

Fiend, Who Got The Fire

(Master P)

Yo, Fiend, you and Snoop Dogg, I'm comin at 'cha, what're ya smokin on?

(Chorus:)

(All) (Fiend)

(Who got that fire?)

(Won't you pass me the green so I get higher?)

(I wanna know)

(Who got that fire?)

(Won't you pass me the green so I get higher?)

(I wanna know)

(Who got that fire?)

(Won't you pass me the green so I get higher?)

(No Limit wanna know)

(I said smoke it)

(Who got that fire?)

(Why don't ya pass me the green so I get higher?)

(Fiend)

Nah, I know, who's that solider, rollin longs nigga

Thicker than Monifah, it's I, capital F-I

The keeper of the reaper

Smokin cheba with my colonel P, Snoop and Mystikal

Pull over, I'm takin pullas

Fucked up, can't ya tell?

Take a smell, let me whiff that

Since God goes, you gone

Tatoos, that can only been choked, seven zones

I'm grown, and well known to be surviving in hell

Hangin round long enough to get through the clouds

It's something by (?)

Got a story to tell

Which is, the life of the baddest

Born from ashes, the smoke of dead, of an addict

Got to have it, cause baby boy, it's a habit

Puff it and fuck some pussy, and see which one I grab quick

I'm that sick, I need weed to proceed

Like a band-aid for a cut, hopin to stop the bleedin

No, not the seeds, I done paid for the pickin

Only the green stickin, for the record

(Chorus:)

(All) (Fiend)

(I'm a smoker)

(Who got that fire?)

(Won't you pass me the green so I get higher?)

(Fiend wanna know)

(Who got that fire?)

(Why don't ya pass me the green so I get higher?)

(Snoop wanna know)

(Who got that fire?)

(Won't you pass me the green so I get higher?)

(Fiend wanna know)

(I said, who got that fire?)

(Why don't ya pass me the green so I get higher?)

(Snoop Dogg)

Ever since my first puff, it seems I couldn't get enough

But I just couldn't quit I had to have another hit

I'm smokin green with a fiend by the age of eighteen

I chop a pound to the ground, went cavi on the triple beam

Once upon a time, before I used to bust rhymes

I had to scratch to get a nickel, in order to get a dime

But times done change, now I'm havin mines

And I'm protected by the tank, No Limit, and plenty nines
I grinds to the fullest, so when I'm finished I gots to pull it
I'm lookin for that green shit, boy you bite the bullet
For tryin to sell me bullshit
You know I'm lookin for the bombest weed in your town
Now, I'm a smoker

Now you know what that mean?
Check this out Fiend, everytime a nigga go outta town
Somebody always approach me talkin bout "I got the chronic,
We got the chronic." Muthafucka, chronic ain't brown with
Seeds and stems in the bag nigga. Who got it?