

## On Fire

Redman

Hahha

Now everytime I grab the mic I always start shit up  
Sharper than your double-edger, watch me cough shit up  
Live and direct, respect it to the underground connect  
Pah!! I'm wreckin any MC you select  
Yo E, load me in your gun, light the flares  
Give me forty-eight bars, and I go out like gays at Billy Bear  
Wear and tear, I'm wreckin for the Bricks is where  
Jump in my way and get your body splattered everywhere  
Conjunction junction what's your function  
It's that nigga who's so swift I could lose a compass  
Step into jams, with seven niggaz in a Land  
And forty motherfuckers in some fucked up caravan  
Drop the farenheight back down to zero  
Bring Heat to the streets like I'm Pacino and DeNiro  
Raw dog material, grand imperial  
Talk to my shotty nigga, my ears ain't hearin you

So take heed to what I'm saying  
Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nuccas ain't playing

Now do I look crazy? Deranged, maybe?  
You shot first, your glock burst, but it graze me  
Now time for lyrics, put up your guns  
And watch me get this shit hoppin like the West was won  
Got that lyrical chicken feed, for all chicken heads  
Crowd your Rap City committee, like I'm [Big Leads]  
Most bigger than them Melendez brothers  
You need Cochran when you're fuckin with Judge Red  
Put your fingers up if you love hash and cash  
I been that way since Ike Turner was kickin Tina ass  
Hookers ridin dick, like I'm a motorcycle  
You wanna shine bitch? Let me simonize you  
I make sure your vision blur, till you don't know what occurred  
Until I black out every nerver  
Foul women get served as chicken head hors d'ouerves  
I drop your tops like your heads was convertibles!!  
Hah, if you still look up in the sky I'm still high  
All the way live like Lakeside  
Wann die? E (whattup son), you got this beat pumpin  
The way I feel niggaz ain't leave until they up in somethin  
Pack my dutch like the niggaz in the county  
Dayrooms, stay tuned, for Doc Illuminati  
Up around them big butt freaks is where you find me  
(Martini and Rossi, Asti Spumante)

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Cause tonight's the night, and me and my nuccas ain't playing

To my people in the back, if you're not the wack, say  
Don't stop, the body rock  
To my people in the front, if you're tokin on blunts, say  
Don't stop, the body rock... aooowwwowwwwww  
I'm too strong for you to listen  
I started spittin, that's why the brick niggaz be lickin  
They stay on magazine written equipments  
And lyrics I got em by the shipment, where your bitch went

I'm smokin leaky out the Lec-y, fatal  
My Squad steps with the ultimatum, true dat  
My muzak, move crowds, like down the hill moved crack  
For those who stepped on toes, I want my shoes back  
Buddy, bringin money to your girl  
for your little daughter like I'm Cutty  
Twenty dollars a pop to dub me, I bug G, quote it  
I see you notice how I leave microphones corroded  
Hahahahaha, your staff not up to par  
You raw, you're more like Zsa Zsa Gabor  
Call deep niggaz, keep the gas pedal floored  
And I pump the funk to keep a room and board

\*record scratches, rooster cackles\*