

# On Fire

## Fu-G

Yeah, ya know? Critics man  
Critics never got nothin' nice to say, man  
You know the one thing I notice about critics, man?  
Is critics never ask me how my day went  
Well, I'mma tell 'em  
Yesterday my dog died, I hog tied a ho, tied her in a bow  
Said next time you blow up try to spit a flow  
You wanna criticize dog try a little mo'  
I'm so tired of this I could blow, fire in the hole  
I'm fired up so fire up the lighter and the 'dro  
Better hold on a little tighter here I go  
Flows tighter, hot headed as ghost rider  
Cold hearted as spiderman throwin' a spider in the snow  
So ya better get to blowin in flow rider  
Inside of a low rider with no tires in the hole  
Why am I like this? Why is winter cold?  
Why is it when I talk, I'm so biased to the hoes?  
Listen dog, Christmas is off, this is as soft as it gets  
This isn't gob this is a blister in the salt  
Those are your wounds this is the salt, so get lost  
Shit dissin' me is just like pissin' off the wizard of oz  
Wrap a lizard in gauze, beat you in the jaws with it  
Grab the scissors and saws  
And cut out your livers gizzards and balls  
Throw you in the middle of the ocean in the blizzard with jaws  
So sip piss like sizzurp through a straw  
Then describe how it tasted like dessert to us all  
Got the gall to make Chris piss in his draws  
Ticklin' him go to his grave, skip him and visit his dog  
You're on fire  
That's how ya know your on a roll  
'Cause when you hot it's like your burnin' up everyone else's cold  
Your on fire  
Man, I'm so fuckin' sick, I got ambulances pullin' me over and shit  
You're on fire  
Ya need to stop drop and roll 'cause when you say the shit  
To give the whole hip hop shop the blow  
You're on fire, yeah, you're on fire  
I just wrote a bullshit hook in between two long ass verses

If you mistook the for a song, look  
This ain't a song it's a warnin' to Brooke Hogan and David Cook  
That the crook just took over so book

Run as fast as you can, stop writin' and kill it  
I'm lightning in a skillet, your a fuckin' flash in a pan  
I pop up you bitches scatter like hot grease splashin' a fan  
Mr Mathers is the man

Yeah, I'm pissed but I would rather take this energy  
And stash it in a can, come back and whip your ass with it again  
Salivas like sulfuric acid in your hand it'll eat through

Anything metal the ass of iron man

Turn him into plastic so for you to think

That you could stand a fuckin' chance is assanine

Yeah, ask the nine man, hit a blind man with a coloring book  
And told him color inside the lines or get hit widda fine crayon

Fuck it I ain't playin', pull up in a van and hop out

At a homeless man holdin' a sign sayin'

Vietnam vet, I'm out my fuckin' mind, man

Kick over the can beat his ass and leave him 9 grand

So if I seem a little mean to you

This ain't savage you ain't never seen the brew

You wanna get graphic we can go the scenic route

You couldn't make a belemic puke

On a piece of fuckin' corn and peanut boo

Sayin' you sick, quit playin' you prick don't nobody care

Then why the fuck am I yellin' at air

I ain't even talkin' to no one 'cause ain't nobody there

Nobody will fuckin' test me 'cause these hos won't even dare

I'm wastin' punchlines but I got so many to spare

I just thought of another one that might go here

Naw, don't waste it save it, psycho, yeah

Plus you gotta rewrite those lines that you said about Michael's hair

You're on fire

That's how ya know your on a roll

'Cause when you hot it's like your burnin' up everyone else's cold

You're on fire

Man, I'm so hot my motherfuckin' firetrucks on fire, homie

You're on fire

Ya need to stop drop and roll 'cause when you say the shit

To give the whole hip hop shop the blow

You're on fire, yeah, your on fire

You're on fire

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