

Streets on Fire

Lupe Fiasco

Tonight, tonight, tonightThe stars are aligned and the pain is collidin'
And the pain is arrivin' and she's up there smilin'
And the fear is applauded of the sky are the wall
Of the pain rules are gone with no children tomorrowThey're drivin' me crazy this war is my lady
Who bought all our babies do not hear the amazin'
The tick of the time of the slip of the rhyme
Of the pimp and the rise of your fall and you'll find the tickin'Death is on the tip of her tongue
And dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets are on fire tonightDeath is on the tip of her tongue
And dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets are on fire tonightDisease the virus is spreadin' in all directions
No safe zone, no cure and no protection
No sense of survivin' or signs of an infection
No vaccines remedies and no correctionsQuarantines the dreams and cut 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 exceptionAppeal, 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 entranceThe 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 somethin' to properSome say the first case came from a maternity war
Some say 'em all, some say the skies, some say the floor
Hoes say the nuns, nuns say the hoes
And everybody is sureThe scientists said, It only infects the mind
The little boy said, It only infects the girls
The preacher man said, It's gonna kill off the soul
A bum said, It's gonna kill whole wide worldDeath is on the tip of her tongue
And dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets are on fire tonightDeath is on the tip of her tongue
And dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets are on fire tonightBelieve some say the neon signs
Might allow speakers repeatin' and everythin' is fine
A subtle silence to demolish the troubled conscious
Of a compass with no knowledge and every freedom deniedEvery dream is designed and broadcasted
From the masters to the masses from the antennas on top of the trine
As far as the receivin' planet during a panic is shorted
It reports back everythin' in your mindEverythin' is lyin', everythin' is dyin'

Everythin' is a rule, everythin' is a crime
Everythin' was healed and everythin' rewinds
And new weather burn a feathers off everything's line
And she likes it and she loves it
The savage, the madness,
the bad shit
The lavish, the fastness, to clashes the ashes
To ashes everythin' in to twine
My fend fatal my darlin' fongolin' angel
Once caught her changin' her batteries in her halo
Receipt for her wings and everythin' that she paid for
And the address to the factory where they made those
The 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 world
Death is on the tip of her tongue
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