

Elzhi f/ Black Milk, Fatt Father, Danny Brown, Fat Ray and Guilty Simpson

"Fire"

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[Intro - Black Milk - talking] Yeah, uh, Elzhi, Black Milk, let's go Yeah, uh ... Yeah, uh [Verse 1 - Black Milk] You can't mention the top five without mentionin I Black and Elzhi, fire like the temperature rise Limitless I'm, not even the sky's the limit to I When we spit with adrenaline times ten From the beginnin until the rhyme end It's, no stoppin, every line's mind bogglin Stoppin your top artist, toppin them When we spit sick, naw critics love to get compliments Go [Verse 2 - Fatt Father] Yo, a little 'gen and sodium Pandemonium, sparks the fat man at the podium Starts the flame on, I came to stay long (Somebody call SVU!), I rape songs Fatt Father collarin fake bums, like Steak-umms With great guns, that'll have you covered in A1 Al Green told me I was hotter than cooked grits And my words seem more like somethin I cook with [Chorus - Black Milk] - w/ ad libs Yeah, cause it's that fire I see the smoke risin higher Hi-higher, hands to the sky, up Spit fire, nope can't deny us They gettin liver Cause it's that fire I see the smoke risin higher Get 'em, get 'em up, get 'em higher Get a cup, let me see, see you light up They gettin liver, cause it's that fire [Verse 3 - Danny Brown] I fire up the blunt and it tastes like gumbo Hit the trees hard like George And The Jungle I'm a play humble 'fore I let the K rumble Know you got a bitch fatty and a snitchin ass uncle Brown play niggaz like 'funkel Land tan seats in the old school sedan So nigga talk sweet and the forty fifth blam Hit a nigga in his back, make 'em do a handstand [Verse 4 - Fat Ray] Look, it's Fat Ray, fireman, I'm turnin the hose on You fire up a L, we burnin the whole zone So you can go to hell with fire and brimstone Fire with the heckler (fire) Niggaz is even jockin my hand gestures Yes, cause I'm fresher than the Nantucket Nectar (fresh) Ain't a man fresher, we apply pressure You a lie, crooked in the street, when I fire like a Vietnam veteran [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 5 - Guilty Simpson] Yeah, you can't extinguish my genius, release just enough to touch y'all Without a just cause And still build a loyal following Front row at

my next show hollerin, witnessin overpowerin Lyrics,
you feel it deep down, way beneath the street's
ground, in sewer tops We do enough, you do a lot With
zero reward, I'm the chairman of the board Warlord,
sendin verb victims to the morgue [Verse 6 - Elzhi]
Yeah, yeah, still charge an ill joggin, with skill that can
kill squadrons We'll reveal this all in your grill, like the
drill sergeant Too mean, two spleens, this is daily
routine If you seen, holdin new green, in my blue jeans
Knuckle every clown, always chuckle, barely frown
Pistol here beneath the bubble, like Huckleberry Hound
When I came in, bent down to strike the game and They
say that I'm fire, you just got fired for soundin like your
flamin [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Outro - Black Milk - talking]
If you a fan, go and fan a nigga off, yeah (yeah) Wave
your hands, yeah, fan a nigga off, uh (uh) Go ahead,
just fan a nigga off, yeah (yeah) If you a fan, go and
fan a nigga off, go!

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