

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 wristbands—
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
Yeah bout seven big figures
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
Fuck you thought?
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 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
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 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 Benz, still ain't traded in or nothin'
I got like 20 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
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 scoon We killin', ain't tryna sue you
Mm, came a long way from ramen noodles
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
Ain't got no more wristbands-
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
Yeah bout seven big figures
(Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa)
Fuck you thought?
Pussy ass nigga
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!