

Big K.R.I.T. "I'm On Fire"

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[Ludacris:] Look, I make my own decisions
Learn from my own mistakes
My enemies they want beef but don't know what's at
stake
I started out with nothing, just a dream and some hope
I fiend for the riches like them crackheads fiend for the
dope
I went from freeze tag to holding some weed bags
To a clown of hoes juggling my bean bag
I went from spin the bottle to kiss the model
To 3 more seconds we gone find out if she spits or
swallows
I heard it's a recession, while you hardly survive
The hardest decision of my day is which car I'ma drive
Roll's Royce Phantom, maybe the gold Ac'
Or the origami Ferrari the way it fold back
This aint no 760, bitch this an Alpiner
Custom kicks chrome lips as deep as vagina
And women lost for words, guess they don't know
English
No matter what language they speak they all know
dinglish

Hook:

Don't you understand with this blunt in my hand
(I'm fire) smoke smoke smoke somethin;
And don't you understand with the World in my hand
If I aint the shit
Don't you understand with this blunt in my hand
(I'm fire) smoke smoke smoke sumthin;
And don't you understand with the World in my hand
If I aint the shit

[Ludacris:] Now as the World turns spinning on its axis
My dick be brushing women's lips like chapstick
They say it's cold on the outside
So like a dentist I'm tryna keep the mouth wide
Reminiscing on my days on the southside
I made many leak and I aint talkin' 'bout no housewives
From eating canned tuna, to shoe hills with puma
From women saying "hey chris" to "GODDAMN LUDA!"

From playing slap box to making the 'Lac drop
To white neighbors swear I'm selling crack rock
Eyes so low they think I'm Asian when I'm blazing
Cause that purples on my chest like I'm playing for the Ravens
Cadillac Devilles still rolling till the tires flat
Not from Arizona but I swear I want that diamond back
Sunroof tar, wood grain wheel
I sign for millions, ya'll would never get the same deal

[Hook:]

[Big K.R.I.T:] I got a candy coated fetish, hoe dont you forget it
But big big big let me wet it, its that K-R-I-T stay besides me
We can go get this dough, then we mind if you show me dime
I promise you won't let go
I got an old school and that bass big
If it aint on chrome than it aint me
And my mouthpiece colder than the ice season
Call me father Winter in the peak of summer I spit
December
Breaking backs as they cracking limber
If that's your bitch than she can't remember
I give her wood, she holla timber
And the paint I play the sum or attention
Television of a player with an intention to be rich?
Well I hate to mention?
Back again, one more time for the buck niggas
And the thorough bread that won't f-ck with 'em
And hanged on cause I stuck with 'em
I aint got time to waste hoe
Didn't have shit now I make more than I can barely count
Keep the thorough bread shaking what the Good Lord gave 'em
You chick ass been a bounce
We still live from the underground
Aint nothing changed to me
I put it down from the south, and body everything these lames claim to be
Young Chris,

[Hook:]

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