

Jimmy James & The Vagabunds**"Fire"**

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{*horns honking and sirens blaring*}

[Timbo King]

Yo, heat in the streets hot, heat in the clubs hot
Heat in the pens where the thugs make it real hot
Heat on your block hot, even your girl hot
Heat in New York, Royal Fam got the world hot
Heat in the projects, all you see is steam
Undercover tight blue jeans harass teens
The neighborhood is flooded with drugs, sex and
violence
Freeze, you have the right to remain silent
Somebody got their wig pushed back, the daily news
On Eastern Parkway at 4:10, divine rules
The Av stays heated, smoked out, we all weeded
Poppy got raw for sale, the fiends need it
Claimin hot lead, burst out the clear blue
We 7-30 Belleview son, we dare you
Shots tear through, NYPD got 'em scared too
Shorty watches through they rearview, shorty with the
hair dew
Susan B., niggaz call her a dollar piece
Tight Parasuco's with the hot pink Wallabees
Broadway, Laffeyete, block of chocolate
High times, ring around the collar crime
Nine millimeter shells, tag V-12's
Crab females with the backseat smell

[Chorus - Timbo King]

Fire, we gon' bring the flames
Y'all shouldn't have used our name in vain
Fire, we gon' break the chains
Y'all shouldn't have used our name in vain
Fire, we gon' change the game
Y'all shouldn't have used our name in vain
Fire, we gon' bring the flames
Y'all shouldn't have used our name in vain

[Makeba Mooncycle]

Makeba first lady
Birth babies for those who enslave me and try to play

me
Could never really take me I'm Johnny Come Lately's
Playin Donald Trump for the mic with this
Are you ready to pay the price with your life in this?
Mooncycles blast off like rounds from rifles
I annoint poets like disciples
My wisdom is better, than weapons of war
I see the wetness through your pores
My reward is your penalty, every flashback, a memory
You could never rent me, Wisdom, God, perfect
chemistry
Divine seed is in me, but hoes try to trick me
An Arabian Knighted me when snakes tried to bite me
When I got blessed you were cursed
You come right before the worst, life seconds to God
Prisons to bars, my clicks rolls hard
My poetry fassad, mad at the fat scientist
Makeba Mooncycle the untainted

[Chorus]

[Timbo King]
Lyrically I'm bombin fluid, bombin your unit
Put 'em in funeral homes, you wait for the musical tone
Dead men don't talk, they cough blood
Elmer Fudd cartoon niggaz they want bud
But I'm wiser, Anheiser, push, shove
or push you dog, you better mush *echoes*
Alaskan Freeze, ask MC's, pass the trees
We burn like a million degrees

[Chorus]

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