

Baby Blak

"Firewater"

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Uh
G'yeah (It's all love, baby)
Here we go y'all (Uh, huh)
I'm 'bout it
The streets/The nickels
The four and the strip and
Niggas who grits with the ave
The hood and them whores who be stripping

For all them victims in the tenements fixin' syringes
You can smell the dope up in they pores and it's
sickening
Ayo they closing schools
Building prisons
They plyin' jewels
Killing children
Willing to live in anything
Eat anything
Teach us anything
I speak with street ministry
Over percussion and liters of Hennessey
From the gutters the Greek assembla-ly
Osiris on a cliff rolling a fig leaf
Oh, shit--I digs deep mentally
What every rapper wanna be
They see what they meant to be
And see Blak killing a track with such easy energy
See and peep my similes
Every two lines I switch up the flow
Every word a different meaning when I shift between
'em
Now who greater than thou?
With that worldwide connect to the easy way to making
a thou'
Overseas or in the States get it down
Get around like 'Pac and Shock on singles
When I'm in your town yo
Overseas or in the States get it down
Get around like 'Pac and Shock
When I'm in your town ya know

[Chorus]

Hot fire water

You sugar water

You sweeter than MC's that we be in ya know

Every beat is like a four-alarm blaze

But just be careful stay away from the flames

Now that's a fire nigga

Hot fire water

You sugar water

You candy that I take from a baby

You just a clown that get down around here

But you won't be around next year

Yeah

Ayo

Now when I get on you can tell 'em that it won't stop

'Less Big, 'Pac, Pun, and L comin' back

One with the drum

I spit with the rhythm

Sink to the beat

Simply the lyric

Empty my spirit

To the MP you hearin'

MIDI the sequence

Gimme them streets

They mind ya mens be the weakest

I shine shimmer if peepin' my lines

Like lemon juice squeezin' in lines (Drink a twist)

Limited reasoning

While peoples'll never think of this

Just give me a reason and I'm squeezin' chip

He could live

Beef ain't for season' ya know

We frying bigger fish

We buying bigger whips

We tying sicker kicks

In your own hood/I'm more acknickulous

On your own block I got a thicker bitch

It's poppin'/It's crackin'

You flowin' you know it 'bout to happen

Going overseas

Stockin' and stackin'

Coming home chop it and pack it

Hit the block the mattress

That mean flip it/Profit is stacking

Yo get at me nigga

I cock it and pack it for cocky-ass rappers

And any nigga in the hood that wanna pop me that matter

I said I cock it and pack it for cocky-ass rappers

Or any nigga in the hood wanna pop me that matter

It's so hot

[Chorus]

Uh, huh

Newtron Entertainment/Uh, huh

Millenia/Uh, huh

DJ Revolution/Soul Supreme/Uh, huh

Ill Advised/Jay-Ski

Uh, huh/West Philly

Uh, huh/Uh, huh

Uh, huh/Uh, huh

Yo

Sing it wit' us/Love me baby

Uh, huh/Get to know us

We living La Vida Loca

You living that mediocre

We gettin' the people open

Just a breath of fresh air

Something fresh for next year

Then your deck and your bed

And your streets

And every johnny

A hooptie/A squader

A plated Benz

A Beemer/A Lex Coupe Romano

Every club every nigga

Buying drinks by the bottle

Do they thang with a model

Pleasurings like Rolo

Bang my shit to the break of dawn

And BET/Pay attention when my face is on your TV
screen

And give me peace when I make a song

Then we can eat

You Burger King I'm filet mignon

So where the beef?

You mayo (Hah)

I'm Grey Poupon

You LEGO

You Play-Doh

You make me yawn

I'm Evian

My missiles hit indirect on both coast-ses

Revolution Soul Supreme are both a second to notion

I'm so hot!

[Chorus]

Blow all these bitch-ass niggas out the fuckin' water,
man

What the fuck?! {*laughter*}

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