

# Flame On

Aitch

Yeah, hit the booth, I turn flame on (Yeah)  
Hundred on me, no chain on (Woo)  
Shawty likes what I rap 'bout, I still sing to her like Trey Songz (Ah, ah)  
Got the track, she want Aitch on  
Fuck these rappers, it's game on  
At this point, they all know what's good, I ain't gotta say where I came from (Let's go)  
Ain't nothin' to pull up and flex  
Fuck it, I'm stuck at your necks  
Man get the pussy and start buyin' drip for the gyal  
But won't get their mum an address (Yeah)  
Brothers are bummy, I know that they been watchin' the kid  
Now, they wanna come play with the best  
Run up this money, when I get stopped from the pigs, only time that I'm takin' a rest

Yeah, uh  
After I fuck on this thot for a hour, the only time I'm takin' a rest  
How many millions a nigga gon' make in a year is the only time makin' a guess  
I don't give a shit if these motherfuckers hate on a nigga, you know that they hate on the best  
Got my advance and went straight to Goldman Sachs, and they told me they can invest  
Shout out to my dentist, got brothers that's doin' life sentence, society call 'em a menace  
So, I flew out to Manny, a nine-hour flight off a Xanny  
And Aitch brought me straight to the trenches  
I spoil my daughter before she can even start callin'  
Her diaper bag draped in Givenchy  
Know music my callin'  
My whole life I'm gon' be ballin'  
This shit is not on me, it's in me

We get them racks fresh off a sack  
No Secret Service, we dressed in all-black  
High-level shit where I might get a tat'  
And they free Little Sim, bet, you know he up next  
Fresh off a jet, hold up the set  
'Cause bitch, you don't know me, so, show me respect  
More time, he see me, I'm blowin' a check  
If you wearin' a vest, I'ma go for the head (Yeah)

Crazy girl, she my favourite girl, that's my baby girl  
It's Aitch your girl  
Mr. Take Your Girl, dick might make your world  
Backshots on backshots, then turn around and come face me, girl  
Backshots on backshots, then, then bust a nut and I'm out (Woo)  
Take her phone 'fore I take her home  
How can she fuck me for clout?  
Maybach or your bae back? Either way, I'm makin' them bounce  
Babygyal with that K cat, you know I'm tryna gain me some pounds  
Got the pussy on playback, I like the way that it sounds  
Just got a coupe and a Jeep, I'm tired of usin' my feet  
Get in the back, bill a spliff and I'm lightin' it up  
Same thing I do on a beat  
Pussy, don't push me, it's gonna get bumpy

I been on the Henny, I'm drinkin' it neat  
Feelin' all comfy, I been gettin' the money  
I'm thinkin' 'bout dough, you been thinkin' 'bout me  
Stack up this paper, I make it and save it for later, I'm takin' it straight  
to the bank  
It could be Canada, Paris, LA, or Dubai, all the ladies go straight for the  
mank  
Know what I'm doin', I ain't tryna take no advice, I need millis to take an  
advance  
Bitch, I'm a rapper, I'm makin' a slapper  
I'm not on the Internet makin' a dance

Yeah, ayy, go for the head, we aimin' to kill  
You worship these rappers who ain't even real  
I got some moves to make  
You think I was Lizzo the way that I pursue the cake  
And you got a rude awakenin'  
If you was hatin', my niggas is cool but patient  
The tool's adjacent  
The chopper, it hit his whole body and have his ass Uzi shakin'  
The streets was dry  
But, fuck it, we wet the whole block up, this Draco a lubrication  
The crib is new and gated  
The cars is foreign, the lifestyle is too outrageous  
[?] like, this shit a new formation  
My nigga got off of probation  
Fuck the officers apart of the cases  
Fuck twelve but I copped a Mercedes  
Just landed in Manchester  
Middle finger to the opps, not a hand gesture  
So many whips, that shit upset ancestors  
But, we ball like van Hecke  
In the tenth grade, I thought that we made it when mama had moved us to Lanc  
aster  
But, what I get off a show might be reparations, lil' nigga, and extra

We get them racks fresh off a sack  
No Secret Service, we dressed in all-black  
High-level shit where I might get a tat'  
And they free Little Sim, bet, you know he up next  
Fresh off a jet, hold up the set  
'Cause bitch, you don't know me, so, show me respect  
More time, he see me, I'm blowin' a check  
If you wearin' a vest, I'ma go for the head