Fire

Yung Lean

It's ain't even my fault though?
Fire
F-f-f-f-fire
Fire
F-f-f-f-fireFlames, fire and a pyre
Leandoer can't expire
We walk in, they stand up like a choir
Bitch I'm smokin' spirit flowers
'Cause you know it takes me higher
My money speedin', no flat tire
Over on this side it is drier
Louis Vuitton sheets with flowers
Helicopters 'round the windows
Now I'm sippin', everything slow
You would think it's a damn intro
I'm ridin' past you in that limo
Sadboy Gang, we some heroes
Money pink, just like flamingos
Ridin' past you in that limo
Xans on me, oh LordI stick my head out the windowFuck school, it made me sick
I love my haters, they make me rich
They warned me about this shit
I'mma do this 'till I go extinct
Bitches they know that it's Yung LeandoerStraight from the sewer posted with Bladee Krueger
Hit him and get him, I stack 'em, I rip 'em
Just like my stacks, I got cash in my denim
Salvation, bitch, I need my medication (meds)
Sadboy Gang, bitch, we one nation (SBE)
Posted up celebrating, takin' flights like vacationPaper chasin', I keep 'em waitin'
Bitch, you know that I keep 'em waitin'Fire, I'm the seller and the buyer
Leandoer can't expire
We walk in, they stand up like a choir
'Cause you know I got that fire
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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