

Fire

Ghostface Killah

Don't play with me, cause you're playing with fire!
(Whooh, smoking, smoking, smoking them Marley Marl's
Smile, smoking, them Marley Marl's now be smoking
Uh huh uh huh, smoking, light them Marley up nigga, you
Smoking) {yeah, yo}

When you motherfuckin' ducks gonna learn, that you playin' with fire
Nigga, everything I touch, I burn
When I spark and that fire heat up, you better run
To the nearest telephone and call the fire chief up
Cuz I'm hazard, causin' disorder on your recorder
So run along with your little buckets of water
There's not a nigga that can doubt my game or doubt my flame
I'm know to cause a panic when you shout my name
Fire, you damn right, nigga, I bang pipes
It's not a fucking room in this building I can't light
I'm the definition when you mix heat with friction
When I walk through I set off all sprinkler systems
I'm that kid with the firey flow, the firey glow
Adjust the mic levels or the wires will blow
New York's bravest, meet the man who inspired the pro's
Throw on your fireproof bombers and admire the show, let's go

Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (nigga)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (uh)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (yeah)
Gotta strike while the iron is hot, fighting
Fire with fire, you'll die on the spot, (let's go)

Peep the barcode, leave the booth, wrapped it in charcoal
Sippin' on firewater, plus I keep a cigar rolled
The human torch, special effects, cannons is shootin' off
Leave body bags full of ashes, we ain't no move to cost
Spit flammable bars, I got a whooping cough
Scarlet red, six forty five, with the dual exhaust
My barrel blow like dodgers, pop one in your rider
And cause a meltdown at One Police Plaza
I'm the opposite of aqua, hotter than a plate of pasta
I'm the reason LaMar Odom was traded off the roster
The hot stepper, crushing ya niggaz like hot pepper
The forty cal' squeeze a nigga, my heaters apply pressure
In the kitchen with the gun steaming, six hundred degrees
Feeling like you in the desert with the sun beaming
You can't block me with the sun screening
Ultra violet rays, shorten his days, we left his blood streaming