

## Streets on Fire

Lupe Fiasco

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers  
Streets  
Are  
On  
Fire  
To-  
Night

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Disease the virus is spreading in all directions  
No safe zone no cure and no protection  
No sense of surviving or signs of an infection  
No vaccines remedies and no corrections  
Quarantines the dreams and cut off our connections  
Don't let em in not a friend not a reflection  
Everybody's got it and want you to have it next and  
Don't accept em if you wanna stay that's an exception  
Appeal  
The Heal  
The ill of this  
Sickness some are still in doubt of it's existence  
Some call it forgiveness and some call it the vengeance  
Some say it's an exit and some say it's an entrance  
The poor say the rich have the cure  
The rich say the poor are the source  
Revolutionaries say it's psychological war  
Invented by the press  
Just to have something to report  
Some say the first case came from a maternity ward  
Some say a morgue, some say the skies, some say the floor  
Whores say the nuns, nuns say the whores  
And everybody is sure

The scientists said it only infects the mind  
The little boy said it only infects the girls  
The Preacher said it's gonna kill off the soul  
A bum said it's gonna kill the whole wide world

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Believe some say the neon signs  
Might allow speakers repeating  
And everything is fine  
A subtle silence  
To demolish the troubled conscious  
Of a compass with no knowledge  
And every freedom denied  
Every dream is designed and broadcasted  
From the masters to the masses  
From the antennas on top of the trine  
As far as the receiving planet during a panic is shorted  
It reports back everything in your mind  
Everything is lying  
Everything is dying  
Everything is a rule  
And everything is a crime  
Everything was healed  
And everything rewinds  
And new weather burn a feathers off everything's line

And she likes it  
And she loves it

The savage  
The madness  
The bad shit  
The lavish  
The fastness  
To clashes the ashes  
To ashes everything in to twine  
My femme fatale my darling fongoling angel  
Once caught her changing her batteries in her halo  
Receipt for her wings and everything that she paid for  
And the address to the factory where they made those

The scientist says she all inside mind  
The little boy said "What happened to all the girls?"  
The preacher man says she gonna kill off the souls  
The dope boy said it's the whole wide world

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