

Material

"Playin' With Fire"

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[Afrika Baby Bam] Well, I was standin on the verge,
just about to get off
Cause I was losin my crew in a society war
Pipin the pipe every night, and when
The moon came up, they was gone with the wind
And every night the dope sold they desired
Last one hired and first one fired
Fixed in the mix, and I couldn't stand still
So I win a war, but it wasn't my will

[Mike G] Girlfriend smoked out and her mind's burnt
out
Losin weight and her legs and her stomach stickin out
Knowin daddy's uptown in his work all around
Keep your ear to the ground and your soul heaven
bound
Now ain't no use in screamin loud
Cause yo, money's gone off chasin clouds
Leavin you once again to pick up slack
But where you're goin is where you're at

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder
Come here, let me show you before you even start to
(On the big payday)
Yeah
(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder
Come here, let me show you before you even start to

Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get
lit?
Playin with fire - don't you know when to quit?
Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get
lit?
Playin with fire - don't you know how to quit?

[Mike G] Grandma's runnin to the old number spot
Spendin what she saved tryin to hit the jack-pot
Brotherman swearin what he is or is not
Landlord smilin and my motor's not hot
Pretty little sister should be kept in a cage
She thinks she's grown up cause she looks older than

her age
She chose the streets over a chance on stage
Found dead in the river, story made the first page
Devils snatchin souls into a little glass being
Sayin (if you got problems I can - I can change your way
of seein em)
It's not as easy as it surely may seem
You lose your life over the price of a dream

Blow
Yeah
Ha-ha

(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder
Come here, let me show you before you even start to
(On the big payday)
Yeah
(Concentrate) you got to think a little harder
Come here, let me show you before you even start to
(Concentrate)

Playin with fire - don't you know that you're gonna get
lit?
You're playin with fire, don't you know it don't make no
sense

[Mike G]Yeah
Different colors for different brothers
That gives no reason to kill off each other
We're dyin at a pace as if we're in a race
The President sendin our money to space
Our very short lives and a very long strive

Some start their lies, so some get high
Some do both and cut their own throat
No paddle in the boat, just goin for a float
Fool

Equal opportunity
Biological lunacy

[Jungle Brothers]The tracks is slammin
The tracks is slammin
No question
Brothers got to get a fix on what they're doin
What we're talkin about here is..
You just keep playin with fire
You keep playin with fire
Equal opportunity, brother
That's what we need
Word is bond

[Afrika Baby Bam]Now the brothers be doggin
The sisters be hoggin
They're playin with the fire, and they're gonna get
burnt
Word up
Smokin and puffin and sniffin and riffin
They don't get enuffin, but it don't make a difference
Cause they be lovin the heat
Feelin the beat, walkin the street
But they don't never concentrate
All alone, walkin along
Standin alone
Stoned to the bone
And the lunacy's on
Check it out

Playin with fire - don't you know you're gonna get lit?
Playin with fire - don't you know when to quit?
Playin with fire - don't you know you're gonna get lit?
Playin with fire - don't you know it don't make no sense?

[Mike G]Cigarette's pokin blood pressure
Somebody's gettin paid cause they're all insured
Second step to your mind, first step to your heart
And nothin will work if somethin don't start
No meat on my plate cause I choose my own faith
My peoples movin out at a very high rate
Either to the grave, or way upstate
I better concentrate

[Afrika Baby Bam]You got to think a little harder
Come here, let me show you before you even start to
Woke up one mornin after a nightmare
Heart full of fear, oh darlin, my dear
A man's got it all, and don't wanna share
No clothes on my back, now I swear it ain't fair
Follow me, good God, and I'll lead ya
Oh Lord, can't you see that we need the

Equal opportunity
Biological lunacy

Concentrate

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