

Burn Rubber

Boldy James

Aye

Where we at with it?

Aye (Dope in it)

Follow that cab it got dope in it (Dope in it)

Mr. Million Dollar Stack (Dope in it)

Follow that cab it got dope in it (Dope in it)

Let's get it

Uh-uh, uh

Green like I'm Lil Chicken sliding with the thumper

Shut up lil bitch you talking to a dumper

From the O to KC burning the loudest thunder

Turn around, state to state, I feel like a jumper

Thirty thou', give or take, if you tryna stump her

Quick to aluminum foil it like I'm Brian Pumper

My niggas die from bussin' juugs, happen every summer

Tryna find a better plug with a better number

Serving everybody from the hood, daddy and they mother

Never would've thought of selling drugs back when we was younger

Pill cabinet full of Rx (Pints)

In the kitchen cupboard

Free that nigga DJ was just locked up with his little brother

Your nigga not a hundred percent hustler

How I use to have him working out my spot like he was a butler

These niggas peas in a pod, leeching like a sucker

You treat that nigga like a God, I treat him like a clucker

We getting off

It's game over, balling like the Rucker

I love the bag but can't show her how much I love her

He feeling frogged, just half-poling with the cutter

Come get your Wonder Bread toasted with the butter

Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter

Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter

Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter

And I pull the chopper out and make that mother fucker stutter

What else? (Burn rubber)

What up doe?

What's the word with you boy?

Shit, in the booth

Of course, of course, of course

What you doing here with us?

Shit, it's on

Uhhhhhh (Burn rubber)

Follow that cab it got dope in it

Gimme about 20 minutes

Burn Rubber (Follow that cab it got dope in it)

Hold up

Yeah I told you it's on

All the way

Yeahhh (It got dope in it)

Sharp shooter like a sniper never been a swiper

On the road, thumbing through that bag like a hitch hiker

Known to dump them bitches off like a shit diaper

Dodge the rain drops don't even need no windshield wipers

Alarm screaming step back
Been whipping up that water spout like the the Itsy-Bitsy Spider
Never had a lawsuit with Geoffrey Fieger
I was fucking with them blues and them oranges, go get 'em tiger
On sixth and Meyers flip the scrippies, all different prices
Tryna come up on two-fifty for a liquor license
He say he got an M.D., what type of 'script he writing?
I ain't gone lie like D.Z., I'm on my fifty Tyson
Who set the city on fire? You know a nigga striking
Like a cobra, out in Minnesota, playing with them Vikings
Keep pillow talking, loose lipping, get your shit tightened
Nail a nigga coffin shut for doing all that dick biting

We getting off
It's game over, balling like the Rucker
I love the bag but can't show her how much I love her
He feeling frogged, just half-poling with the cutter
Come get your Wonder Bread toasted with the butter
Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter
Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter
Bad baller, I be balling in the gutter
And I pull the chopper out and make that mother fucker stutter
What else?

Follow that cab it got dope in it
Follow that cab it got dope in it (Dope in it)
Follow that cab it got dope in it
Follow that cab it got dope in it (Dope in it)
When I was out in the streets hustling and steeling...
I-I-I-I made more in one weekend than I have made in my entire rap career