

Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?
Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?
Oi, who's that boy Lethal B?
The one who rides bikes
And just don't give a D
We're like uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Uh oh, there's that boy Lethal B
Draw bare girls, draw bare beanie
Hey boy, what's the case? I can tell by your face
When you're in the wrong place
When you're in the wrong game
And your rhymes are lame
And you sound all the same
All I want to do is make money and claim
Girls wanna go on like a little hotshot
Your man's a top-shotter and so what
Nowadays no-one really cares what man you got
It's the year 2/1, anyone can get popped
I'm off the hook this year
Gettin' mad money off the lyrics this year
When I enter the room bare mandem will stare
Look at that boy, he thinks he's a top br'er
Nowadays you know I don't really really care
When I go rave I don't go screw br'er
Draw bare girls draw bare number
Hey what did I say
Be careful yeah, bare thugs in here

Oi, who's that O to the Z?
Oi, who's that O to the Z?
Oi, who's that O to the Z?
Another bad man inside the party
Like uh oh, who's that O to the Z's
Uh oh, who's that O to the Z's
Uh oh, who's that O to the Z's
My lyrics so chilly they leave a cool breeze
Hold the mic and I'll flex
I'm a lyrical architect, O to the Z on the set
Step on the mic 'nuff thugs get vexed
When I bang girls I use the Durex
What next? I rock the Club Rex like Aztecs
What venue's next? Bop straight through with my Avirex
Girls wanna breed and go on like skets to More Fire Crew
Punk'a send threats
Burn them with lighter when they chat wet
Lyrics them crunch like a cornet
Watch us rip up the set I bet
O to the Z to the Z, I to the E, Ozzie B
Step 'pon the mic to get them lively
Rip up the vibe with the MC

Oi, who's that N double E?
Oi, who's that N double E?
Oi, who's that N double E?
The one with the thugged out mentality
Like uh oh, there's that N double E

Uh oh, there's that N double E
Uh oh, there's that N double E
Born in the ghetto and I don't give a D
Understand, check out the dangargan
Any man diss any man in my gang, get banged in the jaw
Forehand, backhand, lyrics them are flowin'
As if they were quicksand
Rockin' Wallabees like the Wu-Tang Clan
Man them wanna playa-hate us 'cos we're nang
Monitor our lyrics and runnin' bare scam
See man on road and you wanna get prang
Don't question if I've got a 9 milli
Forget the zoots and blaze on a Philly
If you really wanna see a nigga get silly
You can hold a big one straight to your billy
Everybody wanna know what be the dilly?
How come More Fire flex so jiggy?
Don't ever take us for no hillbilly
Us man are hot while the rest are chilly

1-1 2-2 fast heat don't screw rat tat tat tat
My gat bust and bless you
1-2 1-2 Neeko ah pass through
Cardiac arrest will send
A boy 'pon a curfew
3-3 4-4 5-5 6-6
How you gonna catch me when I'm on my R-66?
Ridin' through the rain and the snow cold blitz blitz
'Bout to go link a girl and suck off her tits tits
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?
Oi, who's that More Fire Crew?
Say what you wanna say, do what you do now
Like uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew
Uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew
Uh oh, we're that More Fire Crew
With lyrics brand new, you're 'bout to get slewed