

Royce Da 5'9 "On Fire"

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[Intro: Crooked I]

Okay!

What we have here?

It's what the game been talkin'...

SLAUGHTERHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUSE!

{BRING IT BACK!} [scratches?]

Okay!

What we have here?

It's what the game been talkin'...

SLAUGHTERHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUSE!

{Whooooooooooooooooooooo Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid! }

Okay! [shot]

[Crooked I:]

This is true!

Militant mind state and the villains concealing the 9
wait. - It's a zoo! [gunshot]

I'm chilling with primates, I'm a fool!

You feeling it? I ain't play gorilla I'm a real as the crime
rate. [scream]

It's so cool! - My right jabs on the right track

It'll slide you sideways go get your ice pack. [shot]

That's what the fights bought, big, punch your lights
out

Go pay your utility bill get your sight back. (huh?)

All I got is a bunch of weaponry everywhere

When I was a kid I used to machete my teddy bear.

Friday the 13th? - Nah, nigga was never scared

Sleeping on Elm's Street if somebody tell me Freddy
there. [Vincent Price laughs] (yeah!)

See I'm a whole 'nother animal!

With a mechanical trap jaw - highly flammable [dogs
growing]

Soon as this cannibal track yawn

I split your cantaloupe, Hannibal Lechter with a
hacksaw. - I rap raw! [scream]

Go in the zone till I'm outside of my body

Your body get outlined in white powder when bullets
[gunshot] come outside of the shotty. (ha!)

Try to hide in your hotel I'll Al-Qauda

Your lobby then I'll smile at your hotty. [Tarzan shouts]

([EM:] Whoo!)

Put a ride on my side like Clyde riding with Bonnie
Check out the way I pimp mommy!
After my snake charm her!
She get wet now I'm folding paper (paper!) that's slimy
tsunami and origami. (yeah!)
Yes! - The best ever!
I'm hot as West weather when you dressed in your
sweater vest and you best leather.
I pull buttons and press levers
I'm backwards as a dyslexd letter, jet setter - etcetera!
[gunshot]
Catch you boy on planet COB,
Go fuck yourself give your hand a job!
Like Nikel 9's brother - the kids Vishis
I own half a beauty salon so you know I'm with splitting
the wig business. {Whooooooooooooooooooooo}

[Royce Da 5'9":]

I got a big dick, bitch! {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid!}
What? - That ain't no punchline, I just a got big dick,
bitch! (whooo!)
'Bout big business,
Slaughterhouse! - You and your clique gettin' with this.
[gunshot]
Y'all at the movies wearing blindfolds
Get, it? - That means you ain't seeing the big picture
I find irony in being the headed rapper decapitating
I'll get Rihanna on a track and won't even rap on it.
Just let her moan to the song whilst I'm masturbating
You the best rapper? Homie congratulations! [scream]
I'd rather be known for felonious ratchet waving.
(pop, pop, pop, pop!) You deep, we deeper
But we married to these streets but - we don't jump
brooms we just carry street sweepers!
Hell yeah! Detroit city? I'm felt there!
Leave a brain elsewhere! - It's the name on the card to
my health care.
I'm hard! - You facades
Piss me off! - I put your thoughts on your broad.
[scream]
You fucking screamer - later with your tough
demeanour
Ya fruit! - I V-8 juice your fucking team up!
Give me 50 feet! (come on!)
Why you acting? All brand new 50's teeth!
Got the bullets looping I pull it the clip repeats -
WITHOUT THE DJ!
I got more gunshots in the Glock - than Whoo Kid got
[gunshot] in that instant replay.
Ooo, you thought that was a diss to Fif'? Than

{Whooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo}
You stupider than Muslims looking for gifts on
Christmas. {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid!}
Clip-out! - 'Bout to stick my dick in, the hole
In the handle, how you gon' walk [gunshot] a mile in my
shoes? (whooo!)
I'm walking on water and Moses and over sandals,
Giving boxers is the opposite of going commando!
[Tarzan shouts]
That's right; I put a bunch of boxers on your ass, boy!
I'm fly! - ? is my handle!
I'm from the metropolitan [blast] rock bottom, if I spot
'em, I got 'em!
She wanted to swallow when I shot it - but that's not my
problem.
She's your wife she just my concubine'n
She like to holla Ryan whilst I'm behind it like she my
momma mind it. [scream]
Willing to get more physical than the lacrosse team
Blunt so big look like we just rolled up the swamp thing!
([EM:] Whoo Whoo!)
I'm high feeling like I should be higher,
I ride like Michael Myers, wire ride like a bike with no
tires! ([EM:] Whoo! WHATTA FUCK?!)
No case to fight with no priors
Say good night! - Nickel 9 and Crooked I's on fire...

[Outro: Royce Da 5'9"]
That's right!
Whattup B-Luv? [beat stops] [gunshot] [rewind]

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