

We're On Fire (feat. Mavado)

Foxy Brown

Number one baby
Black Hand, Mavado, gangsta
Ayo, I gotta do this with my stylin' voice
Ayo See it's the Louboutin leather pump Don Diva
Get my Kevin Chiles on call me Don Diva
I'm in the Zac Posen, strapless with the back open
Back loc'ing tossing petals off of Black Roses This is more gutta, this is more crack
And I ain't change, I been the same bitch before rap
The only thing that changed is my ass got more fat
But my titties been crazy baby You ain't gotta ask who back, you soft bitch move back
Had BK on my back, even Shawn couldn't do that
I cruise all slow in the S-Class down Classen
Pullin' up in traffic on Nostrand and Patchin'
I took six years off, I let 'em have rap
And y'all bitches played with it, I came to snatch it back then
Put it back on the project bench
And made every gangsta nigga want a dark-skinned bitch We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what's happenin'
We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbin' We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what's happenin'
Makin' paper, money stashin'
Since I really, really wanna know what's happenin' So wanna bloodclaut this man, bad gal
'bout here
Drips out the pussy them na friend gal 'bout here
Bitch now the body sting round here
Big star body, kill off every dirty gal roll near
Bitch bust a shot and fiya
Two shots fiya, fiya, put the pussy pon fiya
Yes Iya, dress fliya, hoppin' out the Bentley coupe
On Flatbush and Empire Y'all rap bitches, I will ruin' em
My reps for the boostin' bitches with them bags full of aluminum
One love to Tu and them, Clyde, Shyne and Shoe and them
Chaz, Prince and Graff the whole fuckin' crew and them Can't forget Scruce and them, Shabar
and Dew and them
Kev, Wedge, Draft and BIG I ate food with them
Y'all know Fox run the block bitches
It's the Fox bitches, for the bloodclaut bitches, murdah We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what's happenin'
We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbin' We're on fire, we ain't stoppin'
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Makin? paper, money stashin?
Since I really, really wanna know what? s happenin?We? re makin? cheese, slowly with ease
With small fuck these easily from the G? z
The goons from the land of kings
Her breasts me squeeze all night, she make me pleasedYou want promote the gangsta life and
hustle
Now my girls approach you and know boy can? t bust with
And now it? s all fine and they all come sit
We? re not goin? nowhere, don? t fuck with thisYes, Fox I? m back baby and I? m still with the
hand still
Still in the hood, nigga still on the block still
Still in the Benz baby, still in the drop still
I? m still in the chinchillas, still move wit them killas, woahBesides that I got my hearing back
The same attitude like what the fuck you staring at
Homie, my case is beat, I? m still spitting heat
Who ya know rep it harder than me, BrooklynWe? re on fire, we ain? t stoppin?
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what? s happenin?
We? re on fire, we ain? t stoppin?
Since a chick want a nigga and a clubbin?We? re on fire, we ain? t stoppin?
'Cuz I really, really wanna know what? s happenin?
Makin? paper, money stashin?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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