

World On Fire

M Row

I don't want to set the world on fire
I just want to start a flame in your heart (Jellyy on that)

Scorch, baow

Like all blocks who was lit, we done flamed up
I told bro that his form had to change up
'Cause I just watched him miss an open layup
But I can't be mad, gotta work on my range jump too and I'm 'posed a hall of
famer
Flamer, start hittin' the gym, never gave up
And the scenes that I talk about really not made up (M Row)

Word to bro, **** was just callin' a bitch that I had in the bed, she just a
te up

I told her to answer the phone, I'ma lower my tone, like, shh, hold on, wait
up

SB tryin' too hard to get his name up

Don't go out like— He got left with his face up

I got a four-nick', tryna ball on a Pacer

Chaser, bullets gon' knock down a racer

Nasi, Slime, Rip, face you

This always gon' happen when y'all don't duck rec

Hits, vics, RIPs, spliffs

I don't why y'all usin' the Jets for protection

I ain't gon' lie, lil' kid done caught one good hit, but right after, I put
him in check

Throwin' at his neck

Beatdown, Scooter just stomped on his face, what the fuck you expect? Uh

Let's set the world on fire

Every block, make it go up in flames

This fit too hot, so I had to go change

And go back to that block, I can't drill in the same shit

You think I was gone over there feelin' good?

Know I do drills, emotionally in pain

When I get locked, I be takin' the blame

Your honor, I was tryna work on my aim (Aim down sight, go bang)

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And the scenes that I talk about really not made up (M Row)

Blitz, baow, ambush

Push up on him, he think that I planned it

This not a setup, don't lack with your head up

Look out all directions before you go vanish

One opp, two opp dead

I don't how the fuck do y'all niggas still manage

To talk like niggas, not smokin' them niggas

And y'all always got home court advantage

Spin back on y'all niggas, tryna ball out, nigga

Word to my mother, nigga

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