The Accomplices ''The Burner''

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feat Guilty Simpson, Damien Randle, D. Rose, TWICE, MaG

Summer has the end, early is my fortune Summer has the end, early is my fortune

Curbes eye service, all year nervous ,city purpose, watch me work, ok Spectators , but red dot give them more freckles Red wings like my hockey shirt, ok Fuck you clowns talking bout, I don't speak coward But I speak, until your feet flowers Fuck with d boys, bound and devour Any defense denying, meet ours Collect for the hood, connect with scavengers Cause I know struggle, barrel stay muzzle Waking up the innocent will always mean trouble Breaking up these ,it's always means trouble Exterminator, I kill them for the paper Bobby Johnson style I peel them like potatoes , spit a lookie at a hater Planning no good luck for you, the land graper

Yeap, right back at it like we never left
Shots to the head, you don't need no,
Get it how you want it so get it if you want it
Then we go and get it in that sunset
It's as good as it gets
No time for them cowards, head to the showers
You ain't seen g's like these, living in these lands of d's
Screw what you heard, we the best shit that it's good as
it gets

New heater, scorched ,policy, spit in they palm You need to quick follow me, try to remain calm Sounded like clash of the titans laced with A bombs Make you say inside, what kind of vibe is , on , was hot boxing with Lucifer And I , pro level word play, no place for amateurs Either froze a mannequin pose, with no legs on mannequin Damn it man, for saying all those things they were saying

They gonna remember

I put that on my honor, I put that on a stack of honor, is illegal, so treat them how you wanna

Make you wander with armor under your underarmor

Taking shots from the opposition, this is Obama

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Laced up, full of loaded, carry my clips in twins
Lullabies for prescription pens
Picture sample to the things they like damn
Get a whip for him
Shine bright though the lights they dim
Nightlife run fast, forecast clear skies and wind
Our plan swallowed in this life of sin
Fight we win, just coming off the room
I've been a rider slightly slim
Surrounded by corpse and robbers, books and fathers
Fantasize when I was young, that I was Bobby Johnson
, why you fronting on a G
,I'm jumping over standards
Run a point blank and let me cut back to ,

Hear that click click bang it's survival of the fit Ain't a damn thing changed, you in the mix with some niggas

That will learn ya

So while you pop shit, we gonna spit with the burner like Hear that click click bang it's survival of the fit Ain't a damn thing changed, you in the mix with some niggas

That will learn ya

So while you pop shit, we gonna spit with the burner like It's time to empty the clip,

Last shot with precise aim

Our rhyme games good as it gets

This is high caliber rap, automatically spit

Murder with the flow, every line is a hit

Point blank so there's never a miss

Hater niggas turn to grand prize winners

Of a casket trip

Courtesy of niggas blasting shit
Stretched like elastic..
Lyrically graphic when I'm clapping the,
Give rappers some holes the size of capital O's
So basically you need to step like a ,
Before you meet the guys that spit what they hammers
high
You be ducking from the flash like the camera shot
I thought I told your ass before, this is do or die

And when I do it, I'ma do it like a homicide

To tell the truth, you better off committing suicide

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