

## Hoodie Allen

### "Soul On Fire"

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(Intro / Chorus)

Bless your soul

Uh! Hand's up put them high to the sky,

Let me set your soul on fire tonight.

Not, not, we not tryin' to fight,

Let me set your soul on fire tonight.

We live fast ain't time for wakin' up

I make time, then we be breakin' up.

So ask God, give me one more try,

Let me set your soul on fire.

(Verse 1)

She said it's her time, I asked whens mine

I said boy I'm tryin' to windle your money like Ben Stein

So I just circle back, I built 'em the Venn Die

You know they figure, the figures every man lies.

And every girl cheats, so let up of both us

And then try to cover up and you would try to pull

LeAnn Rhymn.

So fuck it, I bailed,

Yup, let me leave for the night though.

Room full of nice suits, American Psycho

Aight though, let me say a toast,

Pull the glasses out.

Now pour the gasoline, put the fucking matches out.

I asked her, "Where to sleep?"

She pointed "that's the couch"

I heard it on the street, and I ain't have to ask around.

'Cause news travels real fast 'round these parts,

So if you jump the gun, you never get it to restart.

You say love is fun, you must have been a retard.

We only looking for somewhere to be part, until we on

fire.

(Chorus)

Hand's up put them high to the sky,

Let me set your soul on fire tonight.

Not, not, we not tryin' to fight,

Let me set your soul on fire tonight.

We live fast ain't time for wakin' up

I make time, then we be breakin' up.

So ask God, give me one more try,  
Let me set your soul on fire.

(Verse 2)

Rollin' out of my bed, taking longer then I'm s'pposed  
tah  
With so many girls they actin' like they already home,  
so  
You ever see a model in the morning? Get your hopes  
up.  
She went from Heidi Klum into having close-ups.  
And now that I assume, everybody takin' posters and  
glamour shots  
We turnin' fake the second they turn the camera on.  
Waitress' waitin' for their break like Cameron Diaz,  
We spaz on drugs Tiama on,  
We bad, like Mike, I am the king of the Camelot.  
We grab every chance, somehow now man LeBron  
Feed that, uh, there is to much heat in the Amazon.  
Read that like as I may be coming back, like I never  
was,  
Trophies as a kid, there ain't no room to make my shelf  
fit.  
Just because I want it all, doesn't mean I'm selphish.  
Never really listened 'til my eardrums melted.  
Uh, Van Gogh, Van Kicks, Van pelt that fire!

(Chorus)

Hand's up put them high to the sky,  
Let me set your soul on fire tonight.  
Not, not, we not tryin' to fight,  
Let me set your soul on fire tonight.  
We live fast ain't time for wakin' up  
I make time, then we be breakin' up.  
So ask God, give me one more try,  
Let me set your soul on fire.

(Outro)

Hands up, put them, hands up put them,  
Hands up put them high to the sky.  
Hands up, put them, hands up put them,  
Hands up put them high to the sky.  
Hands up, put them, hands up put them,  
Hands up put them high to the sky.  
Hands up, put them, hands up put them,  
Hands up put them high to the sky.  
I will set your soul,  
I will set your soul.

