

# On Fire

## Lloyd Banks

New York City  
You are now rocking with the best  
Lloyd Banks  
G-Unit  
We on fire up in here  
It's burning hot, we on fire  
Shorty take it off, if it get too hot  
Up in this spot, we on fire  
Tear the roof off this motherfucker  
Light the roof on fire  
Uh, nigga what you say?  
We get loose in this motherfucker  
Light the roof on fire, fire, fire  
Now I ain't putting nothing out, I smoke when I wanna  
Twenty-six inch chrome spokes on the Hummer  
This heat gon' last for the whole summer  
Running your bitch faster then the Road Runner  
Rocks on my wrist, rose gold under  
Glocks on my hip, those throw thunder  
I'm buying diamonds by the pair  
But when you stop, the only thing still spinning is your ear  
Yeah, I'm riding with that all black snub  
Raiders cap back, all black gloves  
I'm 80's man, but the boy smack thugs  
These record sales equal more back rubs  
Not to mention I ball packed clubs  
His impacts about as raw as crack was  
Now all these new artists getting wrong deals  
I'm only twenty-one, sitting on mills  
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If you know anything about me, then you know I'm a baller

If I don't hit the first night, I ain't gon' call her  
I'm trying to play, you trying to have my daughter  
But I can't blame her for what her Momma taught her  
And I don't care what the next nigga bought her  
'Cause I ain't putting no baguettes in her abuela  
I got a diamond about as clear as water  
And I got bread, but I ain't spending quarters  
So cut the games Ma, let's go in the back  
Matter fact, turn your ass round, back a nigga down  
And I ain't bias when I'm riding through the town  
Like 'em small, like 'em tall, like 'em black, like 'em brown  
She gotta be able to cum when I need her  
Tight ass pants, little wife beater  
Regular chick or R&B diva  
Bitch say something, I ain't a mind reader  
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