

# On Fire

Jelly Roll

Yeah

Hey, what's up? Hey what's happenin'?

Tell 'em! (It's Fat Man Jones) (bitch!)

I think I'm on fire (here it is)

I think I'm on fire (what they been waitin' on)

I think I'm on fire

I think I'm on fire (it's what they waitin' on)

That street shit stuck in me, I'm in love with the hustle (hustle)

Like puttin' coke on the stove, I'm in love with the bubble

I'm on fire (man), I won't lie (man), I'm so fly (man), I don't try (no)

Still smokin' that kinda shit that cause terror (terror)

I'm all about my bread like Pinera

Ain't got no platinum warrior, I won't get inside a Porsche (no)

But been about my money since I jumped up off the porch

And way before this rap game, I weighed that grass up

Made a promise to my bitches that would be my last truck (I swear)

And ever since then I been focused on this movement

And trying to make a livin' off this music, and I'm on fire

They said I'm gettin' hot (hot), I started off cold (cold)

And I ain't even trippin', baby, this is how it goes (this is how it goes)

They said I wouldn't make it (make it), I had to let 'em know (let 'em know)

The only problem is they ain't hate when I was broke

But I think I'm on fire (I think I'm on fire)

Now I think I'm on fire (I think I'm on fire)

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Now I think I'm on fire (I think I'm on fire)

Now I think I'm on fire

When man was sittin' in jail and writing crazy bars

I was behind bars goin' hard and just playin' cards

Now I talk to A&R's from all across the country

But I'ma hang up if that bitch ain't talkin' 'bout no money

Man, it's crazy (it's crazy)

Never thought that I would make it, but I made it (I made it)

So this one for my haters, yeah, we here motherfuckers

We here now (we here), hop inside that big body, smash on the gas and peel out

Got my people bailed out, this is what to feel 'bout

Where just a little bit of money get you killed now

And I'm on that country shit (yeah), really on that country shit (yeah)

First they wasn't fuckin' with me now the one the fuckin' with

Told it power off, baby, I just broke a new door

I'm on fire, bitch, I started off as lukewarm (lukewarm)

Money, the reason why these bitches call me cute for (cute)

So many women on my dick I should do porn (bitch)

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Just ask about me in the build, they'll say they know dude  
They love me in the streets, like a plate of soul food  
My homeboy told me, "Watch out, G" (hey, watch out)  
I can't believe the way my own people will talk 'bout me (damn)

But if there's money somewhere, you know what I'm about to do  
All about the cheese and the pasta like Italian food  
A lot of rappers got deals they can hardly rep  
And I don't give an F like the famous stars in Stratford

Man, they hardly trap, but talk about the bricks (bricks)  
But we all know that they really ain't talkin' 'bout shit (nah)  
That bullshit they talkin' 'bout man we ain't tryna hear it (hear it)  
That's ridiculousness

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