

Fuego

The Alchemist

Yeah yeah, D-Block
Tony Toca, L.O.X., Sheek Louch

("L.O.X.") ("Kiss")
("Sheek Louch, y'all ain't got no heart")
("S.P.")

Ayo, here's why I'm willing to die and take no shit
Fuck the whole world and I'm willing to ride
Like, here's why I'm willing to slide: too many niggas phony
Shit is getting lonely, blowing my high
And like, here's why I'm willing to cry: I feel furious
And I'm getting curious what Heaven is like
And like, fact why I'm willing to die, 'cause y'all not
And I've always been the opposite for most of my life
You know, P'll be the Ghost of the ciph'
And understand that I'll cut you from ear to ear to hit most of your pipe
I'll leave niggas D.O.A. for three whole days
20 niggas in your projects, P don't play
Hank niggas like the Sugar Hill
I'm the example and the definition, so you could understand the hood is real
You lost your man, how would you feel?
We don't give a fuck! I just told you that the hood was real

What up? All y'all could get touched
D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)
Parking lot or in front of the store
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("The LOX") ("Doing their thing") ("Kiss")
("Tony Touch") ("We back")
("Sheek Louch, y'all ain't got no heart")

Yo, why you ice-grilling me, like your jaw won't break?
I put knives in like candles-piece of cake
When my shit pop, it's over-next, the wake
You where duck niggas be found-next to lake
I let it off in broad day
With the hammer, I make movies, just like a matinee
We could talk but I don't feel like it; plus I'm not psychic
And I won't know what you'll do if I don't hit you first
I'll watch your muh'fuckin' melon burst
I'll put bombs underneath your hearse-fuck the funeral!
Sheek that nigga that live for beef
How I flow, I spit like I'm missing teeth
I'm a problem, like the youth division in jail
Hardheaded, and my knife work, forget it, uh
I could pack up and leave right now
But that's after I cock back and gun you down, bitch

What up? All y'all could get touched
D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)
Parking lot or in front of the store
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("Kiss")
("Sheek, baby, my style... ")

("Holiday Styles, muthafucka, giving you hell... ")
("LOX, muh'fucka, the ox won't... ")

Ayo, I split niggas like Cohibas and Dutches
And cop shotguns the size of crutches
Sheek be off the hook, whatever Tony touches
Sheek and S.P. put the guns to 'em
Ayo, Kiss, take it all off they fuckin' wrist
And let them know where we at so they could buy it back
And come dolo 'fore I hit 'em with the fuckin' Mac
Y'all little niggas want work? Come get a fuckin' pack

S.P. from the D-Block Gang, boss of the boss
Contract killer, plus he got 'caine
Don't you ever try to front, nigga, he got aim
He in a 4-point-6 but he got Range
Might hear the gun clicks then we got brains
Tell Sheek "It's bullshit", he could leave that chain
Plus his head is still bleeding, so leave that lane
Remember the last time and the police that came

What? Fuego, muthafuckas! Tony Toca

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D-Block, nigga, what (D-BLOCK!)
Parking lot or in front of the store
Ask yourself, who want war? (What up?)

("The LOX") ("Doing their thing")
("And y'all scared, I could tell... ")

Muthafuckas, pull ya guns out...