

Can you tell me how much fire
(Yeah, how much it gon' take, man)
Will it take to get us higher?
(How much I gotta spit to)
Stand up and fight, do it tonight
(Make y'all understand that I am number one, daddy)
What can you lose?

Ego-trippin', clicquot sippin'
Barely survived the RICO, I need no friction
Nearly died in that sleep hold, the heat so sickenin'
It's deep though but now I peep why the weak be snitchin'
They lonely, this here is for the big boys only
That never, count on they kins or depend on homies
Y'all know me worldwide, I'm a swirl inside
A mix of Afro-American and Dominican pride, that's right
Real for real, I'm still that deal
Still, king of the hill, nigga, chilly chill
Still, hot wheels, chicks in high heels
Flicks and fly shit, I simply got skills
They callin, every hustler from the streets that's ballin'
Every freak that seek consolatin', I'm here, yeah
There when they unaware, I appear
Like the spook ya moms speak to in prayer
No tattered tears, it's tough love
An addict for wears, designer only
I see through the kind that's phony, mama told me

Can you tell me how much fire
(Nigga, certified)
Will it take to get us higher?
(How much we need?)
Stand up and fight, do it tonight
(I'm the truth, I ain't goin' nowhere, I told y'all crabs)
What can you lose?

Ah, voices callin'
Of course I'm all in, everything I own
They done cloned my zone, copied my whole tone to the microphone
To the way I take shots, I don't price Patrón
I don't use no lime, I abuse no time
Like a crossword puzzle, I confuse the mind
It's a all day hustle I choose to grind
On the move, only food I refuse is swine
Water sign, so my soul just circle the globe
Blue strobes on the Rove', I'ma surface in mode
A stand-up dude, understand the rules
Used to think with a few hundred grand I'm smooth
But cool (but cool), I don't get upset
'07, see me step it up on BDS
Already independent, I don't need the stress
There's no contentions putting CDs in CBS
It's the vengeance that allow focus to finish the job
So ferocious with this wine, I'ma toast to the God

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It's understandable, mechanical rights
I'm an animal puffin' on botanical white
Cash cannibal, cake's in tangible sight
So everything's a goal, got that heavenly flow and uh
Life is good just like it should
Little shaky but shit it's alright I'm hood
Little crazy but maybe that's because I could
Came from the roots, got the stains on my boots
Last of the livest, remains of the fruit
Trained for my juice, rearranged, regrouped
Beat up, rewind, refined, recouped
Design, I'm blind, I'm so the truth

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