

Crooked Lettaz "Fire Water"

Visit "[Fire Water](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Noreaga

[Noreaga]

Yeah yeah

Niggaz is travellin everywhere word up

I perform in the South

You know I put on _Fish'N'Grits_ and shit like that ya heard?

Word up; I perform in the West I put on..

Ain't Nuttin Like a Sunny Day in Cali For Ni A ya heard?

I'm on the East I'm rockin _T.O.N.Y._

In the Midwest I put on a little No Limit or some shit like that

Word is bond

Chorus: Crooked Lettaz

We got that firewater (WHAT?)

Y'all want that water-water (WHAT?)

We got that firewater (WHAT?)

Y'all want that water-water (WHAT?)

We got that firewater (WHAT?)

Y'all want that water-water (WHAT?)

We got that firewater WHAT?

We got that firewater WHAT?

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo

Yo I'msa gangsta, so y'all niggaz, know that I mask

I smoke, mad weed, while I drink a V-8 splash

Niggaz, fuck with me, and you will get smashed

I'm gettin, head in the whip, and I won't even crash

I'm sayin, niggaz don't fuck no mo', all we get is head

Niggaz don't play with bread and butter, all we count is bread

My niggaz from, Mississipp-I, still get high

Off the water-water, slangin quarter-quarter

across the border border, Seargeant Slaughter

Slaughter

My Down South niggaz, yo we got mad game

And we both, from the ghetto, so we kick it the same

You call your weed chronic, we call our weed hydro
You call your shit doja, we call out shit gamble
From the Calliope to Iraq, we still get dough
We call a, bitch is a bitch, and a hoe is a hoe
Penalty the label, in New York, we on cable

Chorus

[Crooked Lettaz 1]

Check it out

Basically, you silly niggaz ain't facin me
I turn my back and then you chase me hate me daily
And you attempt to limp like youse a pimp
but youse a shrimp, you can't play me
See we the brothers with the hot tracks
Puttin butter on the hot wax
You wanna ball with the top cats
Well you talk about fat gats
You can't rap nigga stop that, got that
You wanna act like you cock back
Couldn't hold a nigga jockstrap
We can take it to the streets when the party people
meet
tell the niggaz take a seat take a beat and cold rock
that
back to the M-I, mill'n-dol'-mill'n-dol'-I
mill'n-dol'-mill'n-dol'-I, humpback, humpback
Watch a nigga jump back, dead I
Spittin that upon the red eye, flyin to the N.Y.
Niggaz high from coast to coast
Keepin it close, put it in a post
E.T. the coach, niggaz wanna be me the most
You boast and brag and sport the sag
cause I dope rhyme, niggaz never wanna quote
rhymes
Try to bite and then you choke rhyme
Rollin up a smoke rhyme
Comin out with your wrote rhyme
Ain't nuttin but some broke rhymes
Me I got the right rhymes, always comin out tight
rhymes
Break a nigga see the light rhymes
Wanna fight rhymes? Naw nigga not tonight rhymes
Get your girl I just might rhyme
And the story go, for the thugs even Nore know
the gory flow, can't be faded
Prayed it down, laid it down, and I'm gone
Take double-steps turn around and show em

Chorus

[Crooked Letta 2]

Now it's that Crooked Letta hot shit
Old block rockin locked quick
Rhymes shined with hot spit
Y'all speak about shine I write rhymes
then I burn clicks, and give em this
Your platinum plaque's counterfeit
You shipped gold, is what I was told
Your airplay was BOUGHT hits
Payola Motorola cell phones
where you spent all these ends, then he's gone
in the wind POOF, ain't no PROOF, a super sleuth
couldn't find his shoes
I wrap heads, like bad news
And bust bass and blow a fuse
Then I move to Baton Rouge like, Snoop on the move
I'm like Megatron, an underground rap shit
phenomenon
I blow up in my Prime (and after that?)
Then I move to Cybertron, with Omega Supreme
But it seems that I gotta sit back and pray (back and
pray)
to God that these niggaz won't take me away (why?)
I say it seems that I gotta sit back and pray
to God that these niggaz won't take me away

Chorus

[Noreaga]

Firewater HUH?
You see them niggaz bouncin
Wanna see them niggaz BOUNCIN
Wanna see them niggaz BOUNCIN!!
Sittin on whatever y'all fuckin niggaz sittin on
That chrome shit HUH?
Seventeen inch shit
Twenty inch shit
Twenty-two inch shit
Fuck that shit, let the shit glisten
Let the shit GLISTEN
Let the shit GLISTEN!! HUH?
Let the shit glisten! HUH?
If y'all niggaz ain't got a car wash
Y'all niggaz need to go Uptown right now
and get your shit washed
And get the inside done up, you feel?
You feel me?
Get that inside done up
Make sure your speakers is blowin
Cause if the shit is at a low level
It ain't even penetratin

Turn the shit the fuck up, HUH?
Thugged Out, Crooked Lettaz, what the fuck is up?
Turn shit the fuck up

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.