

## Crosby, Stills & Nash

### "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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