

More Fire Crew, Oi!

Talking for about 45 seconds

Oi who's that boy Lethal B
Oi who's that boy Lethal B
Oi who's that boy Lethal B
The one who rides bikes
And just don't give a D
We're like uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Draw bare girls draw bare beanie
Hey boy, what's the case I can tell by your face
When you're in the wrong place
When you're in the wrong game
And your rhymes are lame
And you sound all the same
All I want to do is make money and claim
Girls wanna go on like a little hotshot
Your man's a top-shotter
And so what nowadays no-one really cares
What man you got it's the year 2/1
Anyone can get pop I'm off the hook this year
Gettin mad money off the lyrics this year
When I enter the room bare man dem will stare
Look at that boy he thinks he's a top br'er
Nowadays you know they don't really care
When I go rave I don't go br'er
I draw bare girls draw bare number
Hey what did you say
Be careful yeah, bare thugs in here

Oi who's that O to the Z
Oi who's that O to the Z
Oi who's that O to the Z
Another bad man inside the party
Like uh oh, who's that O to the Zs
Uh oh, who's that O to the Zs
Uh oh, who's that O to the Zs
My lyrics so chilly they leave a cool breeze
Hold the mic and I'll flex
I'm a lyrical architect, O to Z on
Set step on the mic nuff thugs get vex
When I girls I use the Durex
What next I rock the Club Rex like Aztecs
What venues next bop straight through with my Avirex
Girls wanna breed and go on like skets to More Fire Crew
Punker send threats
Burn them with lighter when they chat wet
Lyrics them crunch like a cornet
Watch us rip up the set I bet
O to the Z to the Z, I to the E, Ozzie B
Step 'pon the mic to get them lively
Rip up the vibe with the MC

Oi who's that N double E
Oi who's that N double E
Oi who's that N double E
The one with the thugged out mentality
Like uh oh, there's that N double E
Uh oh, there's that N double E
Uh oh, there's that N double E
Born in the ghetto and I don't give a D
Understand check out the dangarganany
Man this any man in my gang get banged in the jaw

Forehand backhand, lyrics them are flowin
As if they were quicksand
Rockin wannabies like the Wu-Tang Clan man
Them wanna playa - hate us 'cos we're nang
Monitor our lyrics and runnin bare scam
See man on road and you wanna get prang
Don't question if I've got a 9 milli
Forget the zoots and blaze on a Philly
If you really wanna see a nigga get silly
You can hold a big one straight to your belly
Everybody wanna know what be the dilly
How come More Fire flex so jiggy
Don't ever take us for no hillbilly
Us man are hot while the rest are chilly (are chilly are chilly chilly chiily)
They really think we don't know what they're sayin
You know
Man they're sayin we're not worth anything
Man them sayin were not worth 50 pounds
The tables will turn man the tables will turn
Players man
1-1 2-2 fuzzy don't screw rat tat tat tat
My tap bust and bless you
1-2 1-2 Neeko ah pass through
Cardiac arrest will send
A boy 'pon a curfew
3-3 4-4 5-5 6-6 how you gonna catch me
When I'm on my R-66
Ridin through the rain and the snow cold
Blitz blitz 'bout to go link a girl
And suck off her tits tits

Oi who's that More Fire Crew
Oi who's that More Fire Crew
Oi who's that More Fire Crew
Say what you wanna say
Do what you do now
Like uh oh we're that More Fire Crew
Uh oh we're that More Fire Crew
Uh oh we're that More Fire Crew
With lyrics round you
You're 'bout to get slew