

# I'm On Fire

## Ludacris

[Ludacris:]

Look, I make my own decisions  
Learn from my own mistakes  
My enemies they want beef but don't know what's at stake  
I started out with nothing, just a dream and some hope  
I fiend for the riches like them crackheads fiend for the dope  
I went from freeze tag to holding some weed bags  
To a clown of hoes juggling my bean bag  
I went from spin the bottle to kiss the model  
To 3 more seconds we gone find out if she spits or swallows  
I heard it's a recession, while you hardly survive  
The hardest decision of my day is which car I'ma drive  
Roll's Royce Phantom, maybe the gold Ac'  
Or the origami Ferrari the way it fold back  
This aint no 760, bitch this an Alpinar  
Custom kicks chrome lips as deep as vagina  
And women lost for words, guess they don't know English  
No matter what language they speak they all know denglishHook:  
Don't you understand with this blunt in my hand  
(I'm fire) smoke smoke smoke somethin;  
And don't you understand with the World in my hand  
If I aint the shit  
Don't you understand with this blunt in my hand  
(I'm fire) smoke smoke smoke sumthin;  
And don't you understand with the World in my hand  
If I aint the shit[Ludacris:]  
Now as the World turns spinning on its axis  
My dick be brushing women's lips like chapstick  
They say it's cold on the outside  
So like a dentist I'm tryna keep the mouth wide  
Reminiscing on my days on the southside  
I made many leak and I aint talkin' 'bout no housewives  
From eating canned tuna, to shoe hills with puma  
From women saying "hey chris" to "GODDAMN LUDA!"  
From playing slap box to making the 'Lac drop  
To white neighbors swear I'm selling crack rock  
Eyes so low they think I'm Asian when I'm blazing  
Cause that purples on my chest like I'm playing for the Ravens  
Cadillac Devilles still rolling till the tires flat

Not from Arizona but I swear I want that diamond back  
Sunroof tar, wood grain wheel  
I sign for millions, ya'll would never get the same deal[Hook:][Big K.R.I.T.]  
I got a candy coated fetish, hoe dont you forget it  
But big big big let me wet it, its that K-R-I-T stay besides me  
We can go get this dough, then we mind if you show me dime  
I promise you won't let go  
I got an old school and that bass big  
If it aint on chrome than it aint me  
And my mouthpiece colder than the ice season  
Call me father Winter in the peak of summer I spit December  
Breaking backs as they cracking limber  
If that's your bitch than she can't remember  
I give her wood, she holla timber  
And the paint I play the sum or attention  
Television of a player with an intention to be rich?  
Well I hate to mention?  
Back again, one more time for the buck niggas  
And the thorough bread that won't f-ck with 'em  
And hanged on cause I stuck with 'em  
I aint got time to waste hoe  
Didn't have shit now I make more than I can barely count  
Keep the thorough bread shaking what the Good Lord gave 'em  
You chick ass been a bounce  
We still live from the underground  
Aint nothing changed to me  
I put it down from the south, and body everything these lames claim to be  
Young Chris[Hook:]

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