

Sweet Fire

AKA

I remember when I used to cav' you
I was tryna get the W, damn
Make a rich nigga act humble
One thing about love it could drug you
All I ever wanted was to be your stunt double
Now we riding go-carts in the jungle
How the magazine gon' say we in trouble?
When you're in the first class seat with the combo?
Miss me with the combo, ready D like royal rumble
'Bout to send a letter to your uncle, uh
Tired of being a player, Johnny Bravo
Living in a glass house, throwing stones like Chicago
Okay malume, I see 20 dallies lining up for that bouquet
Real niggas say they finna come duze
And you know its a problem when they order a suitcase

Oh, I love it, hey
When everybody got their eyes on you my darling
Sweet fire, aha
Fire in my mouth
Baby you have my attention
He can't do it like I do
My heart sings do re mi fa so la ti for you
Holy father let me choose
And my mamma raised me good

Yah, that's good

I remember when I used to love you
Now I'm finna burst your bubble
All the bad bads gon' sub you
Every mommy in the street tryna cause trouble
You remind me of my Jeep or my Beam W
I just wanna ride
Dali who the Bonnie to my Clyde?
Cause I ain't tryna end up like Jabu
All alone in the Deluxe condor
On the phone with the BS convo
I'm about to leave OR Tambo
Don't speak to me like I ain't Pablo
Don't listen to the voices in your head
Beam Group getting bread like Sasko, Sam
Blow the whistle on the gram
It's official, I done put you on the map

Oh, I love it, hey
When everybody got their eyes on you my darling
Sweet fire, aha
Fire in my mouth
Baby you have my attention
He can't do it like I do
My heart sings do re mi fa so la ti for you
Holy father let me choose
And my mamma raised me good

Amen, amen, amen, amen, amen
Can't pretend I'm strong enough to love again

Masenza kanje manje usendleleni

I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, 'bout it till the end, ooh yeah

He can't do it like I do

My heart sings do re mi fa so la ti for you

Holy father let me choose

And my mamma raised me good