

Jungle Brothers

"Playin' With Fire"

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[Afrika Baby Bam]

Well, I was standin on the verge, just about to get off

Cause I was losin my crew in a society war

Pipin the pipe every night, and when

The moon came up, they was gone with the wind

And every night the dope sold they desired

Last one hired and first one fired

Fixed in the mix, and I couldn't stand still

So I win a war, but it wasn't my will

[Mike G]

Girlfriend smoked out and her mind's burnt out

Losin weight and her legs and her stomach stickin out

Knowin daddy's uptown in his work all around

Keep your ear to the ground and your soul heaven
bound

Now ain't no use in screamin loud

Cause yo, money's gone off chasin clouds

Leavin you once again to pick up slack

But where you're goin is where you're at

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder

Come here, let me show you before you even start to

(On the big payday)

Yeah

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder

Come here, let me show you before you even start to

Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get lit?

Playin with fire - don't you know when to quit?

Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get lit?

Playin with fire - don't you know how to quit?

[Mike G]

Grandma's runnin to the old number spot

Spendin what she saved tryin to hit the jack-pot

Brotherman swearin what he is or is not

Landlord smilin and my motor's not hot

Pretty little sister should be kept in a cage

She thinks she's grown up cause she looks older than her age

She chose the streets over a chance on stage

Found dead in the river, story made the first page

Devils snatchin souls into a little glass being

Sayin (if you got problems I can - I can change your way of seein em)

It's not as easy as it surely may seem

You lose your life over the price of a dream

Blow

Yeah

Ha-ha

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder

Come here, let me show you before you even start to

(On the big payday)

Yeah

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder

Come here, let me show you before you even start to

(Concentrate)

Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get lit?

You're playin with fire, don't you know it don't make no sense

[Mike G]

Yeah

Different colors for different brothers

That gives no reason to kill off each other

We're dyin at a pace as if we're in a race

The President sendin our money to space

Our very short lives and a very long strive

Some start their lies, so some get high

Some do both and cut their own throat

No paddle in the boat, just goin for a float

Fool

Equal opportunity

Biological lunacy

[Jungle Brothers]

The tracks is slammin

The tracks is slammin

No question

Brothers got to get a fix on what they're doin

What we're talkin about here is..

You just keep playin with fire

You keep playin with fire

Equal opportunity, brother

That's what we need

Word is bond

[Afrika Baby Bam]

Now the brothers be doggin

The sisters be hoggin

They're playin with the fire, and they're gonna get
burnt

Word up

Smokin and puffin and sniffin and riffin

They don't get enuffin, but it don't make a difference

Cause they be lovin the heat

Feelin the beat, walkin the street

But they don't never concentrate

All alone, walkin along

Standin alone

Stoned to the bone

And the lunacy's on

Check it out

Playin with fire - don't you know you're gonna get lit?

Playin with fire - don't you know when to quit?

Playin with fire - don't you know you're gonna get lit?

Playin with fire - don't you know it don't make no sense?

[Mike G]

Cigarette's pokin blood pressure

Somebody's gettin paid cause they're all insured

Second step to your mind, first step to your heart

And nothin will work if somethin don't start

No meat on my plate cause I choose my own faith

My peoples movin out at a very high rate

Either to the grave, or way upstate

I better concentrate

[Afrika Baby Bam]

You got to think a little harder

Come here, let me show you before you even start to

Woke up one mornin after a nightmare

Heart full of fear, oh darlin, my dear

A man's got it all, and don't wanna share

No clothes on my back, now I swear it ain't fair

Follow me, good God, and I'll lead ya

Oh Lord, can't you see that we need the

Equal opportunity

Biological lunacy

Concentrate

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