

Lupe Fiasco Feat. Matthew Santos "Streets On Fire"

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Tonight, tonight, tonight

The stars are aligned and the pain is collidin'
And the pain is arrivin' and she's up there smilin'
And the fear is applauded of the sky are the wall
Of the pain rules are gone with no children tomorrow

They're drivin' me crazy this war is my lady
Who bought all our babies do not hear the amazin'
The tick of the time of the slip of the rhyme
Of the pimp and the rise of your fall and you'll find the tickin'

Death is on the tip of her tongue
And dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets are on fire tonight

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Disease the virus is spreadin' in all directions
No safe zone, no cure and no protection
No sense of survivin' or signs of an infection
No vaccines remedies and no corrections

Quarantines the dreams and cut off our connections
Don't let 'em in not a friend not a reflection
Everybody's got it and want you to have it next and
Don't accept 'em if you wanna stay that's an exception

Appeal, the heal the I'll of this
Sickness some are still in doubt of it's existence
Some call it forgiveness and some call it the vengeance
Some say it's an exit and some say it's an entrance

The poor say, "The rich have the cure"
The rich say, "The poor aren't the source"
Revolutionaries say, "It's psychological war
Invented by the press just to have somethin' to

proper

Some say the first case came from a maternity war
Some say 'em all, some say the skies, some say the
floor
Hoes say the nuns, nuns say the hoes
And everybody is sure

The scientists said, 'It only infects the
mind'
The little boy said, 'It only infects the
girls'
The preacher man said, 'It's gonna kill off the
soul'
A bum said, 'It's gonna kill whole wide
world'

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Believe some say the neon signs
Might allow speakers repeatin' and everythin' is fine
A subtle silence to demolish the troubled conscious
Of a compass with no knowledge and every freedom
denied

Every dream is designed and broadcasted
From the masters to the masses from the antennas on
top of the trine
As far as the receivin' planet during a panic is shorted
It reports back everythin' in your mind

Everythin' is lyin', everythin' is dyin'
Everythin' is a rule, everythin' is a crime
Everythin' was healed and everythin' rewinds
And new weather burn a feathers off everything's line

And she likes it and she loves it

The savage, the madness, the bad shit
The lavish, the fastness, to clashes the ashes
To ashes everythin' in to twine
My fend fatal my darlin' fongolin' angel

Once caught her changin' her batteries in her halo
Receipt for her wings and everythin' that she paid for

And the address to the factory where they made those

The scientist says, "She all inside mind"

The little boy said, "What happened to all the girls?"

The preacher man says, "She gonna kill off the
souls"

The dope boy said, "It's the whole wide
world"

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