

Fire (dirty)

Big Sean

Tell 'em that I need more

Fire

Tell 'em that we need more

Tell 'em that I need more I woke up this morning, rolled a joint, then got to it

Dealt with real life shit, manned up and got through it

I'm a real D Boy, take a look up in my face

Never did real estate, and still put you in your place

I don't trust dog hos, dog hos got fleas

From where they rock ski-masks and don't nobody ski

Every time I spit a verse, my city like "Preach!"

Niggas thought I got evicted how my shit up in the streets

B-I-G Sean, ain't nothing obese, but the feast

Swear I'm skinny cause I'm always on my feet

Gotta hustle every second, stacking paper every week

Boy I'm in the field for real, I might run up in some cleats

Was in Japan so long, I almost learn to speak, had to leave

Back to the hood, where they don't understand unless you speaking trapanese

If I fall down, bet I only trampoline, bounce back

Back on my feet, that's just how I be

I be out of town reppin' valid as an absentee

Lord G's, jealous motherfuckers trying to absent me

Fuck these niggas up, now it's absent teeth

Trying to pass on me, when I'm first place in the playoffs bitch

I'm even working half days on my day off bitch

Say it's gon' kill me fuck it, I work graveyard shifts

'Long as that weed and money chilling in the pile

Bitch I need that fucking fire Fire

Tell 'em that I need more

Fire

Tell 'em that we need more Right now, right now, right now

I know it's been a long, long

It's been a long, long time

A long time, I know it's been a long, long time I woke up this morning, rolled a joint, then got to it

Can do anything in the world except not do it

Bought my fam new land, six star crib

Momma feeling like she Jewish, I'm the motherfucking truest

Yeah I talk about my mom, but shout out to my dad

Would drive me to school every single chance he had

Tell me 'bout the crazy girls and all about his past

And gave me the talks that made me to a man
Not everybody got a dad but they got a Uncle Sam
And he ain't came around till I made a 100 grand
Coming from Detroit where everybody say "whaddup doe?"
Horror movie shit, cause everybody there cut throat
Watch who you hustle with you might not get a cut though
Even though you deserved a commission plus mo
The grandma sad when she saw my commercial
"Stop having people at your shows that wasn't at rehearsal's"
I'm tryna to get a office at the Empire State
To bring it back to empire's plate, that's home
Man, I'm reppin' for my entire state
Prayin' that I won't be late, when it's all finished at the endin'
After all bottles spill it, throttle gripping, models switching
Chin chilling in my villa, fucking like I tryna populate a village
I'm replenished, I didn't do it just for the money
Man, for the feeling, I made it through theFire
Tell 'em that I need more
Fire
Tell 'em that we need moreRight now, right now, right now
I know it's been a long, long
It's been a long, long time
A long time, I know it's been a long, long timeBut it's never, never been too late
It's never, never been too late
It's never, never been too late
It's never ever been too late
Right now, right now
I know it's been a long time
I know it's been a long, long time
Just know it's never, never been to late
It's never, never been too late
It's never ever been too late
It's never ever been to late
To do what you wanna do
Fuck everything else

Songwriters

SEAN MICHAEL ANDERSON, DARHYL CAMPER, ALEXANDER IZQUIERDO, ROBERT M.

KINELSKIPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Walt Disney Music Company, Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>