

# Tone Loc, On Fire

This jam I created will leave you devastated  
And when I'm finished rockin' you will appreciate it  
The structure of this rhyme will reign supreme  
To have a cut like this is a MC's dream  
You first heard this cut, you thought it was irreceptible  
Now you're groovin to it, that makes it acceptable  
Party people, listen to my word  
The note on the door said 'do not disturb'  
While I create the jam to take you little bit higher  
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Causin' much damage like a nuclear war  
You know what time it is, I'm always reachin for more  
To turn the party out my rhymes are always suitable  
Considered very healthy like a sauna, therapeutical  
Owner of the mic, yeah, L-o-c  
Never spent a day in college, got many degrees  
Not fully educated, but dedicated  
Until this jam I was extremely underrated  
Now I'm rockin parties from sea to sea  
Talkin 'bout everything from a to z  
Some say my style is laxadasical  
Now you hear the music and you say, "That's the way to go"  
A show, a gig, it has signs to picket  
Now I'm rockin stronger and you want free tickets  
You once-a-month rapper, you're weak and you've shown it  
Don't waste my time, I need an opponent  
Not only will I dog you but I make you retire  
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Last time you heard my voice you claimed it was obnoxious  
Your foot started tappin, it was in your self-conscience  
I know it's hard to believe a million sold  
Everytime I start bustin, you lose control  
My verbal coalition is a little outrageous  
Like a plague my rap is contagious  
Causin' much grief, no sympathy for pain  
Hard beats and fresh lyrics is what I attain  
You can take this brand new style of hip-hop  
Cold put it at the bottom, it will reach the top  
Because the rhyme is so def, you stand in amazement  
Time's up, I got another engagement  
Rhymes never empty, I keep them replenished  
The crowd skeezer-teaser until they're finished  
Smoke from the cut, you better put on your glasses  
Guaranteed to knock you all on your asses  
And ashes to ashes, and dust to dust  
Like on the back of the dollar it says 'In God We Trust'  
The smoke-filled room make the suckers perspire  
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

Can you dig it?  
We gon' blow the house up in smoke  
With the MC Tone Loc  
You guessed it, baby

I was born and raised on the West Coast  
Tone-Loc, the master, the host  
The O.G. town I represent  
Well, I'm the mayor, governor and president  
L.A. - where it's sunny all year  
The first city to bust the Fila gear  
L.A. (Name) Sergio Tacchini  
Venice Beach, home of the fit bikini

From Compton, Watts to Pasadena  
If you don't seen a fly girl it's a misdemeanor  
The town to astound, city by the shore  
Our posse's in the house and we're coolin hardcore  
You never seen a MC with such style and finesse  
Wearin hella silk shirts and pants by Guess  
You can search the universe, but you never will find  
Another MC with a style like mine  
Cause if you do, we'll battle to hell  
And your head'll be cracked like the Liberty Bell  
Like a sculpture and a statue I'm pittoresque  
Hardcore lover, rhymers with the beat that's def  
Yo, don't worry, cause I be back  
You won't look at the bottom, be at the top of the stack  
Believe what I say, I'm not known as a liar  
Don't get close, this cut is on fire

And you know that  
'89 is mine  
Any MC like this you will find hard to find  
You know what I'm sayin?  
I'm 'bout to check outta here  
Tone Loc  
Remember that, aight?  
It's time for the wild thing  
See ya later  
I'm gone