

# 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'  
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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?  
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Makin? paper, money stashin?  
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