

Fire Falling

David Banner

Wasn't nothing but thugs, threw yo ass in first (Might as well laugh)
Now they want a nigga to go to war (They gon' blow this motherfucka up)
South side, know what I'm talkin bout?
Yeah, Yeah
We gon' blow this bitch up

Man we still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey
We still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey

Hennessy sippin;
Pop the clip in, cock it and bust
The shit they doin dirt, ain't got nothing to do with us
Man we grippin grain
This ain't bout peace, this all bout change
This all bout oil
Ya'll fake like fronts that filled with foil
They make my blood boil, buddy
Yeah, we under arms
I swear to God, somethin's musty
Picture, they bust me, cuss me, dust me off
Mississippi 'til I die, I can spit it then I cough
Y'all from the north, we from the south
What these ho's wanna yell about
I'm all bout cheese, but late-lee
I been fallin down on my knees, screamin "God, please"
"Could all the Vice Lords love all the G's? G's love 'em back?"
We reppin God in the Cadillac
If they kill me, Mississippi bust all them bitches back
Kick they doe;
I'll tell Bush, I ain't no G.I. Joe
I ain't tryina fight it, you, or your damn daddy's war
I'd rather go back to the struggle when my life was slow

Man we still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey
We still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey

Whatever happened to ya boy Bin Laden?
Is he dead, blown up, or forgotten?
As Mr. Big ball, how many kids gon' die?
How many mothers knowin I bought a M&M with two fifties
If ya find who killed Pac, can ya come and get me?
Who killed Biggie jiggly Smalls
Ya'll can put some nuts in ya jaws
If you think I'll put my life on pause
For a man who killed blacks behind four brick walls and barb wires

And Texas penitentiaries
After him I'm thinkin they comin back, and gettin me
I'm a playa, but America been pimpin me
And y'all wonder why a nigga gotta pimp to eat

Man we still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey
We still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey

Birmingham niggas, say they ready to ride
Blood and Crip niggas, throw yo set oh so high
Man we ready to die, but die for just what?
Let's fight the motherfucas hatin us and tear this bitch up
Little Rock been bangin, slangin gettin they g's
When I scream Mississippi, where niggas gon' die for me
A.T.L. niggas, screamin it's on foo
It's pass if ya black or white
It's bound if ya rich or poor, though

Man we still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey
We still comin down, and we still grippin the grain
They send us off to war, and they don't even know my name
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord...
Fire fallin from the sky, My Lord... heeey

Know what I'm talkin bout?
Lookin like the last days of time for me, my nigga
All the bullshit over with
Time for niggas to stand up and be men
All that PUSSY ASS shit out the door, nigga
Know what I'm talkin bout
South side