

## **Roderick D. Simpson**

### **"Flammable"**

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I'd Thrown Ur Cassettes In A Box  
I Wrap Them Up Wit Newspaper I  
Set It Off To Da Curb I Light A  
Match Then Being Burst Into  
Flammable

It's Ten O'Clock In Da Morning  
I'm Up Early Out Drive Around  
Crusin Think To Myself Like  
What's Going On And Why Haven't  
You Call Me It Something Wrong  
Cause I Feel A Little Speechless  
I Don't Know How I Could Fix It  
Cause I'm Confused

I'd Thrown Ur Cassettes In A Box  
I Wrap Them Up Wit Newspaper I  
Set It Off To Da Curb I Light A  
Match Then Begin Burst Into  
Flammable

I Try, I Try, Lord Knows I Have Tried  
To Be A Better Person For Ya But  
You Still Been Pushin Me So Out Base  
I Don't Understand Ur Actions They  
Steadin Get You Into Trouble I Ain't  
Gonna Have No Of You Disrespected Me

I'd Thrown Ur Cassettes In A Box  
I Wrap Them Up Wit Newspaper I  
Set It Off To Da Curb I Light A  
Match Then Begin Burst Into  
Flammable

I Don't Know Why Think Bad About Me  
You Be Actin Like I Been Other People  
While I'm On Da Road U Don't Gotta  
Worry Cause You Are The One For Me  
Baby I Feel Really True Love To You  
I Would Never Leave You

I'd Thrown Ur Cassettes In A Box

I Wrap Them Up Wit Newspaper I  
Set It Off To Da Curb I Light A  
Match Then Begin Burst Into  
Flammable  
Ooh! Ooh!  
Flammable  
Flammable  
Flammable  
Yeah!

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