

# Big Pokey, Fire

[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\*)