

T-Pain, Fire

bitch

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more fire, burn through your clothes

i get more, higher, burn by the old

hustler's get flyer, burst for the low

hop up on top

oh missy oh

(oh oh missy oh)

you never knew what taste good

bread for the head, you know that face good

i keep my face clean

well it look like missy on the verse good

on the hook right

(right)

what im doin now is so ridiculous

(ridiculous)

and what im giving you in the rendition is

classy missy Elliot, missy misdemeanor

damn

how would you feel if i get deeper like

damn

wetter than aquafina believers like

damn

maybe foam when its on then its on like

bam

comparison is water to patron like

damn

understand

(t-pain)

the feeling that im giving you is not a test

everybody that say they doing it is not the best

its simple and plain i can get to you man

its not a game its just missy and pain

motherfucker im ill

for real

ill

for real

ill

for real

now break it down

bitch

motherfucker im ill

matter of fact i need to take a pill

all these hits paying hospital bills

all these lips i know you wanna kiss for reals

i should let you wear my ice so you can chill

i would make a lil but i just made a mil

only hold me to the mike and i wont let it spill

yeah, see my grill?

no, not my teeth, its the grill on the Cadillac i bought last week

they say missy dont play missy missy dont play

makin cheese all day like Frito lay

hey

i am hip hop sister mister

he handed me the mike i wont let go till i got blisters

misdemeanor but my flow have gotten meaner

its a its a its a felony ch check out my melody

missy got the recipe

i can autotune like

t-pain zoom i be in the latest

(repeat t-pain)

