

## Fire

## Too \$hort

Where my money at ho..  
Where my money at yo..  
Get my money 'fore I whip..  
Forget your big fat ass  
We going off baby  
We don't mess around cuz I'm nautious baby  
You know I loaded it with the gun, pop pop..  
Aiyyo, LET'S GO!!!

Here we go y'all  
New shit new shit, out the door y'all  
Shorty Pimp, E-Dub once again  
So buy you some of this ghetto slum  
Underground music from A-T-L  
X rearranged it, Shorty B played it  
Me and Shorty laid it, my niggaz OKed it  
Carnefious Crawfish, next to slay it  
Damn right! We do it all day bitch  
Ride around in Benz's, twenty inch rimzes  
What Short told y'all, New York to California  
We put them high beams on ya - parkin lot pimpin  
With the boom-boom twelve inches kickin, we stay hittin  
Huh? The most consecutive  
Fifteen albums, we're the executives  
Who talkin money?

Let's do it baby  
Me and Short dog on the mic baby  
It's going down all night baby  
Shootin all haters on sight baby  
THAT'S RIGHT!!  
Make room, E and Short be on fire!  
Everything we do is fire!  
This song is on fire! YO!

Bitch! That's my favorite word  
I cashed a million dollar check on Thursday the third  
Now it's flowin like water out the kitchen sink  
I make more money everytime you blink  
Got you scratchin ya head, made you stop and think  
He couldn't made all that he must have robbed a Brinks  
We been around so long, makin funky songs  
Now you gettin mad, say this cain't be goin on  
How come E and Short get to stay in the game?  
Don't ever talk down on a player's name  
So when you see us on top of every chart  
You know we been number one since the very start  
We feed families; when we rhyme, celebrate like champions  
You see mine - I never worry  
I don't want the stress, you know my story  
I learned how to ball from the best

Let's do it baby  
Me and Short dog on the mic baby  
It's going down all night baby  
Shootin all haters on sight baby  
THAT'S RIGHT!!

Make room, Eastcoast be on fire!  
Westcoast be on fire!  
Down south be on fire! YO!  
(Detroit, Chi-town!)

Don't stop the song now I'm not over  
I must leave the scene wrecked, before closure  
Highest doja, L.A. weed  
Monopolize the south like L.A. Reed (BITCH!)  
Sick individual, this here be the southwest coast  
Eastcoast material  
Erick Sermon, that's what I said man  
Fuck with Short and I and be a dead man

This is fire, pass it to me  
It's so hot, E lemme hit that weed  
Uptown, hydro is in my genes  
It's like green, I just my be a fiend  
Cuz I been tryin to O.D. lately  
And your never gonna rehabilitate me  
On a mission since the eighth grade  
Keep gettin high, and stay paid

Let's do it baby  
Me and Short dog on the mic baby  
It's going down all night baby  
Shootin all haters on sight baby  
THAT'S RIGHT!!  
Make room, tonight is on fire!  
The roof is on fire!  
These hoes be on fire! ...