

# Burn

Rick Ross

Aye boy, where you at?  
Nigga you a dead man if you stay right there my nigga  
It's gonna be a heavy flick coming that way my nigga  
Trust me my nigga  
Them people coming and they coming with them drums nigga  
Get the fuck outta there my nigga  
Save yourself my nigga  
This shit getting real tricky out here on these streets  
I told you first my nigga  
It's problems over there, get the fuck around now

If it ain't about dreams and nightmares nigga it ain't about nothing  
October 30  
Meek Millie what it do?  
Philly what it do?  
So God forgives, you on the road to platinum nigga

Sitting on some Cali weed, I think it's time to burn  
Pull up in some shit, to put it in dro you gotta learn  
Cocaine cowboys, you better wait your turn  
Michael's on leon money, come and get it on the curve  
These nigga wanna hate, that's why they get what they deserve  
We only dealin what we have, livin and we learn  
No more J's on the porch, days that we were poor  
Amazed by mama boy, bumpin maze in the Porsche  
Bulletproof vest suburban, they hatin you when you earn it  
Bitches be rollin in it, they say I'm so photogenic  
Every night is a feast, niggas be having beef  
I teach me a young boy, call him my Chief Keef  
Truders be with extort, go to war over Jordans  
But you know I'm in these, kidnappin over them keys  
But you know I'm in these, kidnappin over them keys

Niggas wanna try, what they gonna say?  
I hit the pedal til that motherfucker break  
Celebrate, freaky bitches loving money I make  
And to live like this you motherfuckers gotta pay

So let that shit burn (burn!)  
Let that shit burn (burn!)  
I'm a let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn (burn!)  
The roof on fire, I'm only getting higher  
50 racks all in my pocket, hold no bottles  
I'm a let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn (burn!)  
I'm a let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn (burn!)  
The roof on fire, I'm only getting higher  
50 racks all in my pocket, hold no bottles

Hammer on the dresser, work on the stove  
I'm sitting on the counter blowing purp out my nose  
Red bone naked, in the bed flexin'  
I say bitch I ain't impressed you must of got the wrong impression  
I ain't with the BS, I'm flyer than PF  
Man, we living in hell like a deep breath

Real niggas with real money, real bitches with fake asses  
If she don't wanna fuck I get on my skateboard and I skate passed her  
Money on the table, guns on the table  
Bitch I'm on that syrup tell that ho leggo my Eggo  
And my girlfriend is a choppa, I finger fuck that ho  
Hello I am Tunechi: you had me at hello  
Drop top Maybach, clean like Ajax  
Man I don't fuck with none of you niggas like rednecks  
We got that work so come and get if we don't know you, you pay tax  
I put a hole in your apple what that is apple jacks, uh  
Pussy nigga I'll murder you then dance at your funeral  
Blood I'll have a nigga drinking his own blood communion  
Wake up like Bone Thugs I'll call your bluff pick the phone up  
Her titties fake but they look real cubic: zirconia's  
Run up in your house spare the kids and kill the grown ups  
Your bitch call me when she hot: Krispy Kreme donuts  
Shoutout to my new hoes, shoutout to my old hoes  
I still wear that ass out like a wardrobe  
Bitch, what they gonna say?  
Still eating rappers on my fucking lunch break  
Bad yellow bitch with a tongue like a snake  
I let her suck my dick then I fuck her to some Drake

And then I let that kush burn let that kush burn  
Yeah I let that kush burn  
Smoking gasoline bitch  
The booth on fire I'm in here getting higher  
Young Money bitch we at the top like barbwire

Chained all VF, I ain't with the BF  
Catch me in the city ridin hard through the BF  
Skinny nigga but I do it large like a 3F  
The last nigga try it...