

Young Dro "On Fire"

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[Verse 1]

Oh hi God damn, brown Trans Am, I'm on fire,
Loud as Cam', standin' in the trap wit' these loud ass
jems,
Loud ass pipes, 'round these loud ass rims,
God, God, look at my garage, Maseratti cars,
I can't even see floors, this is no fasade,
Bitches go retard,
Thousand pass we call that a picture in the yard,
My paint keep fallin', wet wet shawty,
"Shoulder Lean" money, I'm still ballin',
Got these soldiers in the tomb, pockets overload,
Stack my money up, take a rocket to the moon,
AK in the freezer, put my glasses in the room,
When I get wit' hoes, first we pop it then we sue 'em,
The hottest in the room, you know I won't lie,
You know I'm sittin' tall, you know I'm on fire.

[Chorus]

Call me Young Dro 'cause I'm smokin' on fire,
Bon if you want, please shawty don't try,
Players only live once, everybody gon' die,
So whatever shawty want, you know shawty gon' buy,
Aye, but shawty on fa, fa, fa, on fire
Shawty on fa, fa, fa, on fire
Shawty on fa, fa, fa, on fire
Shawty on fa, fa, fa, on fire
Call me Young Dro 'cause I'm smokin' on fire (X4)

[Verse 2]

I am Young Dro what you tellin' me?
Pocket fulla celery, I know how to be a playa,
I am V. Delery, nigga run up on me wrong know I get a
felony,
Damn fresh in the club, damn who they askin' me?
Fellas be tryin' see my cars look like my Automart,

Rovers in the crowd and I don't know how to call 'em
up,
I'ma start a hundred cars, race 'em up, paid 'em up,
(Incomprehensible), Uncle Blue in April, dimes in the
stable,

Gators I'ma blow 'em out,
Tell the bitches if they don't behave I'ma throw 'em out,
Drop top probable, make it rain on the doppler,
Grand Hustle king got a mafia, nigga what's poppin'?
I'm a beast, soon as I hit release mode,
Pop ya head up and down like Lamborghini doors,
Young Dro I'm the "Best Thang Smokin",
On fire, on fire, on fire, on fire.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ridin' down Edgcombe, I just left Zaxby's,
Chickens at the restaurant, chickens in my Chevy trunk,
Classic, super straight, Dro you can not duplicate,
Nigga ye ain't hustle till you sold it out the Super 8,
Traveloid, super cake, do a hundred jazz up,
Super strong kush got 'em coughin' like the swap meet,
(Incomprehensible)
Dro you say you spent a million on the jewelry,
Who you liein' to? Try who?
Nigga I will suffocate and bust the K,
Show 'em how to cultivate, and buy a house with ocean
state,
Plus I say that I'm real with the hustle I multicate,
First they start bitin', I require y'all muzzle they,
Mouth is doubt me, eight mile high houses,
Grand Hustle king y'all know what I'm about bitch.

[Chorus]

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