

Andreas Martin**"Fire"**

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[Hook: Bettye]

On the block pack a gat, watch your back boy
Cause you know that's hot, and them haters
Do your thang and come on home, cause you know
That I'm waiting, with that fire

[Lyrical 187]

5 in the morning, ain't no yawning ain't no time for
sleeping
I'm still working the block, the block still bleeding
I'm still toting a glock, cause niggaz be scheming
I still want what you got, until then I ain't leaving
Battle scarred and hard headed, off of the streets
Was brought up in the hustle, the game supported me
Day to day grinding, gotta make sure we eat
Gotta make sure, we can step out on the block and be
seen
Trying to let all them fiends know, I'm back on the
scene
Got them power packs ready, Scottie throw down a
beam
Undercover snitch niggaz, trying to break my dream up
Baby girl home alone, waiting for me to show up
Plus this morning, she told me she woke up throwing up
And I...wanna lay, all I'm thinking bout is paper
It might be real early, in the morning when I come
home
But best believe I'm coming home, pockets full of do'

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]

Gonna hop up on niggaz, like quizzes in class
Sensei shife niggaz, and chizzle they masks
I ain't your hammer jamming, but I'm packing a glass
When I hit you I'ma split you, like that crack in your ass
Got elbows of weed, I'm bagging my grass
I got weight niggaz, think I need to take out the trash
4 flipping in the dash, one under the seat
Worm just laid the track, to what I done to the beat
Wet niggaz up everywhere, but under the feet

Plus I rock-a-bye niggaz, put 'em under a sheet
I'm trying to get freaky tonight, I'm in the mood
For a baby-faced girl, with a big girl mule
Jeans on the couch, underwear in the pool
Closer boys keep girls, square in the nude
A layer, the Earth's my turf so I'm a grown
When I'm finished with these streets, I'm gone into
hiding

[Hook]

[Mr. 3-2]

Pull it all night, as on the block stacking bread
Ducking police, and I'm stacking big heads
Never letting it go FED, while I grind it out
Shooting dice on my knees, making boys drop out
Got it popped at the spot, and a twat that's wide
I dig up between thighs, when they qualified
Naked showing hide, cotton up six figgas
Day for day on the block, watching thangs get bigger
Build an empire, the boss of the street game
Stack it up real pretty, I'm sicking all my change
Fame is a trip, people can back stab you
Gotta watch your back, cause somebody could grab
you
Stay on no cases, and counting the big faces
They'll be working for your vote, in all kinda places
The glock stay crunk, and lit up at all times
But it make it heavy, that's why I'm getting mine

[Hook]

(*singing*)

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