

Fire

iMayday!

That's... That's... That's... That's... That's... That's...
That's that fire, That's that fire
That's that fire shit
That's... That's... That's... That's... That's... That's...
That's that fire, That's that fire
That's that fire shit

It's that brand new, strangely familiar
Late night vibe and they say it kills 'ya
Deep down low in my gut I think I feel a vibe comin' on
It's bombs dropping on the Gaza strip
Race playing a card in politics
See kings and queens ain't got no faces
But Common thinks we can't mix our races
It's a child of the future race
Born to no group and no choosy faith
No stereotypes, bettin' yo' life
He and every man feels he's the same
It's a million motherfuckers on call
To burn each bridge and break down all walls
A little life support you might need
If you still ain't heard of puttin' gas in your IV

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Yo, burnin' bridges
Scorchin' them with no contrition
It's strictly business
If it's too hot, get out the kitchen
I'm... I'm on a mission
I went rogue on these bitches
My... My pole position is a little too far for the competition
I'm a burned out star, miles apart
Million years separatin' me and your binoculars
A burned out star with shades so black the universe seems ours
Fireworks for the gods, light a match turn the whole night to dawn
Then know that after one song they gon' rush the exits and pull the fire alarms

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Yes but how fire is it?
Richard Pryor on the face of this song
Crack hooked up some place for the strong
A million other eager beavers with the E for even on the eve of the young ge
ttin' hung
See I'm Iron Man with a fire hand underneath this rhymin' rant
You can try and dance, get a fly advance, but you can't bypass the Bern, gim
me some
In the middle of an acid rain and my son bathed up the pain
Get a couple of the 'what's their name? when the fuck they came?' Then I kno
w that we lit the flame and that's game
See we matchbox maitre'd's, lightin' up what you came to see
So when the roof's on fire and the bar's done burning down
Don't come around blaming me