

# Fire

Mac Dre

(Where am I?  
I smell fire)  
Who got that fire  
Fire?  
I don't smoke that brown  
I want the bomb  
Don't like that shit  
I don't like that shit  
I need fire, who got fire?

Yo nucca  
It's yo nucca

Roll somethin up  
(Smoke it)  
Roll somethin up

[Verse 1: Mac Dre]  
I'm at the liquor sto' gettin mo' blunts for the skunk  
Hit the block in the Chev', I got thump in the trunk  
Feelin good off the woods in the hood and I'm fizzin  
Kinda 'noid, they always tryin to take your boy back to prison  
They hate to see a player employ his self  
They hate to see a player enjoy his self  
But I'm sidin, wanna ride? Then player, let's go  
I'm 29 with many rhymes and love XO  
I'm a hog, bust the raw with the words I serve  
Every tape that I make, baby, learn the words  
Young Mac Dre got the gift to gab  
Hate a breezy who give heezy like she lickin some zags  
I'm on the celly telly tryin to get some roper from Nelly  
Need a (?) smelly, finna go choke at the telly  
It's on, finna blow a zone to the dome  
Tone Capone got the bong and them bomb weed songs

[CHORUS: (Harm) & Big Lurch]  
(Fire)  
Puttin the smoke in the air  
(Fire)  
Blowin big type of player player  
(Fire)  
Cheech and Chong on a spree  
(Fire)  
Blowin it big, come smoke with me

[Verse 2: Big Lurch]  
Everyday in the life of a gee  
We be triflin and we enlighten the seed  
Big girls ain't fightin me  
Them pimped out gangsterism tactics  
Dependin on my gun like a blacksmith  
(?) belligerent actor, see the chiropractor  
But I crack ya neck back, spleen  
Blow you to smithereens for the things I done seen  
In my everyday smokin-out ritual, regular routine  
Walkin down the street with a gangsta limp in denim jeans  
Seen some squaws and smile (bling-bling)

I just wanna lean  
Why don't I juggle up this dope beat  
Then jump in a five-point oldie leavin the block smokey  
With the OG Mac Dre, Killa Kali parlay, parlay  
Smokin a bounce of that bombay everyday

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mac Dre]

I need narcotic, that gooey and stinky  
When I ain't got it - I'm moody and cranky  
What the dealy, what's really, bust down that Phillie  
We can old school with a zag or blow bags in the billy  
Is you sillly, never throw the dubee away  
Waste no dank when you're blowin with Dre  
Tryin to cope with the stress so I blow big  
How can a bullet-proof vest protect my wig?  
See, them cutthroat fools done changed the rules  
The public got it twisted and we blame the news  
I got game for fools cause I hang with fools  
That got game to use and maintain the rules  
Keep it real, dog, and represent what's right  
Be a real hog when you bless the mic  
Smoke big, live long and get yo pringles  
Young Lurch and Mac Dre makin hit rap singles