

MR. BUGSY

"Burn Notice"

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Burn notice
Y'all niggas is still talking
(Esto aqui es puro fuego)
Y'all know what we gotta get do right
Rey Rey, P Diddy, let's go!!!

SAINT EDWARD
Had to shut them down
Dem no know this is a grassroots warrior
Better watch yourself or I'll slay you down

Had to shut them down
Dem a running dem mouth in the area
Dutty dutty works will cut you, cut you yo
Yu nah know you a talk bout mi culture
You don't know I will kill all them vultures
You don't know I'm guided by the most high yeah
Had to shut them down
You better know I'll put you five feet under
Better watch yourself
It can get dusty, dusty yooooo

MR. BUGSY
I treat life like a game
So you better switch your line up
Shut em down about to drop
Bout to bring the crime up
On TV you see me, for fuckin' with dem birds
Clubstarz in the building, they absurd, that's my word
I'm New York born but I'm billionaire bound
Run around town with the vest in the pound
The streets is hot, I'm Billboard now
County of the Kings, the streets hold me down
Out of my way, I'm okay, I don't play
When it comes to money
Dawg, it's Mr. Bugsy
I let the coroner walk with him
Ayo P Diddy, nigga go head and talk to dem

SAINT EDWARD
Shuttin' them down and watch them bleed

Chopping them up and make them crawl, whoa

Grown man business (BUGSY)

Dame luz (REYMUNDO)

Cae como bomba (REYMUNDO)

Yo Rey Rey (SAINT EDWARD)

Esto aqui es puro fuego (REYMUNDO)

(Reymundoooooooooooooooooooo!) (SAINT EDWARD)

Prendelo!! (REYMUNDO)

REYMUNDO

Tengo k echarlos fuera por toda la medidas

Que estas escuchando es un momento en la vida

Oite mi toxico flow encima de esta pista

Down I shut it, blaze em up y dejarlos pedidas

Soy mentalista, todo realista

Ta jevi l   m a rebel como una Sandinista

BAM toy fuerte mas poder de tu cuete

Yo lo corto en dos como el machete, plu vete ya

Cuida tu lengua, la vuela como una mosca

Tu habla blah, blah, blah,

Cabron, callate tu boca

Suay, traigo la loca

Ey, No me provoca

Guaooooo, Cuida tu lengua

Habla blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah

MR. BUGSY

I can't these muthafuckin nioggas

Talking out the side of they muthafuckin neck

Like we done shared some steak and potatoes

My wrongs is not right but when I'm right I feel I'm
wrong

Too black and too strong

Tell the world to hold on

Mi soon come on Facebook, changed my status

To happily married

Giving the game some karat

I done came up

Got some change, tell them lames to get they things up

Dawg I need a Grammy

60 million sold, under 50 years old

How can I lose when I'm out of control

Back behind the wheel, Rey Rey ride with me

P Diddy, 2 puffs and pass, now they feel me

All I had to do was let go

Competition listen

Muerto!!

Understand what's going down right now

I love y'all niggas from state to state,
East coast to West coast to the dirty south
Even all over the world
But understand anytime you touch the track
It's for the murder bloodclaat
You hear that bwoy
Let the people know that you control this
This is what we do!

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