

Nature "Fire"

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[Nature]

Fire.. it's fire, put the fire out
Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo

I got the whole city stoppin, O.G.'s diddy-boppin
Playin my shit, critics sayin my shit
Tryin to get me for that ice that lay on my wrist
It's like flippin on your wife, cause I made her my bitch
Feel me? I play with any card you niggaz deal me
Every nigga out the fam is guilty, I plead the fifth
Queens niggaz be the strength, the lock and chain
Thugs on the block know I got the game
You mighta heard me with The Firm and forgot my
name, pardon me
It's N-A-T-U-R-E
The latest Barkley's, known to smack niggaz
nonchalantly
Queensbridge, same hood as Nas and Mobb Deep
Ghettofabulous, class of nine-eight my fellow
graduates
Well known savages, we elbow cabbages
Niggaz better duck or I'ma spray a round
I make it like the O.K. Corral, blazin 'til I lay 'em down

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

If you need flames, you need this
If you resist, you need help
Third degree burns, the heat felt
Blaze when I know that it's on, what you thought it was
a false alarm?

[Nature]

Yo, yo, aiyyo
I got more twists than Six Flags, more chicks than gym
class
Overweight momma sippin Slim Fast, glad to meet
Nate
The casualty rate, risin like yeast
And they label me surprise of the streets, Cobra
Commander
I smoke Newports, meanin I roll with cancer
Fuck what y'all thought, y'all know the answer, is

psychological

Tone and Poke beats, make me write phenomenal

I give lifetime scars like drama do, it's gangsta
chronicles

Turn to page one, hurricanes come, I call 'em twisters

It's deeper than life Dunn, I'm four dimensions

More suspensions, SV-12; gettin pressed my cassettes
need shells

Fuckin Mets need help

It's therapeutic, I lay it out clear

Y'all niggaz better use it

Nowhere else you find better music

You try to find it in the hall of fame

My man's callin shit fire, I just call it flame

[Chorus]

[Nature]

Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo

Queens to the heart from the start it was Run and them

No love faggot MC's respect none of them

Niggaz stop mumblin, get popped you're fumblin

Regulatin raps to rocks the block's bubblin

Five percent days, in the Bridge bobbin off calente

Wise enough to drop out the 10th grade

Hold that thought, twist up nigga, roll that short

Catch me with my chick that let me go back door

Hall of famer, don't make me shoot your game up

at close range, stand back watch the toast flame

Yo it's funny, the way a nigga act like that

It's only money, that make a nigga rap like that

Keep a roscoe, peep me on the Chris Rock show

You either beat me or you get your eye swoll, y'all know
the rules

Faggot niggaz like y'all, chose to lose

I give meaning to the phrase smoke'n'brew, fire nigga

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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