

## (The Roof Is) On Fire

Bizzy Bone

For the Menensky tribe worldwide  
(will you please sing along with the old negro spiritual?)

(2x)

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.  
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter, and a lighter

It ain't a thug those that's livin that is realer than the villain  
Witha million still killin dealin and all for the children  
Came out of Cleveland with Steven,  
and even my peoples was creepin,  
but now they reapin, seepin, retreatin, deletin  
Did ya feel em give my niggaz the fist and,  
keep the pistol gripped  
Now whistle if you need me and quick I'm there for murder and mayhem  
Look out for lay man  
His trigger finger itchin' to lay them  
His trigger finger itchin' to lay them  
Don't run to lose your life  
Enjoy  
I ain't fuckin around and makin the noise,  
but better believe I'll get up and leave and keep my poise  
(O yellow boy you holdin?? Hell, yeh!!!!)  
Thuggin on Brackland when I sold crack,  
and I got a mini-mack for the action  
The murder and mashin,  
Nigga millennium fashion blastin' over trash  
50 thousand dollars cash  
As fast as you can smash  
Stabbed in the back and anxiety attacks  
Flash through the childhood relax and,  
react it be like that nigga you know that prescribin me prozac  
Forgive but never forget  
Sin yeh even within the thin begin again  
With that pretty little bitch in your click  
Uh spittin' demonish shit  
Hey baby you need a friend  
and act a little bit feminine take the fatigues off  
Fuck the club even the six it's hellish  
I be the one to tell it lust for the thugs  
Who be fuckin with  
seven....seven....seven....seven....  
seven....seven....seven....seven....

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Gather up gas masks for biological war  
We know a whiff of the shit will make you wither fo sho'  
Niggaz in the C.O.  
We livin' in this AB World 144 thousand full of tribes  
With the last word (SHUT UP!)  
The book of old it got 'em thinkin that they crackin code  
Oh no pin it computers ain't pinnin the Millenium  
Your future youth be the truth in the music  
You better your soul triple stage darkness in the unsolved encore  
Little E, B.I.G., Tupac Shakur

Murdered in California  
Need I say more  
Killa forget it's in Heaven'z Movie was it?  
Lose the Lord's covenant  
I'm huggin it and Imma duck and trust I'm all thuggish as fuck  
Uh what nigga bust and up by creepin on a come up  
Eternally stressed my faces of death for the world war  
Yes quiet on the set the shoots expired  
The Roof is on fire...  
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter and a lighter  
We don't need nothin' but the weed and a lighter and a lighter  
  
Now what I want ch'all to do is I want y'all  
put y'all muthafuckin lighters in the air  
Keep their bitches up there, fuck wit cho - lil' nigga...  
  
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire.  
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