

Live

"On Fire"

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(Them bitches swear they fly...)

"We on fire tonight, and the place is lookin steamy.." ->
Busta Rhymes

[Redman]

Hahha

Now everytime I grab the mic I always start shit up
Sharper than your double-edger, watch me cough shit
up

Live and direct, respect it to the underground connect
Pah!! I'm wreckin any MC you select

Yo E, load me in your gun, light the flares

Give me forty-eight bars, and I go out like gays at Billy
Bear

Wear and tear, I'm wreckin for the Bricks is where
Jump in my way and get your body splattered
everywhere

Conjunction junction what's your function

It's that nigga who's so swift I could lose a compass

Step into jams, with seven niggaz in a Land

And forty motherfuckers in some fucked up caravan

Drop the farenheight back down to zero

Bring Heat to the streets like I'm Pacino and DeNiro

Raw dog material, grand imperial

Talk to my shotty nigga, my ears ain't hearin you

So take heed to what I'm saying

Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nuccas ain't
playing

Now do I look crazy? Deranged, maybe?

You shot first, your glock burst, but it graze me

Now time for lyrics, put up your guns

And watch me get this shit hoppin like the West was
won

Got that lyrical chicken feed, for all chicken heads

Crowd your Rap City committee, like I'm [Big Leads]

Most bigger than them Melendez brothers

You need Cochran when you're fuckin with Judge Red

Put your fingers up if you love hash and cash

I been that way since Ike Turner was kickin Tina ass
Hookers ridin dick, like I'm a motorcycle
You wanna shine bitch? Let me simonize you
I make sure your vision blur, till you don't know what
occurred
Until I black out every nerver
Foul women get served as chicken head hors
d'ouerves
I drop your tops like your heads was convertibles!!
Hah, if you still look up in the sky I'm still high
All the way live like Lakeside
Wann die? E (whattup son), you got this beat pumpin
The way I feel niggaz ain't leave until they up in
somethin
Pack my dutch like the niggaz in the county
Dayrooms, stay tuned, for Doc Illuminati
Up around them big butt freaks is where you find me
(Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante)

So take heed to what I'm saying
Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nuccas ain't
playing

To my people in the back, if you're not the wack, say
Don't stop, the body rock
To my people in the front, if you're token on blunts, say
Don't stop, the body rock... aooowwwowwwww
I'm too strong for you to listen
I started spittin, that's why the brick niggaz be lickin
They stay on magazine written equipments
And lyrics I got em by the shipment, where your bitch
went
I'm smokin leaky out the Lec-y, fatal
My Squad steps with the ultimatum, true dat
My muzak, move crowds, like down the hill moved
crack
For those who stepped on toes, I want my shoes back
Buddy, bringin money to your girl
for your little daughter like I'm Cutty
Twenty dollars a pop to dub me, I bug G, quote it
I see you notice how I leave microphones corroded
Hahahahaha, your staff not up to par
You raw, you're more like Zsa Zsa Gabor
Call deep niggaz, keep the gas pedal floored
And I pump the funk to keep a room and board

{*record scratches, rooster cackles*}

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