

The National Anthem of the Republic of South Africa

"Set it On Fire"

Visit "[Set it On Fire](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rock Marcy]

Rock Marcy, so stop spreadin out malarchy
My rap anarchy, blaze more wigs than Barbara
Sharpsee
I'm a freakers army? Savage ya type, like Chaka Zulo,
papi chulo
Not to be sulo, wilder than Kujo, you actin fool yo
Come on, swing 'em like a two-way, back to school
Rulership shit, bring them the newest, Tony Touch 'em,
I fuck 'em
This fool, who can fuck with his dude
Check what the butler, I cut his ass up, somethin
disgusting kid
My custom is, government cheese, chumpin them
steez
Who's a monkey wrench, jumpin machines get in
between, so it seem
It'll only cause a moment of scream
The super seed what I be sayin is like a king on his
knees
I never fall, cuz the ring on my paw plead forgiveness
Loot for rightness, superstitious, bazooka hit his ass
out
Break a suspicious, three sixes of cum
Anti religious, kill em off on the first try

[Chorus: Rah Digga, Busta Rhymes]

Flipmode Squad, there is none higher
You bitch ass niggas, should call Messiah
We won't stop rockin, until we retire
Let's blow the spot and set the muthafucka on fire

Aiyo let's turn the heat up (and set it on fire!)
Let's bring the noise my nigga (and set it on fire!)
And what the fuck ya niggas wanna do (and set it on
fire!)
Go get the gas and the matches (and set it on fire!)

[Rampage]

Ya niggas in the game, ya ain't go no press
Yo I go to Hillside and cop a V from Less

Me and Flip on the lot, in the green G.S.
Leathers is out, rims yo they be B.S.
T.V.'s in the dash, watchin C.B.S.
Later on watch the Knicks on T.B.S.
Rampage I'm the nigga, no second guess
Yo my beeper goes off, it's them shorties from out
West
Call them back, hit them off on street jack
I let 'em know, how this real nigga polly that
I'm in my car yo, them honies in the Pontiac
How I dress, how I hustle, where the money at?
They love my rings, my watch, how I flooded that
Put that on my eggs and toast and just butter that
Flipmode, Tony Touch, son double that
Fuck around, shit gon double plat'

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Analyze the flavor, we bout to blaze ya, every move is
major
Major paper, office space up in the skyscraper
Niggas on my crew dick, and need to get down
Frown, from when your crew was just a major let down
Official, sparkerly clear just like a glass crystal
Blast a pistol, that's when ya start to hear my missile
whistle
Jesus, pledge of allegiance to the sole prestigious
With the antitote to make ya wanna bust ya heaters
Release this, I hope ya know that we about to freak this
Fuck discreteness, analyze every nigga weakness
Cut ya face up, then fuck the place up
Pass the L, without the coca lace up, let's pick the pace
up
Stick the place up, then shake up, then click ya base up
Wrong move, we puncture everything from ya waist up
Blow the space up, while ya gaspin off ransom
Then get the dough and put an expansion on my
mansion

[Chorus]

[Rah Digga]

First and only female here to play my position
Make it hotter than the projects with no air conditioning
Honey petite, walk around with the screwface
Dip from the whip, on down to my shoelace
Can't see us, mommy sippin San Greas
Shotgun style will open up ya pancreas
Puff remix, hittin sponsor for free kicks
Bootleg ya shit with me spittin on the remix

Type shit like doin shows with a blind fold
Voicey Q. will blow a circuit out ya console
Fuckin wit how I spit, ain't gonna paper
Black hoody tight wit a teeny bit of makeup
No need to brag, my legislate speak
Nine nine dig the time to shine like Memph Bleek
Crown and half sheet, my white label leak
Tellin MC's to count eight weeks and say peace

[Chorus]

[Outro: Pain In Da Ass as "Scarface"]
Ok, you wanna make a million fuckin dollars?
Ok, I tell Tony Touch to put out a fuckin mixtape
A mill here, a mill there
In fuckin 10 years, we fuckin buy this whole fuckin
place, puto..

Visit [The National Anthem of the Republic of South Afric](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.