

# The Burn

Lil' Wayne

Hey Reel  
You the cause for this one  
You the reason why a lotta cats gonna get found stinkin' after this one  
Yup!  
Weezy fuckin' baby, take me there, let's go!

Pursin' every murderer  
I'm the God in the turban, on that purple stuff  
And the God and the person hittin' serpents up  
Workin' every curb in the truck, I'm murkin' every bird and duck (Yup)

I think superb like a nerd or somethin'  
But I'm a gangsta, if you ever heard of one  
Fuck it, I got a pocket full of burger buns  
That's real mother fucker, I'm the Birdman son

Give in motherfucker 'fore the Birdman come  
I get head with a rubber, momma son ain't dumb  
Go ahead with your buckin', I'ma come back done  
Driver side, window down, watch the 4 pack blow

When a nigga fall down he don't get back up  
Tell them niggas standin' 'round, it better click clack up  
They sho' supposed to be real, but the chumps rolls up  
Hey you's a beast Lil Paul let them pump all up, like

God damn (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
I feel it in my chest man I swear to God (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
I think my arms are gettin' bigger man (Yeah)  
That's that burn right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
Hey that's that kill right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
That's... Hey that's the reason why they dyin'

Psychopathic, schizophrenic, automatic Uzi  
Run up in a nigga house, the automatic loosin'  
Put one up in a niggas mouth for all that shoooin'  
Haters better shut up, maybe this a setup

Gotta play it low, with the '80 in the leather  
Can't have no emotions, hit the baby or whatever  
Then I hit the ocean, on my cool double decker  
I'ma scared of the ocean, so a pool's on board

Please a beast lil boss, but do you home boy  
See this is what you call a get your groove on bar  
So go ahead and get your groove on dog  
As I bring it back bare chest "Who want war?"

And I'm bangin' that in he head "Dude don't spar"  
If it's me and my tool, 'cause the tool don't talk  
And I gotta get mine, 'cause the fool don't walk  
And I'm stayin' on the grind, and puttin' you on ball, like ARF!

Damn (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
It's rushin' to my neck now man (Yeah)  
I mean, what am I supposed to do? (ARF!)

That's that burn right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
That's that fire right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
That's that kill, that's  
That's the reason why they dyin'

Hey Reel, what they gonna say to a G?  
I knock they upper lip from they face, stop playin' with me  
And I know the angels not stayin' with me  
So I gotta keep the banger, the Glock stayin' with me

I toned down my anger, like that Drizzy  
And then, fuck that bitch and bite that titty  
Yeah, she love that shit, she right back with it  
I hit her, turn her over, then I'm right back in it, yeah

I know you niggas ain't gon' like that semi  
So I'm gonna put that bitch all in front of you niggas, yeah  
The AR take the front of you niggas  
Tell 'em Daddy back home here to punish you nigga, yeah

Daddy home or the Maggie's throw'n 'em  
But this is not a fuckin' cartoon, this is part two  
And my nigga Paul hit me with the raw tunes  
Hit a nigga in the chest like a harpoon, ARF!

(Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
Yeah this that burn right there, UH! (Yeah!)  
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
OH! That's that burn right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
Hey that's that kill right there (Yeah yeah yeah yeah)  
And that's that fire right, hey hey hey  
Hey that's the reason why they dyin' ARF!

Mother fucker, haha  
And you can take me to the top like OH!  
Hey, hey, my niggas, look HUH!