

T-Pain, Fire

bitch
bitch
bitch
bitch
bitch
more fire, burn through your clothes
i get more, higher, burn by the old
hustler's get flyer, burst for the low
hop up on top
oh missy oh
(oh oh missy oh)
you never knew what taste good
bread for the head, you know that face good
i keep my face clean
well it look like missy on the verse good
on the hook right
(right)
what im doin now is so ridiculous
(ridiculous)
and what im giving you in the rendition is
classy missy Elliot, missy misdemeanor
damn
how would you feel if i get deeper like
damn
wetter than aquafina believers like
damn
maybe foam when its on then its on like
bam
comparison is water to patron like
damn
understand
(t-pain)
the feeling that im giving you is not a test
everybody that say they doing it is not the best
its simple and plain i can get to you man
its not a game its just missy and pain
motherfucker im ill
for real
ill
for real
ill
for real
now break it down
bitch
motherfucker im ill
matter of fact i need to take a pill
all these hits paying hospital bills
all these lips i know you wanna kiss for reals
i should let you wear my ice so you can chill
i would make a lil but i just made a mil
only hold me to the mike and i wont let it spill
yeah, see my grill?
no, not my teeth, its the grill on the Cadillac i bought last week
they say missy dont play missy missy dont play
makin cheese all day like Frito lay
hey
i am hip hop sister mister
he handed me the mike i wont let go till i got blisters
misdemeanor but my flow have gotten meaner
its a its a its a felony ch check out my melody
missy got the recipe
i can autotune like
t-pain zoom i be in the latest
(repeat t-pain)

