

Burnin

Twista

My car burnin', my weed burnin'
My bitch so bad, you touch her once
She burn you
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it

My crews are sittin' on ostrich
Smoking the... that's preposterous
You watch the hundred in my closet
On the way to the bank to make a deposit
I get dollars and money cause I deserve it
Do what a f**k I want with it cause I earned it
Roll up one hundred dollar bill, then I burn it
Put some stuff in the bag and I served it
Words is, come out of the window
Don't be such a professional when I purr
What I heard about rookies
They don't know what they be doing when they...
Get that, light it up
If you got some bad bitches, then invite them up
I burn a... and my tires is up
I know that we gonna linger
Cause ain't no telling what we gonna bring you
You wanna feel it, cover the hole, and hit it in the bone
Now release your finger
Get the full effect about the mechanism
When I hit ism I was looking through a prism
Rolling and burning, I wasn't looking high
I wanna give them the niggas that be looking through a prison
I don't take you for granted, so I blow
I'mma keep you whatever that I go
You ain't gonna tell me.. my eyes low
I don't give a f**k, I... ride slow
Everything I know burn, and my flows burn and my rings burn
And my watch burn and my truck burn
And my eyes burn and my green burn

Uhh, climb hoes yup, tell her get her bread right, last show make sure that's air-tight
Big Bern done playin around baby girl; keep a big gun on me, it's a crazy world
Can I just get money on my whole team? Break it down now I'll move the whole thing
Take break money blow it on a gold chain, in my own lane, do a hundo
Roll up, please no blunts though, see the gun smoke, when I unload
Better duck low, only run from the undo's like, f**k it it was fun though
In a black truck, with a Mac tucked, if they act up, they'll get slapped up
Pure Jack, 'bout to get wrapped up, good pack but the money gon' stack up
Took too many might O-D, I'm low-key, I'm O.G.
Xanax, and codeine, I got a girl out in that O.C.
Down low to crush, she sex a plus, she work late night and now shake her butt
She pay a thug, that's major love, count so much you got paper cuts
I might take two hundred and burn it, so much weed that I'm burnin
Hit the gas, my car burnin, I'm poppin tags, and that hard cookin

Got twelve girls and they all lookin, pull up and they all lookin
She's star struck, get your broad taken, when she mad at you, she call Bern
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