Burn (feat. Big Sean)

Meek Mill

MMG nigga, chain all VS
I ain't with the BS
Catch me in the city riding hard through the BX
Skinny nigga, but I do it large like a 3X
The last nigga that tried to do me wrong, uhm he checked
Right back to that money slinging Os in the Pjects
I'm prolly catching milage while the pilot steer the P-jet

Because we next and we flex like...Like 90PX, working all night

No breaks or recess

Vroom, Vroom

Yeah, I know my car sound like a T-Rex Bitch I'm 23 years old and I ain't riding in a Prius

> My cousin finished school Can't believe he graduated

I threw him 20 thousand dollars

Told his ass congratulations

Cause me, I wasn't made for that shit

But I could prolly hire him and who all paid for his shit
And to all the hoes that was dissing, I pray to god that you see me
I'm on the yacht getting hella high, smoking good, that seaweed
Bad bitch and her chacha, grabbing on her chee ches

Million dollars bills on my email

You mad ass hell you ain't CC'd

Chain all VS

Bitch you know its BS

Boy I run my city

End of story, Nigga PS

All white maybach

Green Bay they pack

Y'all niggas was slackin

Yeah, But I'm all nice new track

And they say life's a game of chess

You can play checkers all on my jacket

Because it Donny Ya and rhymes away on all you pig rappers

I say yeah nigga I murder that

Pen em ear and serve em back

Niggas say they want beef

Well well the fucks my burgers at

I got white, was serving that

I been to jail, Ain't going back

I alley-ooped your bitch off that backboard

She throw it back

I slammed dunk in that pussy Blake Griffin'd your hoe nigga Maybach with Ricky Ross my chain rock like I know Jigga

That's cause I do hoe

Shout out to my new hoe

That pussy pink like Nuvo

And I dogged that, Khujo

Niggas want talk

What they gone say

I hit the pedal til that muthafucka break

Freaky bitches love the money I make

And to live like this

You muthafuckas gotta pay

So let that shit burn

Let that shit burn

Let that shit burn

Let that shit burn

Gasoline,

The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher 50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles I'ma let that shit burnBitch, I had one shot and ain't blow it Ridin' til the wheels fell off and they tore it

I got green on top of green

Damn it's lookin' like I grew it

D-Town, The hood behind me like a King CobraBurn, Bitch

I let it burn bitch

My money straighta than a motherfuckin' perm bitch

No navigation, you can see that is my turn shit

Shorty give me all that brain and still ain't never learn shitOh that's your girl,

Damn nigga you ain't learn shit

She naked in my studio

I'm on that Howard Stern Shit

Yep, I swear that Mack 10 is barbell

Finally famous, the cartel

Hit your girl in my whip and now that pussy got that new car smell

Same shit, different day

I ain't broke no more, it's a different day

Don't turn me down, I got shit to say

My purp strong like it's lifting weights

It Sean Don, sippin' Chandon I got a bad bitch with them pom poms

My rolly don't tick tock, you shit sound like a time bomb

Boom

Little Bitch...Niggas want talk

What they gone say

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Freaky bitches love the money I make

And to live like this

You muthafuckas gotta pay

So let that shit burnLet that shit burn

Let that shit burn Let that shit burn Gasoline,

The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher 50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles I'ma let that shit burnNiggas want talk

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Gasoline,

The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher 50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles I'ma let that shit burn...burn

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

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