

Burn (feat. Big Sean) [Bonus Track]

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 burn Bitch, 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 Cobra Burn, 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 shit Oh 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 roly don't tick tock, you shit sound like a time bomb
Boom
Little Bitch...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

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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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