

# Fire

## Twista

Now I know it's been a long time since a muthafucka done made a good song ab  
out reefa  
And who better for you to handle this then a tidanamo with analys of the can  
nabis sativa  
Go and get a pillow and a cigarillo if I know it's the killa I'm yellin roll  
one up joe  
Open the backwood up trippin on me cause I was sloppy I better get fucked up  
though  
I be smokin 4 diffrent kinds of kush its the best of me especially the purpl  
e and the og  
But ya'll might call it the granddad rather safer and take a pull slowly  
Eye lids low ain't no doubt about it that somebodys gon peep me  
Go ahead and ride I think I'mma chill because I'm kinda sleepy  
Me and my niggas in my crew will get into it now we be at odds hardly  
Cause we smokin on a ounce of the ganja that bob marley  
Me a rock to the reggae music whenever me feel the spliff workin  
Kill off in any rudeboy if ya take away my herb its da earth sin.

Smokin on dat fire (smokin on dat fire)  
Puffin on dat dro (puffin on dat dro)  
Kush weed gets me higher (kush weed gets me higher)  
And da diesel get me blowed (and da diesel get me blowed)

Smell good, let me hit dat  
Blow kush wit 8 Ball & Mjg  
Smoke haze, I use to a seagal  
Freeway put me on to da backwoods  
And bleek introduced me to diesel  
And snoop turned me on to the chronic,  
Smokin it I was feelin bionic,  
Lookin at me rollin a blunt and I'm huffin and puffin and I cant get enough  
of this stuff,  
And I'm loosin my logic, you can smell all of my folicals and imma follow yo  
u cuz of da dro,  
But if it aint, I'm call my automobile,i be gettin nothin but love cuz I be sm  
okin da bud,  
Its lookin like its from a high time auto particles I be grindin up wit da h  
ash  
And I put some on yo blunt if you come up wit da stash,  
So take it to the head its a gift from coupe but if I share it wit a bitch,i  
mma be fuckin her ass,  
Stay havin sessions and my ends is plenty,  
So when I'm smokin my friends is wit me,  
Make em feel da slow breeze cuz I blow trees like da windy city,  
Let me call up da weed man cuz if we out, then shit we on it,  
Me and you can hook up and go get an ounce and I got 250 on it

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Im extra blowed, top floor, in the double tree in dis Chi-  
Town manner smokin dis kush shit back to back,  
Got me rippin track to track, like Webbie say where dat real at, dat one hit  
and you feel that,  
I know ima dog I done smoke train wreck aint done yet,

I'ma smoke til I hurt my chest, on da east coast they feed me man,  
Kilt me wit dat diesel man, got me in new york eatin everything,  
Dade county jamaican kush, stick to da bag (yeah) put my whole click on his  
ass,  
Dont like to brag but I smoke, choke on the best of the best,  
I be high as giraffe pussy when I'm up in the west,  
I chopped and tired I'm so high, I then smoked dat pisscat,  
Smell good let me hit dat, dats why michael phelps did dat?

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