

# T PAIN "Fire"

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bitch  
bitch  
bitch

bitch  
bitch

more fire, burn through your clothes  
i get more, higher, burn by the old  
hustler's get flyer, burst for the low  
hop up on top  
oh missy oh  
(oh oh missy oh)  
you never knew what taste good  
bread for the head, you know that face good  
i keep my face clean  
well it look like missy on the verse good  
on the hook right  
(right)  
what im doin now is so ridiculous  
(ridiculous)  
and what im giving you in the rendition is  
classy missy Elliot, missy misdemeanor  
damn  
how would you feel if i get deeper like  
damn  
wetter than aquafina believers like  
damn  
maybe foam when its on then its on like  
bam  
comparison is water to patron like  
damn  
understand

(t-pain)  
the feeling that im giving you is not a test  
everybody that say they doing it is not the best

its simple and plain i can get to you man  
its not a game its just missy and pain

motherfucker im ill

for real  
ill  
for real  
ill  
for real  
now break it down

bitch

motherfucker im ill  
matter of fact i need to take a pill  
all these hits paying hospital bills  
all these lips i know you wanna kiss for reals  
i should let you wear my ice so you can chill  
i would make a lil but i just made a mil  
only hold me to the mike and i wont let it spill  
yeah, see my grill?  
no, not my teeth, its the grill on the Cadillac i bought  
last week  
they say missy dont play missy missy dont play  
makin cheese all day like Frito lay  
hey  
i am hip hop sister mister  
he handed me the mike i wont let go till i got blisters  
misdemeanor but my flow have gotten meaner  
its a its a its a felony ch check out my melody  
missy got the recipe  
i can autotune like  
t-pain zoom i be in the latest

(repeat t-pain)

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