

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!