

# Burn

Fat Trel

It was right, I was wrong  
Yeah

Another nigga die as my cell phone rings  
Same time bitches kiss the pinky ring  
I'm a Don, my mother say she knew that all along  
Back when I was never home, when I was I was strong  
Try and sell the white like it's right, I was wrong  
But the money wasn't light, it was ripe, it was long  
Can't be livin' basic all the business people take it  
More investigations, all the money we be makin'  
Double M the G right now I feel like we the greatest  
Nobody hatin', I promise that's not a statement  
They in the building with killers they never say shit  
And all my niggas the realest cause we don't take shit  
Rose just called me like "got a body for you for forty"  
I told him if he that important I kill him for sure  
Stash bodies, I pay the storage, I pay the mortgage  
I'm scoreless, they told me my record was gorgeous  
Wait and listen, then I really start to pay attention  
Miami in the reif, but the Ferrari missin'  
Rare forges on these, sorry spotted Tracy in it  
I'm in the B7, she try to rape me in it  
I start caressin' her friend and she told me "wait a minute"  
I'm breakin' records, in sixty seconds we finna sex  
Then fuck the rest of this beat, cause I'm as finished flex  
No regrets, just rollin', me and my weapon

Burn this motherfucker down (burn this motherfucker down)  
Burn this motherfucker down (down)  
We be them niggas them niggas don't ever come around  
And when they pull up my chopper like "turn the fuck around"  
Before I -

We checkin' the luggage and carry-on all the money  
Feedin' all of my niggas, still get new coupes every summer  
Interested in jets and unforgettable sex  
He caught the Rico probono-in' when I bought a Corvette  
Fuck the feds, get it tatted on my neck and leg  
Ballin' like I'm Derrick Rose on my second legs  
That fourteen lookin' like my momma deviled eggs  
You a bitch, in jail them niggas even had you makin' beds  
For a fiend in my blood I write a hundred songs  
Never frontin' now my new shit got a hundred rooms  
Double M, we them dudes not to run into  
Slutty Boyz, pussy boys what you wanna do? Huh?!

My four-four leave a fuck nigga bed-ridden  
Bed sores and his old ho's head spinnin'  
Think it's a game, niggas layin' in the rain  
For some shit on Twitter, nigga what the fuck you sayin'?  
Warden kept a stick in his dad's boards  
Then went to war with the whole task force  
A quarter key is these nigga's goals  
Caught a case and his whole damn brother told

Fuck is wrong with these niggas souls?  
Ain't takin' lip from a bitch unless her pussy is gold  
And me and bro blow better 'dro got different calls  
I different business and Benz, different area codes  
Wonder why them Taliban niggas never fold  
I chop 'em like a Chinaman when I drop a roll  
My teacher drivin' the Camry so I was never wrong  
She shoulda listened to me, I was right all along

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