

# Burn

Chris Webby

Yeah

You can spot a fire by watching the Spotifiers  
They just press play on my shit and they start a fire  
Ride till I die, till there's no groove left on the tires  
Chilling at home like umpires  
While I write my next shit, lay it down and flex it  
From the booth to the marketplace let the cheques hit  
Treating every song like an individual investment  
Underground king of my coast, eatin' shellfish  
With a bad bitch cause we all gon' die  
So this life I got I live right  
You can all try  
But can't outsmart me cause my  
Intellectuals on the level of AI  
I learn by defeat, check the battling scars  
Bitch most of you can't even step to half of my bars  
Fucking pussy run your mouth while you actin' all hard  
You probably wear your rubber gloves and face mask in the car  
With your windows rolled up trying not to get sick  
But shit I been sick for years, my therapist  
Told me if we wrote down all my problems it'd be a list  
So long even Santa Claus couldn't check this  
Let alone check it twice, fuck naughty and nice  
I'm so bad; having coal in my stocking's a way of life  
Kerosene in one hand while the other got a light  
Hear a (ksht) then I'm calling it ignite  
Webby

Uhh, yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Yeah, uh  
Yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn

Yeah, fuck em, let em conspire  
See I can spot a liar by watching his spot expire  
I can spit a verse and kill rappers with rapid fire  
Rap deniers won't acknowledge my prowess, don't try to [?]  
[?] that I'm [?] on songs, now who's the loudest  
Allow me to explain my versatility origins  
I came up with pimps and rebels fighting the war we in  
Normally I'm ignoring the silly rappers with corny [?]  
I can smell the smoke cause my hood was a crematorium  
This is like a memoriam for what I used to be  
So when I light the match you pussies better use your feet  
All that's left is charred up bodies as far as you can see  
If you can see, then I might show mercy, don't try to divert me  
Fuck your politics and opinions, you just a minion  
Everything you ever mention you heard on a cable network

A carefully crafted timeline and algorithm  
That's only feeding you bias  
You don't believe me just try it  
Cause everything I built, see I built from the ground up  
Come around us, like you been sippin' that Roundup  
Killin' off the weeds as I weave in-between the sound  
I'm astounded how you suckas keep bitching like: how come?  
[?] accelerant, what you think is irrelevant  
Beating around the bush cause you scared to address the elephant  
Sittin' in the room while I'm shittin' inside your tomb  
Somebody pass me a match, click boom

Uhh, yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Yeah, uh  
Yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn

Pass me the flamethrower, match in the gas and it's game over  
Molotov cocktails out of the Range Rover  
Half of my brain smoulder, with rap I'm a chain smoker  
A dragon who takeover, make crack from the baking soda  
Gas stove veteran, cheffin' up the medicine  
But never get the credit, I'm more Tesla than Eddison  
All about the benjamins and what I can invest it in  
After the dough (doe) turning big bucks into venison  
Replicate it devastating, place you on the ventilator  
Diss you on the record and write your name in the metadata  
Meditative state of an out of body experience  
Light your body on fire, get buried in Siberian  
Cemeteries get eerie when spirits started appearing  
In spots I spit lyrics in raps you'll never hear again  
Better give love or get sent to heaven above  
Or get shredded, fed to the furnace like Freddy's sweater and glove

Uhh, yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Yeah, uh  
Yeah we all gon' die  
Live like the roof's on fire  
And we yelling out:  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker burn