Fire (feat. Rick Ross, 2 Chainz & Serani)

Bun B

It's, it's, it's, it's, it's Serani and Bun BWhen the heat is on we burn hotter than fire People will burn up on, we burn hotter than fire Turn my enemies to dust, burn them up with fire Whether life or death, guess we're far from fireMurder murder redrum - mami, I done dead them Rude boy like Ashanti, take his motherfucking head from His shoulders, this is Bedlam - mayhem, chaos Competition cease and seckle already, they lost Thinking they boss like the Triple C' CEO Fuck them, they would be D-O-A A-S-A-P, you see me, ho Me, you, and D-O-G, that's why the fuck they ducking me Rude boy, now deal with the fuckery, we bucking G The ghetto red hot, the youth and the care play Pussy and lit up match shots now in the air Motherfucker beware 'til I retire or expire It's eying eying, them know that we are coming with more fire When the heat is on we burn hotter than fire People will burn up on, we burn hotter than fire Turn my enemies to dust, burn them up with fire Whether life or death, guess we're far from fireBig belly man, big belly man man Big belly man, I'm that big belly man Big black benz, 20 percent tints 100 niggas on my team, 20 percent friends After four or five lines you know this organized crime Me still buying jewels, I got on more than last time This not a past time, this a landslide And I'm bringing more fire, better get your hands up Get out my beamer, you know I like my trigga finger crew Get with a boss and maybe you could get a beamer too Burning down the strip from Texas to Kingston As a dime stand in line just dying to squeeze in Ross When the heat is on we burn hotter than fire People will burn up on, we burn hotter than fire Turn my enemies to dust, burn them up with fire Whether life or death, guess we're far from fireWho want to test this? Titty to necklace Money so tall she gotta count it in Giuseppe Balling like the ESPY's Drinking on that Texas Sexting, texting, aggravated flexing Did it for the money and the fame came with it Connect from the island and the cane came with her Rode through the block in a cherry colored drop

Jim Carrey, Mariah Carey, you get carried off They got a stretcher with your name on Shoot a nigga and I'll dash like Damon Insane in the membrane 2 Chainz, but today I got on three chainzWhen the heat is on we burn hotter than fire People will burn up on, we burn hotter than fire Turn my enemies to dust, burn them up with fire Whether life or death, guess we're far from fire

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