

## Fire & Pain

Styles P

WOOO~! Ha, King Selassie I know  
Sizzla Kalonji, girls smiles, whoa-yeah-yeahhh

Shit is too too crazy, listen  
Got bad luck, like I ran and fucked the voodoo lady  
Every other week I'm in handcuffs  
Stack somethin, lose somethin, somethin keep fuckin my plans up  
Movin in a hurry, thinkin time is slow  
when I pass the cemetery where my lil' brother is buried  
All I can do is salute, pound on my chest  
God got his army and we all his recruits  
But, every other night I see demons  
Do somethin wild and I don't know the reasons  
Blame it on the air, so I say it's the seasons  
Tell my niggaz light the fuck up cause I'm fiendin  
Get it - it's somethin when the sadness turn into madness  
Got me doin shit, where I'm runnin from badges  
I can see my life in some flashes, they think that I'm clashes  
I pour more 'gnac in the glass kid

It's all about we got da tools wid us  
Fuckin CRAZY~! Things ain't gonna be cool wid us  
Luxurious - bring the guns along dey always cruise wid us  
Those fuckers know better, that's cause dem no fool wid us  
Huh, fuckin dogs, we gon' put dem in some leeches  
As far as it reaches, we gon' iron out dem creases  
with the four pieces, DEM got to use around the neck  
Cannon go squeezes, DEM a soldier CRAZY believe it

I go to sleep and my soul cry, nigga it's no lie  
Why you think I'm so high, I flow like it's no time  
Funny when your mind is a goldmine, and niggaz is golddiggers  
Guess you gon' learn when it's yo' time  
Stressed up to my shoulders, fuck it I'ma ride now  
Brim of the Yankee, sittin on my eyebrows  
Look at the stash and think that I'm gassed  
off the Godfather saga cause Vito wouldn't lie down  
Me and destiny got a date, wheover with me rollin  
If you ain't then you go get your 8, cause I ain't gon' fold  
I take 'em all on  
I've been dyin for the day to get my war on  
I reflect on the days when I played Rahway gettin my score on  
And came back to the hood with my forearms  
Go get more mans, I got floor plans  
and 23 ways to blow you out of them Jor-dans

Try to beat me but don't worry I got dem  
Make dem bleed blood it's a pleasure to squash dem  
They ain't all that so, I saw dem  
escapin from de cops dem ain't see me tryin to stop dem  
Say you're livin BIG~! On top of de world  
You go against me you gon' get freed on dis side of de world yah  
They say you're mad I say things comes and go  
But I never leave mi gun because I wan kill dem fuckin punks

Some niggaz say I'm the sickest  
If I got a show ghetto niggaz go get the ticket

If I ain't blow on the stage, I had me a gauge  
Outside on some bullshit, ready to stick it  
Like the hood made me wicked as hell  
Thought about more bullshit sittin in jail, listen up  
It's nothin more important than feedin your seeds  
I got two, so I just start believin in greed  
It's like I'm needin the weed and needin to read  
Got to go against the odds just to even achieve  
It's like I'm tired of the hassle and all that  
You the king I run up in your castle and all that  
I'm nicer than whoever you can name, been through the dark side  
Walked back through the flames and came with a lightning push  
Shined on the game, and e'rybody die  
at the drop of a dime if they rhyme on my name

Sit bak relax heah we kickin for a while  
Sizzla Kalonji and Styles, yeah beautiful girls dey smile  
Bless your feet on de Jamaican side, dat's de profile  
Why de fuck de fuckin enemies wanna spoil, yeah  
True born leaders woo yeah we navigate  
Yah life is a cycle, so things got to gravitate  
Smoke de fuckin herb, that's how I meditate  
One love to de world, damn tell dem we ain't gon' seperate

Shit is crazy, life is somethin really  
I'm the Ghost, woo~!  
We gotta live though, fuck it y'know  
I know, feel me nigga