

Brandy F/ Ray J**"On Fire"**

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For the Menensky tribe worldwide
(will you please sing along with the old negro spiritual?)

[Chorus] 2x

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter, and
a lighter

It ain't a thug those that's livin that is realer than the
villain
Witha million still killin dealin and all for the children
Came out of Cleveland with Steven,
and even my peoples was creepin,
but now they reapin, seepin, retreatin, deletin
Did ya feel em give my niggaz the fist and,
keep the pistol gripped
Now whistle if you need me and quick I'm there for
murder and mayhem
Look out for lay man
His trigger finger itchin' to lay them
His trigger finger itchin' to lay them
Don't run to lose your life
Enjoy
I ain't fuckin around and makin the noise,
but better believe I'll get up and leave and keep my
poise
(O yellow boy you holdin??? Hell, yeh!!!!)
Thuggin on Brackland when I sold crack,
and I got a mini-mack for the action
The murder and mashin,
Nigga millennium fashion blastin' over trash
50 thousand dollars cash
As fast as you can smash
Stabbed in the back and anxiety attacks
Flash through the childhood relax and,
react it be like that nigga you know that prescribin me
prozac
Forgive but never forget
Sin yeh even within the thin begin again

With that pretty little bitch in your click
Uh spittin' demonish shit
Hey baby you need a friend
and act a little bit feminine take the fatigues off
Fuck the club even the six it's hellish
I be the one to tell it lust for the thugs
Who be fuckin with
seven....seven....seven....seven....
seven....seven....seven....seven....

[Chorus] 2x

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter, and
a lighter.

Gather up gas masks for biological war
We know a whiff of the shit will make you wither fo sho'
Niggaz in the C.O.
We livin' in this AB World 144 thousand full of tribes
With the last word (SHUT UP!)
The book of old it got 'em thinkin that they crackin code
Oh no pin it computers ain't pinnin the Millenium
Your future youth be the truth in the music
You better your soul triple stage darkness in the
unsolved encore
Little E, B.I.G., Tupac Shakur
Murdered in California
Need I say more
Killa forget it's in Heaven'z Movie was it?
Lose the Lord's covenant
I'm huggin it and Imma duck and trust I'm all thuggish
as fuck
Uh what nigga bust and up by creepin on a come up
Eternally stressed my faces of death for the world war
Yes quiet on the set the shoots expired
The Roof is on fire...
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter and a
lighter
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter and a
lighter

Now what I want ch'all to do is I want y'all
put y'all muthafuckin lighters in the air
Keep their bitches up there, fuck wit cho - lil' nigga...

[Chorus] 6x

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We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter, and
a lighter.

