

## **Redman**

### **"On Fire"**

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Them bitches swear they fly

We on fire tonight and the place is lookin' steamy  
We on fire tonight, we on fire tonight  
And the place is lookin' steamy, we on fire tonight

Now everytime I grab the mic, I always start shit up  
Sharper than your double edger, watch me cough shit  
up  
Live and direct, respect it to the Underground Connect  
I'm wreckin' any MC you select

Yo E, load me in your gun, light the flares  
Give me forty eight bars and I go out like gays at Billy  
Bear  
Wear and tear, I'm wreckin' for the Bricks is where  
Jump in my way and get your body splattered  
everywhere

Conjunction, junction, what's your function?  
It's that nigga who's so swift, I could lose a compass  
Step into jams with seven niggaz in a land  
And forty motherfuckers in some fucked up caravan

Drop the Fahrenheit back down to zero  
Bring heat to the streets like I'm Pacino and DeNiro  
Raw dog material, grand imperial  
Talk to my shorty nigga, my ears ain't hearin' you

We on fire tonight and the place is lookin' steamy  
We on fire tonight, so take heed to what I'm sayin'  
'Cause tonight's the night and me and my nuccas ain't  
playin'  
We on fire tonight and the place is lookin' steamy, we  
on fire  
Come, come here baby, come, come here baby

Now do I look crazy? Deranged, maybe  
You shot first, your glock burst but it graze me  
Now time for lyrics, put up your guns  
And watch me get this shit hoppin' like the West was  
won

Got that lyrical chicken feed for all chicken heads  
Crowd your Rap City committee like I'm Big Leads  
Most sicker than them Melendez brothers  
You need Cochran when you're fuckin' with Judge Red

Put your fingers up if you love hash and cash  
I been that way since Ike Turner was kickin' Tina ass  
Hookers ridin' dick like I'm a motorcycle  
You wanna shine bitch? Let me simonize you

I make sure your vision blur  
'Til you don't know what occurred until I black out every  
nerve  
Foul women get served as chicken head hors d'oeuvre  
I drop your tops like your heads was convertibles

If you still look up in the sky, I'm still high  
All the way live like Lakeside, wanna die?  
E, whattup son, you got this beat pumpin'  
The way I feel niggaz ain't leave until they up in  
somethin'

Pack my dutch like the niggaz in the county  
Dayrooms, stay tuned, for Doc Illuminati  
Up around them big butt freaks is where you find me  
Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante

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playin'  
We on fire tonight and the place is lookin' steamy, we  
on fire  
Come, come here baby, come, come here baby

To my people in the back if you're not the wack  
Say, "Don't stop the body rock"  
To my people in the front if you're talkin' all blunts  
Say, "Don't stop the body rock"

I'm too strong for you to listen, I started spittin'  
That's why the brick niggaz be lickin'  
They stay on magazine written equipments  
And lyrics I got 'em by the shipment, where your bitch  
went?

I'm smokin' leaky out the Lec-y, fatal  
My squad steps with the ultimatum, true that  
My muzak move crowds like down the hill moved crack  
For those who stepped on toes, I want my shoes back

Buddy, bringin' money to your girl  
For your little daughter like I'm Cutty  
Twenty dollars a pop to dub me, I bug G, quote it  
I see you notice how I leave microphones corroded

Your staff not up to par, you raw  
You're more like Zsa Zsa Gabor  
Call deep niggaz, keep the gas pedal floored  
And I pump the funk to keep a room aboard

We on fire tonight and the place is lookin' steamy

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