

Streets on Fire

Lupe Fiasco

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers

Streets

Are

On

Fire

To

NightDeath is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers

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On

Fire

To

NightDisease the virus is spreading in all directions

No safe zone no cure and no protection

No symptoms to find or signs of an infection

No vaccines remedies and no corrections

Quarantines the dreams and sell 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 something to report

Some say the first case came from a maternity war

Some say em all some say the skies some say the floor

Whores say the nuns, nuns say the whores

And everybody is sureThe scientists said it only infects the mind

The little boy said it only infects the girls

The Preacher said it's gonna kill off the soul

A bum said it's gonna kill the whole wide worldDeath is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers

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NightBelieve some say the neon signs

Might allow speakers repeating

And everything 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 broad casted

From the masters to the masses

From the antennas on top of the shrine

As far as the receiving planet during a panic is shorted

It reports back everything in your mind

Everything is lying

Everything is dying

Everything is a rule

And everything is a crime

Everything was healed

And everything rewinds

And new weather burn a feathers off everything's lineAnd she likes it

And she loves itThe savage

The madness

The bad shit

The lavish

The fastness

To clashes the ashes

To ashes everything in to twine

My fend fatal my darling fongoling angel

Once caught her changing her batteries in her halo

Receipt for her wings and everything that she paid for

And the address to the factory where they made thoseThe 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 worldDeath is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers

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Songwriters

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