

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