

# Fire ina Hole

## Redman & Method Man

Come on, come on, state your business  
Come on, let's make it hot  
Come on, word, let's make it hot  
Come on, let's make it hot  
Come on, let's make it hot  
Hardcore, to make them brothers act fools  
Come on, come on  
With all due respect to the game, I'm the P H enom  
Not ready for prime time beyond, extinction  
Change your way of thinkin' or begone  
Fast the fuck out, somethin' stinkin'  
Could it be the skunk or could it be that body in the trunk  
Of my Lincoln? Continental style pop the pussy like a pimple  
I'm fed up, I put it in your ear and fuck ya head up  
Turnin' up the temperature, hold them kids that entered  
The 36th, master mix shit, bio-hazardous, pretentious  
Do it for the chemically imbalanced  
State your business, pay me at the door  
Iron Man, hear me roar on twelve inches  
Shell shocked soldier in the trenches  
Fire in the hole game commences  
Third string rappers play the benches, reload  
There'll be no repentance for souls just life sentence  
With no chance for parole and that's real  
Fire ina hole, yo, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo, yo, gun downed at sundown  
Run now from the bucks sound, touchdown  
Your crew wanna punt now? Punk blaow  
Swimmin' trunks torn up from the hunt down  
Brakes lock 'em up now, a rich bitch knock 'em up now  
A plucked out eyebrow gal  
Naw, dawg, a broad got to be a huzzy  
A hood rat that ride like the bride of Chucky  
Walk through my hood, your jewels they scream, "Tug me"  
Mind revolve' to reload like a SCSI  
Doc, da bigfoot out for da squosh

Shell shocked like I'm six months in the bush  
Fire ina hole, hikin' in the snow  
With forty motherfuckers expirin' the globe  
Footprints of timbs and wallabee soles  
We case the place like Barnaby Jones, Homes  
Lay it down like plats in ya hair  
Ride off withcha money, then clap in the air  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Yo, fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Yo, fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Yo, fire ina hole, yo, yo, yo

This is for dem niggaz on da bricks holdin' down they block  
For my nigga Carlton Fisk, a kid who stay up in the box  
Ain't no Christmas ever since Santa scratched my name  
Off the gift list, shit ain't been the same since the pain  
No forgiveness, dead man talkin' 'bout he lifted  
I'm livid, hands around the throat of a critic  
Yo, Doctor, prescribe me a drug that can knock  
A mule on his ass, take the blast out Binaca  
For real doe, arsenic production that kill slow  
Your eardrums like a happy hooker with a dildo  
I spas on anyone who show his ass  
I got the mob with me plus a full tank of gas  
Yo, yo when me and Meth swarm  
You need a net to cover you  
Turn the rap game into W C W  
Off the rope I hang glide to the throat  
Straight beef without French Fries and a Coke  
Doc's da name, da burglar, I serve ya  
The lethal 5 from Riggs and Murtoch  
Then skart out my whip with ran down tires  
With a chicken I met who hand out fliers  
Look, I'm an Aries, I don't have it  
My crew large enough to walk and cause traffic  
Bounce like box springs on your kraftmatic  
Before you be suin' Doc for malpractice  
You couldn't bang from start, your girl see you  
Beat up and shit, get a change of heart  
Flaming darts is spittin', name the mark  
My impact tore JFK plane apart  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole, fire ina hole  
Fire ina hole

Yo, yo, yo, fire ina hole, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Mr. Meth, Funk Doctor, Mathematics, on the track  
For my niggaz in Da Bricks, for my niggaz on Shaolin  
Worldwide to my whole crew, P P C

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>