

Fye

Juicy J

I keep that fire
I keep that fire on me
I keep that fire on me, oh
I keep that fire
I keep that fire on me
I keep that fire (Yeah) on me (Uh-uh-uh-uh, let's go), oh

Yeah, you know I ride with it
Broke niggas try to ride by, get it
You know I'm a old school nigga
Fries ass with a cast iron skillet
These niggas having ho ways
In the streets looking both ways
Pistol on my lap, riding in a 'Lac
Listening to the old jays
Want smoke? I smoke 'em
If a nigga act slow I show 'em
Wanna know the main reason niggas gettin' killed
'Cause their backdoor wide open
Didn't have [?] belt
Pump fakin', calling for help
Gotta play the cards you was dealt
Tell me what's the odds [?]
Play with me, YN's wouldn't dare
[?] Sinclair
Bad bitch with a hair pin trigger, intruders beware
All the lives that we lost in this rap shit don't seem fair
Every time I do a show in my city shooters follow me there
Rather be caught with it than without it
Everybody say they killers but I doubt it
Everybody say they real niggas
All I see is niggas doing shit for the clout
You don't wanna fuck around, find out
Momma sittin' front row [?]
And they call it nonsense if a nigga die
If he don't know what it's 'bout

I keep that fire (Gotta keep it, mane)
I keep that fire on me
I keep that fire on me (That's a must, never know, bruh) oh