

Estefan Gloria**"Fire"**

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(Where am I?
I smell fire)
Who got that fire
Fire?
I don't smoke that brown
I want the bomb
Don't like that shit
I don't like that shit
I need fire, who got fire?

Yo nucca
It's yo nucca

Roll somethin up
(Smoke it)
Roll somethin up

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]

I'm at the liquor sto' gettin mo' blunts for the skunk
Hit the block in the Chev', I got thump in the trunk
Feelin good off the woods in the hood and I'm fizzin
Kinda 'noid, they always tryin to take your boy back to
prison
They hate to see a player employ his self
They hate to see a player enjoy his self
But I'm sidin, wanna ride? Then player, let's go
I'm 29 with many rhymes and love XO
I'm a hog, bust the raw with the words I serve
Every tape that I make, baby, learn the words
Young Mac Dre got the gift to gab
Hate a breezy who give heezy like she lickin some zags
I'm on the celly telly tryin to get some roper from Nelly
Need a (?) smelly, finna go choke at the telly
It's on, finna blow a zone to the dome
Tone Capone got the bong and them bomb weed songs

[CHORUS: (Harm) & Big Lurch]

(Fire)
Puttin the smoke in the air
(Fire)
Blowin big type of player player

(Fire)
Cheech and Chong on a spree
(Fire)
Blowin it big, come smoke with me

[Verse 2: Big Lurch]
Everyday in the life of a gee
We be triflin and we enlighten the seed
Big girls ain't fightin me
Them pimped out gangsterism tactics
Dependin on my gun like a blacksmith
(?) belligerent actor, see the chiropractor
But I crack ya neck back, spleen
Blow you to smithereens for the things I done seen
In my everyday smokin-out ritual, regular routine
Walkin down the street with a gangsta limp in denim
jeans
Seein some squaws and smile (bling-bling)
I just wanna lean
Why don't I juggle up this dope beat
Then jump in a five-point oldie leavin the block smokey
With the OG Mac Dre, Killa Kali parlay, parlay
Smokin a bounce of that bombay everyday

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]
I need narcotic, that gooey and stinky
When I ain't got it - I'm moody and cranky
What the dealy, what's really, bust down that Phillie
We can old school with a zag or blow bags in the billy
Is you silly, never throw the dubee away
Waste no dank when you're blowin with Dre
Tryin to cope with the stress so I blow big
How can a bullet-proof vest protect my wig?
See, them cutthroat fools done changed the rules
The public got it twisted and we blame the news
I got game for fools cause I hang with fools
That got game to use and maintain the rules
Keep it real, dog, and represent what's right
Be a real hog when you bless the mic
Smoke big, live long and get yo pringles
Young Lurch and Mac Dre makin hit rap singles

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