

Lupe Fiasco Feat. Matthew Santos, Streets On Fire

[Chorus: Matthew Santos]

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets

Are

On

Fire

To-

Night

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets

Are

On

Fire

To-

Night

[Verse 1: Lupe Fiasco]

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 I'll 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 aren't the source

Revolutionaries say it's psychological war

Invented by the press

Just to have something to propo

Some say the first case came from a maternity war

Some say em all some say the skies some say the floor

Niggas say the nuns, nuns say the niggas

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 off the world

[Chorus: Matthew Santos]

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets

Are

On

Fire

To-

Night

Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets

Are

On

Fire

To-

Night

[Verse 2: Lupe Fiasco]

Believe some say the neon signs

Might allow speakers repeatin

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
[Matthew Santos:]
And she likes it
And she loves it
[Lupe Fiasco:]
The savage
The madness
The bad shit
The lavish
The fastness
To clashes the ashes
To ashes everything in to twine
My fend 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
[Chorus: Matthew Santos]
Matthew
Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets
Are
On
Fire
To-
Night
Death is on the tip of her tongue and dangers at the tip of her fingers
Streets
Are
On
Fire
To-
Night