

## Burnt

TiaCorine

(Yo, Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?)

Bitch, get out of my way, I'm geeked up  
Louis bag on the plane  
I brought my kid 'cause you wanna play  
You burnt out bitch, you movin' the same

I don't go on no dates  
Don't fuck on my bed, we gon' fuck on the sink  
That bitch, she fake, like weave on a lace  
Pink Glock gon' knock that ice of your cake  
Got plates in case you wanted a taste  
Huh, you can't slide on my base  
Huh, pussy a flower, he brought me a vase  
Huh, you can't drive in my lane  
Look at your car, we not riding the same  
Look at your pot, you not hotter than me  
Bitch, you like gnat, you be bothering me  
I eat a stack just to start up my day  
Glock go around my hip just like a tutu  
Fuck with the gang, we gon' fuck 'round and shoot-shoot  
Red and the yellow bitch, bowl of them fruit loop  
I seen a question mark, nigga, like, who you?  
I'm on your back like the logo on FUBU  
Bitches, they watchin' me, Netflix and Hulu  
Come on and follow me, I know the shiru  
Hit from the back, ake that nigga go, "Ouh, ouh"  
Lotto one song, it bought my home  
Like Twitter, the birds, they all on my phone  
It's pink, my pussy, my hair, my thong  
Get licked, get dicked, get my shoes, and I'm gone

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