

## Burn

Slaine

I like playing with fire, man  
We'll let the world burn

Through the eyes of the rebel, the terrible, the turbulent treble  
The words of the devil, they ain't shit, the world is a pebble  
God isn't coming, it's all lies, Heaven's a myth, kid  
I wipe you off the Earth like you never existed  
Gifted, lifted, minding his own, dawg  
I could scare your whole clique off with a phone call  
I got my own words, accent, my own drawl  
I got bulletproof lungs and some chrome drawers  
I got a pill full of Heaven and Hell  
Mescaline dreams, I'm high but you never can tell  
I got friends doing time, locked in federal jail  
And a million predators who all said I would fail  
I don't spark beef, I stash burners under the car seat  
Fuck swimming with 'em, I gotta wipe my chin from the shark meat  
I'm gassed up from white women and dark freaks  
And I don't need no motherfucking engine to stop me, nah

I'ma make it burn  
I'ma make it burn  
Burn  
Burn

Confront kings, kill you with the drum, lil' bitch  
One, two, spit, something I could gun you with  
Once you bit by a zombie that's um too quick  
My cannon is loose, unorthodox confusions  
Spark the flint, oh we goin' start some shit  
Amadeus, I beg your pardon, bitch  
Yeah, this beat the hardest bit, chemical imbalance  
Terrible with talent, no one dark as this  
Coffins and graves, big Slaine, the Boston brigade  
So often we blaze, never getting Am's to behave  
No control, overdose, hold the smoke, blow and choke  
I can hear 'em calling, I ain't falling for the okey doke  
'Til the death of him, setting fire to Bethlehem  
Full of testosterone, surrounded by the estrogen  
Get your next of kin, circumcize 'em like some extra skin  
I'll burn this motherfucker down before I'm exiting

I'ma make it burn  
I'ma make it burn  
Burn  
Burn

Light the fire that aspires to desire  
Inside of the tires underneath the Nascar driver before a crash  
Due to these fraud liars  
Now I keep my god higher than God's choir, my bars fry ya  
Proper, sharper than barbed wire on a chain link fence  
I'm trynna make sense of while my brain thinks  
But I panic all frantic 'cause I'm manic, hard as granite  
Granted I've been through a lot, damnit  
So how could I not plan it to be on top of the planet  
One way or another, someday you'll understand it

But for now, it's just me (Trust me)  
Nobody can touch me, these clowns animated like Krusty

I'ma make it burn  
I'ma make it burn  
Burn  
Burn