

# Ed O.G., On Fire

[ CHORUS ]

( \*DJ Supreme One cuts up\* )

(On fire)

(I heat it up)

(I'm burnin up)

(On fire)

(Burn it up)

(I'm burnin up)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Everything I write is a masterpiece

You're gettin raped by your label like catholic priests

On a whole it's only half the beast

Repeatin on my words like Freaky Tah did after Cheeks

If you don't like me you don't have to speak

I'm killin niggas with one eye open and half asleep

You uninspired, in MA and tired

What you doin I did a year before the LA riots

Made the city unbiased, now it's shows and flyers

I claim home but play out of state like the New York Giants

Refuse to spread violence like tyrants

In third world countries, stay with trees like monkeys

Don't be fooled by the Boston accents

We talk with wordss and we talk with actions

Not New York, Dirty South, West Coast or Midwest

Cause Boston's where the kid rest

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2 ]

Hey yo, I'm glad to be back with an allstar team

Despite the salary cap, this here's reality rap

It gets ill, so niggas better go chill

Or come real before they get hit up like road kill

For tryin to make the mountain out a molehill

It's like old ass rappers tryin to blow still

It's sad to see a MC with no skill

On the mic tryin to get back that old thrill

Now that the culture faded

Try to picture the industry without bein tainted

I'm 'bout to paint it, it's a picture of Edo

Unadultared, never jaded when I'm faded

You hardpressed, this ain't a popularity contest

You'll get popped in the 'Bury in your heart chest

So watch what you sayin and who you speakin to

My water runs deep in every crack that it's leakin through

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Hey yo, you hesitant, it's evident

See, I'm the bomb, you the Bush like the president

Represent Massachusetts residents

Abuse rap kids, ain't no evidence of negligence

Ever since I use the mic to make better sense

I control the stage since the golden age

A whole part of the book, you a half a page

Cut short like half of days, rip muthafuckas half my age

Boston's only undisputed, we aimin at each other

Who gon' be the first to shoot it?

Love the game so much that it hurts me not to do it

We can fight for our people that's been prosecuted

Get these trees uprooted

For me it's 'bout Overlooked

For you it'd be a better beat and a fresher hook  
I got a second win, a fresher look  
Ain't no tellin what's gon' happen when the pressure cook  
Now come on

[ CHORUS ]