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Big Noyd ''Burn''

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It be a buck-fifty, your chance of runnin' is infinity Slugs that leave niggas drugged like a chick slip the Mickey

I'm so on the low, it'd take a Navy Seal to get me when I surface

If not chips to Benz is the purpose

On your team, I'll pull the curtain, a beautiful hurtin' 'Til my eyes see the blood, that mean the creep start workin'

Niggas never learnin' that they eyes keep lurkin' Have ya janitor pumpin' your X5 merkin'

Skid marks the street, your heart skips a beat Beef? Nigga, overcook that meat Get no sleep, only rest is in between the blink My life story was written in blood, permanent ink

Killer instinct, R.I.P. 'em

Gotta think like that 'coz forever I be needin' 'em Plan flawless, mistakes, never repeatin' 'em Some love, some hate me, bitches in the head beatin' 'em

(So)

Niggas wanna ride by the crib all slow (Oh)

We clap, motherfucker, want a real rap show? Fiends are rushin' when the mack blow, dead in my castle

And in the blink, watch how quick life pass you

What's wrong with motherfuckers, when will the ever learn?

Keep playin' with that fire and that ass is gettin' burned Fuckin' with semi-autos, one foot is in the grave We givin' all of y'all somethin' to be afraid of

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Lemme tell you how it's goin' down, it's on now Niggas used to love me, now they wanna hate me now I'm that same nigga with the tech, holdin' the spot down

Except I'm pushin' a Lex, lettin' the top down

But wait, you don't think I live a pop life now That's hate, you could get popped right now Me don't play, I keep a gun around my way 'Coz I'm a fuckin' drama king like my nigga Kayslay

Sex, drugs, money and murder all day It's rules, guidelines and codes, we obey Don't even trip, I.M.D., it's that I claim Infamous Mobb Deep, nigga, ready to bang

Nigga don't think, shit stink, then shit hit the fans So I don't slip, I'ma shit with my gun in my hand It's a thug thing, y'all niggas wouldn't understand and Y'all keep guns, we keep our shit bangin'

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You a bitch ass nigga, I had you kill't All they had was your picture at the funeral No casket, you bastards be missin' My jewels, my whip, my rims, we bitchin'

My guns be the heat that'll make you blister My mens, my Timbs'll stomp you niggas No shit, no clip, don't fuck with us It's no problem, I bring it to the best of them

From the old to the new and the rest of them No love, just slugs for ya body, dunn Just pain, just sufferin' and worst then that You let me get my hands on you, so I'm takin' advantage

And that shit that you pulled ain't do me no damage You don't know me but we 'bout to change that shit Wrap that nigga up like a package Fuck all them, nigga, buck all them fagots What's wrong with motherfuckers, when will the ever learn?

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Yeah, QB, Mobb Deep, dola (Yeah) It's goin' down, we're takin' over Vita, gettin' this dough We don't call it Murder for nothin' (Murda, Murda, Murda)

l'll send you on, Prodigy, Big Noyd, Havoc Yeah, y'all see us, it ain't a game, yeah Oh, come on, yeah, you see us

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