

Wink Martindale

"On Fire"

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This jam I created will leave you devastated
And when I'm finished rockin you will appreciate it
The structure of this rhyme will reign supreme
To have a cut like this is a MC's dream
You first heard this cut, you thought it was irreceptible
Now you're groovin to it, that makes it acceptable
Party people, listen to my word
The note on the door said 'do not disturb'
While I create the jam to take you little bit higher
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Causin much damage like a nuclear war
You know what time it is, I'm always reachin for more
To turn the party out my rhymes are always suitable
Considered very healthy like a sauna, therapeutical
Owner of the mic, yeah, L-o-c
Never spent a day in college, got many degrees
Not fully educated but dedicated
Until this jam I was extremely underrated
Now I'm rockin parties from sea to sea
Talkin 'bout everything from a to z
Some say my style is laxadasical
Now you hear the music and you say, "That's the way to go"
A show, a gig, it has signs to picket
Now I'm rockin stronger and you want free tickets
You once-a-month rapper, you're weak and you've shown it
Don't waste my time, I need an opponent
Not only will I dog you but I make you retire
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Last time you heard my voice you claimed it was obnoxious
Your foot started tappin, it was in your self-conscience
I know it's hard to believe a million sold
Everytime I start bustin, you lose control
My verbal coalition is a little outrageous
Like a plague my rap is contagious
Causin much grief, no sympathy for pain
Hard beats and fresh lyrics is what I attain

You can take this brand new style of hip-hop
Cold put it at the bottom, it will reach the top
Because the rhyme is so def, you stand in amazement
Time's up, I got another engagement
Rhymes never empty, I keep them replenished
The crowd skeezer-teaser until they're finished
Smoke from the cut, you better put on your glasses
Guaranteed to knock you all on your asses
And ashes to ashes, and dust to dust
Like on the back of the dollar it says 'In God We Trust'
The smoke-filled room make the suckers perspire
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Can you dig it?
We gon' blow the house up in smoke
With the MC Tone Loc
You guessed it, baby

I was born and raised on the West Coast
Tone-Loc, the master, the host
The O.G. town I represent
Well, I'm the mayor, governor and president
L.A. - where it's sunny all year
The first city to bust the Fila gear
L.A. [Name] Sergio Tacchini
Venice Beach, home of the fit bikini
From Compton, Watts to Pasadena
If you don't seen a fly girl it's a misdemeanor
The town to astound, city by the shore
Our posse's in the house and we're coolin hardcore
You never seen a MC with such style and finesse
Wearin hella silk shirts and pants by Guess
You can search the universe, but you never will find
Another MC with a style like mine
Cause if you do, we'll battle to hell
And your head'll be cracked like the Liberty Bell
Like a sculpture and a statue I'm pittoresque
Hardcore lover, rhymer with the beat that's def
Yo, don't worry, cause I be back
You won't look at the bottom, be at the top of the stack
Believe what I say, I'm not known as a liar
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

And you know that
'89 is mine
Any MC like this you will find hard to find
You know what I'm sayin?
I'm 'bout to check outta here
Tone-Loc
Remember that, aight?
It's time for the wild thing

See ya later
I'm gone

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