

Gza "Firehouse"

Visit "[Firehouse](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Ka]

Thought life rest in a .45, aim for head, chest fortified
Sons look for revenge, out of stress, daughters cry
Got to do it here, can't afford to try

Thought the gutter ended in the 'Ville, then I saw the
sky

They get wet daily, it's a live nigga water ride
Just slow and steady when the rain step inside, let the
tortoise by

It's the hundred man street value, hundred grand
Instant, nothing planned, ripping shit you couldn't
understand

Came heaven to warn, I'm repping the lifeless
Weapon of Christ is, you run out? I'm steppin' in
Check with the seven deadly devices, living the real
world

Fuck, your love from a real girl, raised my sister
Amongst the slime and the crime, now she a ill pearl
Never seen nothing like me, I'm for those who get it on
nightly

You need a boost of strength, put it on, recite me
I tour with toast, cuz drama's always close
Feeling the waves, killa praise, applaud my folks
From the quarter most raw, absorb the quotes
For sure I'm the cure, and this more than those
Yeah, I'm from the bottom but I look forward to gross

[Chorus: GZA (Ka)]

In the gutter, some ride, some chill (some chill)
I'm from the gutter, some 'Stuy, some 'Ville (some
'Ville)

Know many brothers, some cry, some build
Word to the mother, some lie, some steal (steal)
Some get popped, some die, some heal (some heal)
Some get knocked, some hide and some real
(Some even bust shots, some live, some kill)
(But that's gutter where Ka and them chill)

[Ka]

Slim nigga with the fat pound, back down
Most brolic dude, try to move, hit him in the face
Never again taste solid food, same shit

I'm in solitude, or with the wildest crew
Bulletproof down my coats, like Ghost Wallets shoe

I run wit a crook or two, look who escaped out Brooklyn
Zoo

Fuck that queen, I show you what a knight, and a rook'll
do

New York City Bronson, heat up quicker than Vinnie
Johnson

A block got Bloods now, it's like a mini Compton
To have honey smiling, need money piling
Bundles, bundles, bundles, a hundred thousand
That's why with my gun I'm browsing

On the hottest strip to see you, I gotta hit the star
running housing

I listen to my ear, respect my ego

If I need council, bounce through, check my people
The first on Earth with the same thirst I accept is equal
Never move with crews, you lose with the steps
beneath you

I rep a lethal and beef, might elect to mosquito you
From where beef great you, do as much as dirt as us
But they preach lethal

The block is crashed, the blast from the heat teach you
If one lesson fail, oh well, the streets keep you
Had his dreams, one magazine, she sleep you

[Chorus]

[Ka]

Iron body, every nigga with cavity shotty
Forced to grow up quick, never sat on the potty
Went from crawl to run, we want all or none
Being fatherless bothered us, everybody who called
me son

Block scholastic, sunny chips from the rock jurassic
For heavy glory, monk territory for a rotten casket
Thought our young committee was gon' run the city
When feds being unprepared, so I bum the smitty
If you dare come and get me, I'm from royalty
I represent myself, don't need no loyalty
People call on me, cuz I'm ready when it's urgent
Too much grace to tremble, hand steady a surgeon

Visit [Gza](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.