

Fire

Aceyalone

Fa-fiii-yah, fa-fa-fi-yahhhhh (Love life let it love you back)
Yeah, what's really goin on?
Ha, yeah love life let it love you back
Yo there's somethin wrong with my radio dial
Some of these fools just ain't got style
I don't know why and I don't know how
But I do know a dude low and you so foul
Let's do the thing most people do with it
Who could it be but the one that done did it
I come with it, yeah rain or shine
I lit it up I hit it up I came to grind
And the game ain't mine but it will be when I'm done
Right now I like to kill MC's for fun
Let your momma know, she'll feel me like a son
And when I'm dead and gone I'll still be #1
I got heat like underneath your seat like
Stoppin at the street light, but I ain't the beef type
I got the herb though, when it's green and crystal-ly
I smoke a joint and hit the mic the rest is history
Aceyalone, but you can call me Acey
I'm a real O.G. like Count Basie
Hook up the recipe so nice and tasty
When I'm done they screamin out Aceyalone, lace me
I'm outspoken, I'm not about jokin
I'm from California but I'm not from Oakland
But they my folks now, fool I'm from SoCal
Put it down like a champion on vocals
Yeah! We always rockin
It's always tight around here
Pull everybody in this bitch close the doors up
Mines up, yours up, get your bars up
Hold up, freeze up, G's and hearts up
Hoes up in your face lookin for stardust
Didn't you notice by my swagger I was an ar-tist
I came here to party out with you and your partners
Square as a dollar bill, twice as harder
Before I start up, I put my guard up
My timeshare's open to whoever can use it
My music make more love than you did
My new shit rock, RJ produced it
New kid on the block, nah I'm used to it
Slide through, ride through, technicolor my
Technique spit heat like no other I'm
Low key, high signed yet discovered
Lone wolf, sho' nuff, like no other I
Come through, one-two, that's all it takes for me
Old school, new school, servin 'em basically
All in the future so just don't wait for me
World class champion forever and faithfully
Lifestyle freestyle tryin to get past it though
Hold mine, goldmine, keepin it classical
How we rock it just so cunnin and masterful
And that's that flow that the people was askin fo'
I try to tell 'em from the gate man
We just spreadin this out, we gon' give it
We gon' give life a good ol' shot, yeah umm
I'm shootin for mines, I'm puttin everything in a pot

Yeah, huh, bet that, bet that
Project Blowed, I'm {?} Park's finest
Billy Higgins, the world stage, Dynasty and rhymers
I'm like primer, underneath your fresh paint
Don't you ever think to let you try to say the West ain't
Whattup {?}, Mikah 9, Medusa
2Mex, PEACE, Ave, 'Driver and Jupiter
Ben Caldwell, aw hell, the whole hood
Big Pun, no name, up to no good
Ellay Khule, T-Dac, Missing Page
Party ain't over 'til I disengage
But shut your mouth up you always barkin
What'chu gonna do when your world get darkened
Pull up on the side of you right where you're parkin
Light flash in front of you and life start sparkin
Hold me down and I'll hold you up
I'm hot ice, cold in the cut, nigga what
I take flight, soarin to higher heights
I'm so tight that God bless everything I write
Plus I stick to your ribs at night
I'm like oatmeal, peanut butter, beans and rice
I said - I take flight, soarin to higher heights
I'm so tight that God bless everything I write
Plus I stick to your ribs at night
I'm like oatmeal, peanut butter, beans and rice
Yeah, respect to all my fallen soldiers
That had to leave this lifetime early
Big up to my homies that's already here
Big up to my my my homies, my family
My peoples, my uncles, my aunties
My cousins, my two sisters my brother
My mother and father, one love to everybody
You know, do good, do good on yo' - on yo' journey
I'm tryin to do good on mine, I'm holdin it down {*Acey speech fades*}