

Streets On Fire

Young Scooter

Black Amigo Scooter set the streets on fire
Paper chasin' this money, I ain't gon' never retire

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Paper chasin' this money, I ain't gon' never retire
Everybody snitchin' so them birds gettin' higher
The feds they know everything, the streets on fire

My brother caught a nine, could've got a fifty (free Blacka)
All this iced out Eliantte cost me five fifty
I took a nine and a split and charged him thirteen fifty
I sold a nigga ten bricks and count 'til five fifty
Future just went number one four times in a row
Jugghouse on a one way, I got four in a row
I sold more pounds than Boston George, motherfuck Diego
I just stuffed a thousand pounds in a Winnebago
Yeah the streets on fire
Call the fireman 'cause the streets on fire
Half you rappers prostitutes, real dick riders
Anybody searchin' for them falcons, I got 'em

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The block hot, the feds hot, and the pot hot
Pull up in a hard top, pull off drop top
I'm a keep on making juggs 'til my heart stop
I'm a 80's baby, school of the hard knocks
I don't know how I survived these streets, dear lord I'm thankful
I'm off probation, they done took them shackles off my ankle
Stop that hating, I put a bag on you and let them paint you
These dope boy stories, I rap 'em, beat these pictures I be paintin'
Yeah the streets on fire
Call the fireman 'cause the streets on fire
Fifty bands a week, why would I fuckin' retire?
That's just off the gas, I got hard and powder

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