede low cut Force One caramel nightly  
That fire  
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You got to see fire  
When it all hits the wire, we gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
I got a ear for your amp it up with Jersey's answer  
The chancellor standin' up for ten minutes  
Man, it's tough plan, plan that's what the camma does  
And Jam's son it's the new King, done with the cameras  
You pop lip like you got shit  
That's a minor congestion, you not sick  
Now you wanna call names like Tupac did  
Home boy here's a few glock clips  
Still Junior like Lou Gossett, Joey, right back on  
Overcharge New York to cut the lights back on  
Before Bloomberg to come get me all  
I send the goons that make the bad things happen in city hall  
All, K's spray cats, we don't play that  
She allowed to sway, why don't you say that?  
Can't stop, won't stop, shots heard, one shot, gun shot  
Make your lungs stop, breathe easy  
That fire  
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We gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
We gonna light it on fire  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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