

## Fire

Alex Wiley

Aight look ok  
Aight look  
Aight, Aight  
Motherfuckers tryna' dine  
That's the struggle timeless  
Everybody on their grind  
But it don't define us  
Tell 'em we on fire  
Let me take you higher  
We on fire

Pissed off  
No wonder everyone's pissed off  
Whipping 'till I break my wrist off  
Empty pockets make my dick soft  
I don't give no fucks about them  
Moved away I do not miss ya  
Smoking my dope in the mountains  
Tripping and sipping elixirs  
Wizzle be spinning them scriptures  
These niggas suck, like they play for the Sixers  
If you don't know me like that, call me mister  
Can't believe niggas tried to go against him  
Now they like, "So sorry for the mixup" ayy  
I think y'all should need to fixup  
Driving for greatness my only addiction ayy  
I think I see the whole picture ayy  
Turn me up  
Turn me up

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