

# Lloyd Banks

## "On Fire Ft. 50 Cent"

Visit "[On Fire Ft. 50 Cent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ft. 50 Cent

[Talking]

New York City!

You are now rocking with the best!

Lloyd Banks!

G-Unit!!

[Chorus]

We on fire,

Up in here, it's burning hot

We on fire,

Shorty take it off, if it get to hot, up in this spot,

We on fire,

Tear the roof off this motherfucker, light the roof on  
fire,

(Nigga what you say)

We gettin' loose in this motherfucker, light the roof on  
(fire fire fire)

[Verse 1]

Now I aint putting nothing out, I smoke when I, wanna,

26-inch chrome spokes on the,, Hummer,

This heat gon last for the whole, summer,

Running your bitch faster then the Road, Runner,

Rocks on my wrist, rolls gold, under,

Glocks on my hip, those throw, thunder,

Im buying diamond by the pair,

But when you stop, the only thing still spinning is your  
ear,

And Yeah, im riding with that all black snub,

Raiders cap, back, all black, gloves,

Im 80s man, but the boy smack, thugs,

These record sales, give me more back, rubs,

Not to mention a packed, clubs,

His impacts, about as raw crack, was,

Now all these new artists getting raw deals

Im only 21, sitting on, mills.

We on fire,

Up in here, it's burning hot

We on fire,

Shorty take it off, if it get to hot, up in this spot,

We on fire,  
Tear the roof off this motherfucker, light the roof on  
fire,  
(Nigga what you say)  
We gettin' loose in this motherfucker, light the roof on  
(fire fire fire)

[Verse 2]

If you know anything about, me, then you know im a  
baller,  
If I aint hit the first night, I aint gon, call her,  
Im trying to play, you trying to have my daughter,  
But I can't blame her, for what her momma, taught her,  
And I don't care bout what the next nigga, bought her  
Cause I aint putting no baguettes in her, butter,  
I got a diamond about as clear as water,  
And I got bread, but I aint spend, quarters,  
So cut the games ma, lets go in the back  
Matter fact, turn your ass round, back a nigga down,  
And I aint bias when im riding through the town  
Like em small, like em tall, like em black, like em  
brown,  
She gotta be able to cum when I, need her,  
Tight ass pants, little wife beater  
Regular chick, or R&B, diva,  
Bitch say something, I aint a mind reader.

[Chorus]

We on fire,  
Up in here, it's burning hot  
We on fire,  
Shorty take it off, if it get to hot, up in this spot,  
We on fire,  
Tear the roof off this motherfucker, light the roof on  
fire,  
(Nigga what you say)  
We gettin' loose in this motherfucker, light the roof on  
(fire fire fire)

Visit [Lloyd Banks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.