

# Fire In The Hole

Busta Rhymes

Black Rob, Busta Rhymes  
Yo, doc, fire  
Get familiar  
Smash squad

When I roll I roll like bamboo do  
Blow 'em out like candles  
Plans reduction is this, mainly simple  
The way I wait and meditate like a Shaolin temple  
Just in I exposed my method  
Show 'em how it's goin' down and watch the ground of my sophomore epic  
Got to move like a Gotti in him  
Let a nigga oppose a motherfuckin' right we bodyin' him  
Got cocksuckers layin' around, I had to come back out  
For those who though I was playin' around  
And I feel no pressure I press ya  
Real aggressive aggressive  
How you go from the floor to the stretcher  
Should've known not to break none of black commandments  
Closed casket, nothin' but flesh and fragments

You can't escape the (Fire in the hole)  
Loud talk don't rule me you ain't unruly punk  
You scared to death for that (Fire in the hole)  
You ain't afraid to die, oh my my my  
You frontin' you scared to death for that (Fire in the hole)  
I got a raw scope he scoped out there's no reroute no way out  
Y'all niggas 'bout to see the (Fire in the hole)  
Like cancer baby I'm workin' from the inside out

Hopscotch bitch look at my watch  
See the clothes and jewellery shop got a nigga under scrutiny opp  
If you ever try to move on my block  
Cock a hammer brutally doc  
Or I'm brandishin' a beautiful Glock  
Cut my shit off, I'm ready to tumble 'cause I don't want life  
When I have to fight niggas inside of the jungle  
Better put your fuckin' lock on the door  
'Fore I knock your block on the floor  
Silence when I'm cockin' the fourfav  
Leave you gassed and you thinkin' you bold  
See I will cock the hammer and let you see (Fire come out of the hole)  
Be the new hood favorite we holdin' the gold  
It ain't worth it for you to front, niggas know how we roll  
And if you plot and then I capture your thoughts  
I get at you no matter the cost  
It's nothin' it's a wrap your boss  
I'm livin' a high bitch roll up and duck  
Shots fire hol' up and tuck your head 'fore I blow up your truck

Barrel in his face so you see the (Fire in the hole)  
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My desire to roll and touch foes who am I?

A.K.A fire in the hole

I'm all out, I'm sorta like a hip hop junkie

Bitch me let the nigga inside a hip hop punk me

I done stood on some dangerous ground to spit rounds

Gay niggas 101s in a lotta these towns

Now they roll out the red carpet and shit

'96 was the year that the torch was lit

I'm not amazed with the tabloids and propagandas

As far as the game go I got lots of answers

So real like I drew up for smack

How I dribble the ball behind my back and take it strong to the rack

Just to be in my position's more than ambition

I'm dirty, like the bottom of the pots you piss in

'Bout to move like a savage beast in these streets

Bad boy, some gon' have to give in his piece

Fuck that

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