

# Firefighter

Wynne

(Get it, get it, get it, get it)

Uh

You ho's couldn't see me if I drop a pin  
When I'm walking in the party got him stiffer than a brim  
Dollars turning blue think they need some oxygen  
Java script get with the program, bitch it's OG One and Wynne, (OG One)  
I got the rock at the block, key in the lock  
Foot on the gas, hand on the throttle, I'm putting Oregon on top like I'm Ba  
ch  
Baby I like when you handle it cuz I get tired of being the boss  
This what it cost, I turn him on like a light got him flocking to me like a  
moth

Firefighter, I bring the hoes in  
He don't ghost Wynne, his schedules always open  
If I want I call n see him like a Roman  
Pick up the phone and we go kick it like the low end  
Small waist, not safe, white wine, chardonnay  
Body like this I should cop some Jean Paul Gaultier  
Circle small, watch face, pussy sound like pasta plate  
Folding all the competition tell those hoes it's laundry day  
(Fresh outta the dryer you getting folded!)

This or that its time to pick  
Triple double and 9 assists  
Throw it back, rewind the clip, think you're a match, bitch light the wick  
Money on us if you're going against my dogs, Michael Vick  
Poster child I'm the joint like quarter pound of Oregon loud  
I'm popping in designer stores I can't afford to poke around  
I'm the big one causing waves from Newport to Okinawa  
And sold out every pub in Portland, shit look like its rolling loud

Firefighter, I bring the hoes in  
He don't ghost Wynne, his schedules always open  
If I want I call n see him like a roman  
Pick up the phone and we go kick it like the low end  
I be glowing, don't I know it  
And they chase me down like block like I stole shit  
Popping moet, head to toe in  
Vintage shit you couldn't find less you're in Portland

I bring the volume to the mass  
Y'all are dense its simple math  
Quit the gab, I'm not going broke to flex in business class  
Hit the flash when you picture this, bitch don't forget to ask  
Y'all always showing off a whole lotta nun, sister act  
Got a taurus sun, sag moon, and my money rising  
Visine in my eyes, standing on it I can sightsee  
9 inch dick, where the fly knits?  
Lost my pussy when I put it in this mixtape I'm tryna find it  
I don't listen to the birds chirping bitch I get to work  
I'm sick of y'all stretching out my clothes, tugging on my shirt  
I know they're hurt me bout but they can't say shit bout my verse  
Say every time I drop all they really say's I'm from the burbs

Firefighter, I bring the hoes in  
He don't ghost Wynne, his schedules always open  
If I want I call n see him like a Roman  
Pick up the phone and we go kick it like the low end  
(Let's get it)  
Small waist, not safe, white wine, chardonnay  
Body like this I should cop some Jean Paul Gaultier  
Circle small, watch face, pussy sound like pasta plate  
Folding all the competition tell those hoes it's laundry day  
  
(We're serving up bars, let's go)