

Cox Peter

"Fires in Hell"

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[Half-A-Mill]

It ain't right, if it ain't rough, gettin paid's a must
We made the bucks, even the player's hate us
Is it the way we shine Gordiere gear since '89
And shorty wit diamonds from South African mines
Now it's '99, nearly 2 G, still in coogie
Crib wit Jacuzzi, it is in the movie
I take a shit, grippin the uzi
Plan to make ya rich, smoothly, on the low
Fuck a new V, on the run like Kool G.
Marijuana twist, camouflage sis
On some hard shit, charge like a platinum card, kid
Enter the wild life, Crystal life, I'd rather die twice
Before I eat, four chicken wings and fried rice
Yo dunn, we high price, we news of the world
White wine type, I don't like swine type
No bullshit we, strictly chronic to life
Bionic wit mics, seein shit with astronomical sight,
tropin night
Laid up, after the fight, live from cocktail Milion
Land like alien, in Roswell
Fly as hell, mad clientele, light up a L
Hot enough to cause fires in hell

[Chorus]

Fire (fire), burnin (burnin)
It's like fire (fire), burnin (burnin)
It's like fire (fire), burnin (burnin)
Hot enough to cause fires in hell, fires in hell

[Half-A-Mill]

Stupid reefer, still ride Gucci sneakers
Ill, your shit can kill for the phone, if I leave her
I ain't a player, I just get buffed a lot
Somethin hot must of dropped, headed up top
On the lee-lo, we know, niggas don't want us to see
dough
See us flossin, you swear to God we rob Tito's
Car paid for, smack the shit outta the repo
Every verse is kilo, in the streets yo
Thoroughbred exquisite, escalate mega digits

Head twisted, on the red, by vet bitches
Super fly son, movin my gun, born on the run
More to come, all in one, luxurious fallen on
Notorious baller, dunn, peep the prognosis
I be the high explosive, burnin bushes like Howard
Moses
Higher dosage, chocolate roasted
Made ya team, without a coach kid, chrome toasted

[Chorus]

[Half-A-Mill]

Project general, wise criminal
Five percent of two, biochemical, nine emeralds
Rubies, sapphire, who be the most higher?
Insult liars, don't try us, get your coke tied up
Throat tied up, we lay til the coke dry up
Race like relays, day and night in V.A.
You want a key and yay, see a
You ain't got the dough we spray, fuck the D.A.
Truck breeze away, material world
Big guns, wit scratched serial world
My cats put an end to your world
Twistin ya girl, hot spittin, pissin ya girl
But she's the freak at night, back seat of the jeep type
Holdin heat type, New World Order of the catamites
War over water, Babylon Six, we the light
We the life givin forces, in this fortress
Of hidden forces, design to trick and torture

[Chorus 3X]

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