Fire (remix)

Fabolous

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 dicked
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
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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
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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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