

## Copywrite78 "Fire It Up"

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\* If such a thing exists as being such a king as this  
Sluts pucker up, to kiss the ring and fist  
The rhyming vet, the livest yet  
drop fly shit like a G-4 private jet  
Bet you get more than grazed by the nine  
Layed by the side  
Oh you out of bullets? Here, take some of mine  
And clowns hate how I lock this down  
If they think I'm obnoxious now, wait til I pop Cristal  
Got one need, to just smoke out  
but if your weed's got one seed, the shit don't count  
Dog, you don't want us running home.  
You don't want it Holmes. If you a 'G'  
You as silent as the one in front of Gnome  
And you can love me, or you can judge me  
But dissin me's like, Beetlejuice in a cape, Super Ugly  
Trust me, I'ma shit on my foes  
And sit on my throne  
So hop off my dick and get on your own

(hook x's 2)  
O-H-I-O, no place like home  
Everywhere I go, I relocate my throne  
Roll it up. Light it up. Fire it up  
Bring a bitch to the telly and get high as fuck

Schatz got me upchuckin in a cut buzzin  
Might spit about the same shit, but then again  
Who the fuck doesn't?!?!  
When writers fed, bite his lead, or we can fight instead  
And fuck a can, we open whoop ass by the keg  
Tell your boys to get your lame crest on  
Wanna rip together? Y'all can share the same  
headstone  
And it's rarely ever that I bury pairs together  
But I'm ruthless.  
I did it with ease like Jerry Heller  
So if you mention me,  
you fairies better levitate or jump a fence from me  
Seven eight's a heavyweight, like pregnancy  
And you can die in a coupe with dark tint  
COPY! Shoot the sky til the moon is dark red

STOP ME! You could try, but I move at mach 10  
WATCH ME! Superfly from the booth like Clark Kent  
COPY! Doctor Strange when I'm on the ???  
The vets I roll with will put your dogs to sleep  
Puff five blunts straight to the brain  
Jakki's got one five one through a pump straight to the  
vein  
Sights a bit wrecked.  
I ain't even light the spliff yet  
and already my eyes are bloodshot like a crips set

(hook x's 2)

Y'all cats ain't never gonna advance, I'm big headed  
Got an even bigger ego for the one in my pants  
Lames hurtin.  
I aim perfect for opponent's heads  
Still in charge like a cordless phone is dead  
Only writin four bar verses now. REASON??  
Can't get past the fifth line without the crowd screamin  
Y'all don't rhyme, y'all bitch. Dick in mouth even  
Only time y'all spit's when you spittin out semen  
Hope you're ready bastards,  
my prose already classic  
And like laffy taffy I got a joke on every rapper  
You hold your own? NO YOU DON'T  
I'll let you shit first, when I start shittin the toilet  
overflows  
And I ain't quittin six four, dyin hittin chicks raw  
In the Hyatt on the fifth floor with her hymen splittin  
So bet the money you got MY ALBUM'S LIKE HELL!  
You don't know when it's comin but you know it's gonna  
be hot

(hook x's 2)

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