

Pras

"Light My Fire"

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Yo (uh, what, yo, uh-huh) ha, yeah yeah
Yeah, eh-heh, alright (mmm, uh, uh-hh)
Good morning light my fire baby woo; woo, woo!
Ohhh-oh-ohhhh, girl you make me feel fine
(Yeah, uhh, ha ha)
Dan-na-dah-doo-doo-dah! Ohh-oh-ohhhh
Dan-na-dah-doo-doo-dah!

[Pras Michel]

Well I was born a mixed breed, a planted seed
Mixed with some weed and a lil' bit of Hennessy
When I bleed, I love to believe
That a friend in need is a friend indeed
Where da bumba claat, where da bumba ras
Forget me not, dem know a Super Pras
Blueberry don't start no fight
Sean Paul tell 'em pass the light
Eighty bars but your 16 ain't worth the spit
Money cars and fame is that all you get?
Pride and respect in the street, that's not all I got
Silly boy come test, cause dem wield de shot
Seckle de violence, bad boy move in silence
Give them some guidance, they need to see the
science
(Fire that's richer than ??) Well speak up
And through your minutes of fame I kept my FEET up

[Chorus: Pras Michel + female]

C'mon and light my fire, babyyy, ohh-oh-ohhhh
Kiss the sun let's get higher, hi-ii-iiigh
They don't think we're gonna make it, ohh-oh-ohhhh
But the world let's just take it, hi-ii-iiigh

[Pras Michel]

Well I was often told I was off my road
Never sold my soul for the glitter of gold
Let the truth be told, I made the mold
23 years old, 20 million sold
Y'all dream of half-a-mill, lookin for your next meal
Ask the guerillas, I signed my own deal
Movies, clothing, ma I'm so ill

Mash up the dancefloor (yo Pras chill!)
Man SECKLE, I'm bumpin like a kettle {*whistle*}
You don't hear the sound bustin your vessel? {Brrap!}
And for my enemies, scope 'em like the Kennedy's
You think I'm lyin? Go and ask the ReFugees

[Chorus]

[Pras Michel]

40 days 40 nights I was off the scene
Cocked back my style with a gangsta lean
Kept my ears to the streets and my hands been clean
Servin rice and beans while I plot and scheme
Back by the 18, we buffalo soldiers
Rude bwoy run 'way, I thought I told ya
Guns too big to fight in a holster
Still stay true to my roots and culture
When we comin rushin in best be afraid
We take a flag when we march in our parade
Brooklyn, Trini, Jamaican, Haitian
We built to rule like United Nation
Still Pras fat hooks I'm no Nas
Type bars through wars ain't no scars
Took the pilgrimage to conquer Rome
Dethroned Caesar, guerillas now they're home, ba-by!

[Chorus]

[female ad libs while Pras talks]

Yeah, guerillas baby, you don't see us comin
Brrap, brrap, lights out, ah-heh-heh

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