

Burden

Aminé

This is, this is that shit that you like
How you wanna say this right
This is, this is like some shit you go and pick your homie from jail with

Uh, uh-oh (Yeah, I like that)
Uh, uh-oh (Yeah)
Bury me before I'm a burden
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain
I'm singin', singin'
Uh, uh-oh
Uh, uh-oh
Bury me before I'm a burden
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain

When your skin darker, shit gets harder
This a black album, like Shawn Carter
Screamin' like I'm week old
Moshin' like I'm Steve-O
Niggas dodgin' bullets that we jammin' off of pico
At the barbershop, I got the bald fade
That was before the chubby niggas had the bald name
You know giuseppe-ass niggas with the Louis shades
Type to call a girl a bitch if she don't give 'em play
At sixteen I was survivin' off of noodle cups (Damn)
Shit is legal now the killers know the jig is up
When it's us, niggas gettin' years maybe ten and up
Soccer moms do the same but government don't give a fuck
You know I'm hailin' from that Rip City, get busy
If I die, roll out the yellow carpet
If you fuck with me, yellow roses in the sky
Has to rock a yellow tie
Choir make my mama cry
Yellow suit, yeah, I'm fly
Coldplay playin' Yellow live

Uh, uh-oh (We gotta make it better)
Uh, uh-oh (I need some change)
Bury me before I'm a burden (They stay the same)
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain
I'm singin', singin'
Uh, uh-oh (We gotta make it better)
Uh, uh-oh (I need some change)
Bury me before I'm a burden (They stay the same)
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain (Okay)

Man, I'd rather die before I give up
Keep my fucking foot on their necks and never let up
Mark my words, my nigga Mark used to say that
That was way before my nigga Yos had to wave cap
And to top it all my best friend had a baby
We twenty-five, I told that nigga, boy, you fuckin' crazy
Maybe I'm the one who really need the Lord to save me
The last time I went to church was in the fuckin' eighties
Can you believe that?
I was born in 94'
Can you believe that?
Your favorite rapper's doin' blow

Can you believe that?
Wide awake, but comatose
Hollywood's in overdose
Girls sendin' you innuendos, I'm in limbo
But I know the ropes
And it's really hard to cope with the
Tyler Jones, when the love is lost, like I'm Coppola
Translatin' losses before Twitter go and soak it up
Beats so cold they made an egg wanna open up

Uh, uh-oh (We gotta make it better)
Uh, uh-oh (I need some change)
Bury me before I'm a burden (They stay the same)
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain
I'm singin', singin'
Uh, uh-oh (We gotta make it better)
Uh, uh-oh (I need some change)
Bury me before I'm a burden (They stay the same)
Don't bury me to niggas, it's certain (Okay)

Blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Time's of the essence, I'm tryna get on S's
Man I don't take suggestions
God gave me the blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Blessings (Blessings)
Time's of the essence
God gave me them