

Lloyd Banks

"On Fire"

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[Talking]

New York City

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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 get 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 pier

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

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 equal more back rubs

Not to mention I bought a pack of clubs

His impacts about as raw as crack was

Now all these new artists getting raw deals

Im only 21, sitting on mills

[Chorus]

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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]

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