

Kid Ink

"Firestorm"

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Flame, light up on, got a flame, light up on,
Got a flame, light up on, got it back, start a firestorm.
Got a flame, light up on, got a flame, light up on,
Got a flame, light up on, got it back, start a firestorm.
I burn it down, burn it down, burn it down, burn it down,
It's going round, going round, you see it going round.
I got that flame light up on, got a flame light up on,
Got a flame light up on, got it back, start a firestorm.
Now you know I got that flame on,
Bucks burn it down inside this bitch like a volcano.
Too high for TV, need to come and put a nigger on
cable,
Roll up, roll up till nigger's eyes red like cannon.
You don't want no come back, fuck papers and
contract,
Got 'em high of concept with blunt longer than
Cadillacs.
Lighters up, lights off, one hit on us, might gone.
Put you on the floor like pine saw,
Don't need no scale nigger, I bought it.
Let's start a firestorm, on your hair like high rain
And burn rubber on the motherfucker with a gas tank
full of propane.
Riding round with that heater added to like I feel no
pain,
Deaf off that loud if you ever heard my name
You know
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Got a flame light up on, got it back, start a firestorm.
I'm high as fuck, trying not to fall
Your girl drunk trying not to call.
Better cuff your chick and a bottle low,
I had it once, but I swear to God we tried it all.
So game on, I ain't even gotta say more,
But all my niggers got icon, at 18 we enroll.

Standing on the couch got me feeling eight feet tall,
Eyes on me, but I swear that I can't see y'all, keep on.
Piro addict, smoking way more than ever,
Spied up to the mansion, you can smell it in my fenster.
Kush is my cologne and the champagne is my passion,
Might roll one up, but I don't know if I can pass it.
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