

# Burner

Lil' Wayne

I don't know how to play 2K  
I don't know how to use Blu-Ray  
Fuck a bag, I'ma need a suitcase  
I'm dripping like Bobby Boucher bitch  
Diamonds in my mouth like toothpaste  
Codeine got me with the screw face  
Either I'm seeing double or they two-faced  
Double D's, these niggas too fake, uh  
I keep a burner like Kevin Durant  
I keep a burner like Kevin Durant  
Kyrie Irving, I aim at your earth, back-back-back, I leave it flat  
Brooklyn nets, dressed in all-black, FN all-black, extendo on that  
Brooklyn nets, dressed in all-black, FN all-black, extendo on that

I don't know how to play too safe  
Bitch, throw it back like a bouquet  
Diamonds in my mouth, no toothache  
Weezy Baby coming, no due date  
Couple bank account in the UK  
Two choppers, that two Ks  
I don't know how to play 2K  
Still balling out like Azubuike, damn  
I keep a burner like Kevin Durant  
Keep a burner 'til it melt my hand  
I been strapped since I was twelve and a half  
'Cause I got shot when I was twelve and a half  
Thank you for life to the medical staff  
Rain turn to ice but it melt when it land  
Gangster for life and the life after that  
Ain't no referee stripes, but yes, I got my flag  
Yee, you don't wanna fuck with me  
It could get dirty, I got them bloods with me  
I got your blood on me, get the detergent  
I heard you coming for me, I'm pressing your buttons, my G  
You out of service, you don't wanna fuck with me  
That Draco my judge for me, here come the verdict  
I keep a burner like K do, shoot from long range like Trey do  
Dame and Klay too  
Reggie Miller and Ray too  
Jesus Shuttlesworth, Jesus, I make 'em pray too  
I ball like they ain't got no game too  
These boys all just think it's a game too  
My shooters shoot at the whole game room  
Your shooters like Shaq 'cause they can't shoot  
Straps on straps, yep  
Big B's, bitch, all caps, yeah  
I'm high five, ain't no daps  
I drip blood blood, ain't no cramps  
These boys sci-fi, ain't no facts  
I bleed concrete, ain't no cracks  
Pulling that hair trigger back like tracks  
Check your bitch ass like Air Max  
Boy, I'm high as fuck, I get somebody to come tie you up  
It's Tunechi, bitch, like P Diddy  
If you want smoke though, now I'm Puff  
Time is up, bombs away  
Fuck whatever you tryna say, them words hold no kinda weight

You ain't even got a pound in the safe, but I pound your face  
Whole team black attire  
Sold dreams, tax the buyer  
Machine gun, rapid fire, boom-boombox, amplifier  
Tube socks and chancletas, moonrocking Margiela  
Sick as fuck, salmonella, I whip it up like Nutella  
I got the desert with me, hope you could weather the heat  
You sweat 'cause you weak  
We hungry, we smelling defeat, and I'm like a chef with the beef, who ready to eat?  
I got the FN with me, you don't wanna be F-in with me, definitely  
My shooters shoot effortlessly, I'm talking catch-and-release, Steph from the three

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Lil Wayne and DJ Khaled!