

# Lupe Fiasco, Streets On Fire

(Intro - Matthew Santos)

Tonight...

The stars are aligned and the planets colliding  
And the plan is arriving and she's out there smiling  
The fear is upon us, the skies tried to warn us  
Your parents are goners, no children to mourn  
It's driving me crazy, this war is my lady  
These bombs are our babies and God is amazing  
The tick of the timer, the slip of your rival  
The pimps and the rise of your pulse, where you'll find her  
Hey hey

(Chorus - Matthew Santos)

Death is on the tip of her tongue  
And danger's at the tip of her fingers  
Streets are on fire tonight  
Death is on the tip of her tongue  
And danger's at the tip of her fingers  
Streets are on fire tonight

(Verse One - Lupe Fiasco)

Disease, the virus is spreadin' in all directions  
No safe zone, no cure and no protection  
No symptoms to find, the signs of an infection  
No vaccines, remedies and no corrections  
Quarantine your dreams and sever all connections  
Don't let 'em in not a friend, not a reflection  
Everybody's got it and wants you to have it next and  
Don't accept 'em if you want to stay as an exception  
No pill can heal the ill of this  
Sickness some are still in doubt of its existence  
Some call it forgiveness and some call it the vengeance  
Some say it's an exit, some say it's an entrance  
The poor say the rich have the cure  
The rich say the poor are the source  
Revolutionaries say it's psychological war  
Invented by the press just to have something to report  
Some say the first case came from a maternity ward  
Some say a morgue, some say the skies, some say the floors  
&quot;Whores,&quot; say the nuns, &quot;nuns,&quot; say the whores  
And everybody is sure  
The scientists say, &quot;it only infects the mind&quot;;  
The little boy said, &quot;it only infects the girls&quot;;  
The preacher man said, &quot;it's gonna kill off the soul&quot;;  
A bum said, &quot;it's gonna kill the whole wide world&quot;;

(Chorus - Matthew Santos)

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(Verse Two - Lupe Fiasco)

Believe! Some say the neon signs by the loud speakers repeatin' that everything is fine  
A subtle silence to demolish the trouble conscience of accomplished with no knowledge and every  
Every dream is designed and broadcasted from the masses to the masses from the antennae on  
Was fine and received and planted during the panic and surely it reports back everything in your m  
Everything is lyin', everything is dyin'  
Everying is a rule, everything is a crime  
Everything was here then everything rewind  
New weather burned the feathers off everything flyin'  
(And she likes it, and she loves it)

The sadness, the madness, the bad shit, the lavish, the fastest, the clashes  
The ashes to ashes, everything intertwined  
My femme fatale, my darlin' fallen angel  
Once caught her changin' the batteries in her halo  
Receipt for wings and everything that she paid for  
And the address to the factory where they made those  
The scientist said, "she's already inside my mind"  
The little boy said, "what happened to all the girls?"  
The preacher man said, "she's gonna kill off the soul"  
The dope boy said, "it's the whole wide world"

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