

Kardinal Offishall "Quest For Fire (featuring Solitair)"

Visit "[Quest For Fire \(featuring Solitair\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kardinal Offishall]

Yes I see how you are smiling in my face you know what
I'm saying

Settin' fire to my back, I see that you know what I mean

I love it though, I love it, you know what I'm saying

My enemies make me stronger, hahahahahahaha

Well I'm on a mission

Van Gogh your ass, so y'all listen

Nigga, there ain't no fire if we don't start the ignition

Throw some bullets at your feet

Show you what ya missing, listen I hope for black love
without wishing

I murder the track and go neck to neck without kissing

I'm ducking from the wack flows, calling it dis-missing

Big money in the hook, cats is loot fishing

Nigga's adding ones like they was mathematicians

Four plus y'all equals more without addition, listen

Cooking up plans in a da kitchen

Too many chefs leads to nuff cats bitching

Love in a we face behin' we back yuh teet' kissin

Whether you're garbage or not is not my decision

Before you check it deep, you have to make the
incision

Nuff cats are slated for great things

But if yuh nuh lick shot for love

Well den murda we bring

Murdaaaaaah...

CHORUS [Saukrates & Kardinal]

We see you crab rappers everyday

Praying for a shot to be lead astray

We buss back with the love attack

And add fuel to the fire, fire, fire, fire

We see you crab rappers everyday

Praying for a shot to be lead astray

We buss back with the love attack

And add fuel to the fire, fire

Come and see me nigga!

[Solitair]

I was charged for murdering the track without touching

Filling the track with hot lead without bussin'

No discussion nigga talk without fussing

But F---, I ain't answering another damn question

It's just a matter of telecommunication
Freaking the three bands of frequencies, frequently
I frequently gather frequent flyer miles
I be freaking the same chick that you're admiring
The same G, ask them niggas around me
The P maybe free, but my tracks cost money
I might talk funny, but this nigga is no dummy
Now cough up my dough before I have to call Sunny
Switch switchblades, to switch hand grenades
I switch when a bitch nigga misses my payday
Y'all are concurring, when I'm running in succession
Quick to flow whenever the mic is in session
CHORUS
[Kardinal Offishall]
For crying out loud, you get hard knock detention
Your outside is smiling, but what's your intention
F a judge and stil get an honourable mention
Tell ya peace and love without both my fists clenching
Raps with real flows real re-invention
Chat on wicked tracks, add new dimensions
New cliques, gang bang causing old tensions
Niggas in the streets with swords like street fencing
For these record labels nuff rap cats is Benson
From these old street cats, I took a lesson
Never like groupie hoes hanging in my session
Rolling over weak cats in one succession
Who's up next, we got nuff headz guessing
Brothers feel the heat without Smith or Wesson
Wrote the blue prints nigga, why you testing
The dot when it's obviously us who's best and shit
CHORUS X2

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