

Ghostface Killah "Fire"

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(feat. Trife Da God)

Don't play with me, cause you're playing with fire!
(Whooo, smoking, smoking, smoking them Marley
Marl's
Smile, smoking, them Marley Marl's now be smoking
Uh huh uh huh, smoking, light them Marley up nigga,
you
Smoking) {yeah, yo}

[Trife Da God]

When you motherfuckin' ducks gonna learn, that you
playin' with fire
Nigga, everything I touch, I burn
When I spark and that fire heat up, you better run
To the nearest telephone and call the fire chief up
Cuz I'm hazard, causin' disorder on your recorder
So run along with your little buckets of water
There's not a nigga that can doubt my game or doubt
my flame
I'm know to cause a panic when you shout my name
Fire, you damn right, nigga, I bang pipes
It's not a fucking room in this building I can't light
I'm the definition when you mix heat with friction
When I walk through I set off all sprinkler systems
I'm that kid with the firey flow, the firey glow
Adjust the mic levels or the wires will blow
New York's bravest, meet the man who inspired the
pro's
Throw on your fireproof bombers and admire the show,
let's go

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah & Trife Da God]

Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (nigga)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (uh)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (yeah)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (let's go)

[Ghostface Killah]

Peep the barcode, leave the booth, wrapped it in charcoal

Sippin' on firewater, plus I keep a cigar rolled

The human torch, special effects, cannons is shootin' off

Leave body bags full of ashes, we ain't no move to cost

Spit flammable bars, I got a whooping cough

Scarlet red, six forty five, with the dual exhaust

My barrel blow like dodgers, pop one in your rider

And cause a meltdown at One Police Plaza

I'm the opposite of aqua, hotter than a plate of pasta

I'm the reason LaMar Odom was traded off the roster

The hot stepper, crushing ya niggaz like hot pepper

The forty cal' squeeze a nigga, my heaters apply pressure

In the kitchen with the gun steaming, six hundred degrees

Feeling like you in the desert with the sun beaming

You can't block me with the sun screening

Ultra violet rays, shorten his days, we left his blood streaming

[Chorus 2X]

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