

Mac Dre, Fire

(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