

# On Fire

## Young Thug

Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
You made him mad, he put you right back on there  
You made him mad, he put you right back where you started  
Ain't got no more wristband  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)  
You heard 'bout shaggin' my figures, ey  
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)  
Fuck your thot  
Pussy ass nigga  
Hop off a jet, hop off a Jeep  
Hop off a jet, hop off a skrrt  
Hop off a jet, hop on a jet  
Hop off a jet, hold on!  
Shot that boy so many times he caught on fire  
Every single night I'm spittin' fire  
Tryna count my profit, baby watch 'em  
I'm tired of one, I need two, threesome (yeah)  
I need a threesome  
Just give me a threesome  
Three, three, three, three, threesome  
Push your head up in these strong arms  
Every single eve I lean on  
Ashes in the Bentley, I'm that raw  
Wedding room in my Japanese home  
Rockin' gas in my Japanese drawers (rockin' gas)  
My friends signed my Japanese wall  
Vintage clothes, they kinda cost  
I think you lost, baby girl I think you lost but  
Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
You made him mad, he put you right back on there  
You made him mad, he put you right back where you started  
Ain't got no more wristbands but I got bands on me  
He ain't got no more wristbands but I got bands on me  
I'm in the whip, my clan will tat they names on me  
You can't trick me like I got the answers tatted on me  
It ain't got no scratches on me I got a ratchet hoe and I got that ratchet on me  
My life like dominoes, I can't make mistakes lil' homie  
Ay, I ain't got no scratches nowhere  
I got good skin like a cover girl  
You can come and chill with me

Let's drink a pint of codeine Blessed when she on search she a lil easy  
 Breezy beautiful thugger girls with me  
 Enjoy the wealth until you're gone  
 Pillsbury doughboy on strong  
 Wearing the seat belt just 'cause my son  
 I put a corder on the neck of my son  
 I got your back, I got some red in my tummy  
 I want some velvet on my Maybach in a month  
 I got the itch, still I ain't traded in or nothin'  
 I got like twenty cars, baby pick one Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
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 You made him mad, he put you right back where you started  
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 He ain't got no more wristbands but I got bands on me  
 I'm in the whip, my clan will tat they names on me  
 You can't trick me like I got the answers tatted on me  
 It ain't got no scratches on me Bird on my boots  
 Mm, you kick 'em, let bitches swoop  
 Mm, how dare you, I kick a bullet  
 Mm, my chains, I'm Rick the Ruler  
 Mm, that's foreign, ain't no skoom  
 We killin', ain't tryna sue you  
 Mm, head a long way from Raymond news  
 Mm, 2017 Porshes zoom, mm  
 I see you eatin' girl, you full  
 Got Molly in my Red Bull  
 I'm with the dolls, and yeah we cruel  
 Everything you do be fire like you Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
 Don't make him mad, he'll put that side bitch on him  
 You made him mad, he put you right back on there  
 You made him mad, he put you right back where you started  
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 Hop off a jet, hop off a Jeep  
 Hop off a jet, hop off skrrt  
 Hop off a jet, hop on a jet  
 Hop off a jet, hold on!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>