

# Ganja Burn

Nicki Minaj

[Verse 1]

Ayo, as the world turns, the blunt burns  
(Who you gettin' at, Nicki?)  
Watch them cunts learn  
Fashion icon, Audrey Hepburn  
I move keys, but you hoes get one turn  
Yeah, you get one turn, and one urn  
I straighten all these bitches out with one perm  
Who ever gassed 'em ain't none of my concern  
But, see, the Lord showed me dreams to confirm  
They done went to witch doctors to bury the Barbie  
But I double back, kill bitches, bury the body  
And that go for anybody, you'll be thoroughly sorry  
I could wage war or I come in peace like Gandhi  
All my powers back now I'm scary to zombies  
Bring the heat to her, sizzle 'em, ain't talking Kalonji  
I done fasted and prayed, had to cleanse my body  
Abstaining from sex, had to zen my body  
I ain't givin', so don't ask, I don't lend my body  
Gotta be king status to give men my body  
(He gotta be king status to get in ya body?)  
Fuck, yeah, 'cause a Queen is what I embody, uh

[Chorus]

Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)[Verse 2]

Yo, you can't wear a Nicki wig and then be Nicki  
That's like a fat nigga thinkin' he can be Biggie  
One rough ride, now you DMX and Swizzy  
One hot video, you Hype? Nah, you just giddy  
You made one dope beat, now you Kanye?  
You got a nigga named JAY, now you 'Yoncé?  
You got about three stacks, now you André?  
You put a part in your fade, yeah you Nas, bae  
You gotta have real skill, gotta work for that  
If it's really your passion, would you give the world for that?  
Unlike a lot of these hoes whether wack or lit

At least I can say I wrote every rap I spit  
Put my blood, sweat and tears in perfectin' my craft  
Still every team's number one pick in the draft  
You could bring anybody, weatherman, pick a day  
I'm Kobe, KD, Kyrie! Pick a K

[Chorus]

Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Everytime I get high, I just think about you  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)  
Ganja burn, ganja burn, ganja burn (yeah)[Interlude]

I see ya, I see you

I see ya, I see you[Outro]

To my surprise I saw you in my eyes  
The nights I cried, repented of the lies  
To my, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na  
To my, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na (ooh)  
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na (ooh)  
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na  
Ooh, burn, baby (na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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