

Big Sean "Burn"

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God (Yeah)
Oh God (Boy)
Yeah, good, MMG n***a
Chain all VS,
I ain't with the BS.
Catch me in the city riding hard through the BX.
Skinny n***a, but I do it large like a 3X.
The last n***a that tried to do me wrong,
Uhm he checked.
Right back to that money slinging O's in PJ.
I'm prolly catching milage while the pilot steady preject.
Because we next and 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 s**t.
But I could prolly hire him and who all paid for his s**t.
And to all the hoes that was dissing,
I prayed to God that you see me.
I'm on the yacht getting hella high,
Smoking good, that seaweed
Bad b***h and her chacha,
Grabbing on her chee chees.
Million dollars bills on my email.
You mad ass hell you ain't cc'd
Chain all VS,
B***h you know it's BS.
Boy I run my city
End of story, n***a PS.
All white maybach,
Green Bay they pack.
Y'all n***as 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 n***a, I murder that.
Pen em ear and serve em back.
N***as say they want beef,
Well well the f**ks my burgers at.
I got white, was serving that.
I been to jail, ain't going back.
I alley-ooped your b***h off that backboard.
She throw it back,
I slammed off in the p***y.
Black Griffin's your hoe n***a.
Maybach with Ricky Ross, my chain rock like I know
Jigga.
That's cause I do hoe,
Shout out to my new hoe.
That p***y pink like Nuvo.
And I dogged that, Khujo.
N***as want talk,
What they gone say.
I hit the pedal til that mutha f***a break.
Freaky b***hes love the money I make,
And to live like this
You mutha f***as gotta pay.
So let that s**t burn,
Let that s**t burn,
Let that s**t burn,
Let that s**t burn.
Gasoline.
The roof on fire, i'm only gettin' higher.
50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles
I'ma let that s**t burn
B***h, I had one shot of Na blunt.
Ridin' til the wheels fell off and they tore it.
I got green on top of green
Diamonds lookin' like I grew it.
D-Town, the hood behind me like a King Cobra
Burn, b***h.
I let it burn b***h.
My money straighter than a mother f***in' perm bitch.
No navigation, you can see that is my turn s**t.
Shorty give me all that brain,
And still ain't never learn s**t.
Oh that;s your girl,
Damn n***a you ain't learn s**t.
She naked in my studio,
I'm on that Howard Stern s**t.
Yep, I swear that Mack 10 is barbell.
Finally famous, the cartel.
Hit your girl in my whip and now that p***y got that new
car smell
Same s**t, different day.
I ain't broke no more,

It's a different day.
Don't turn me down, I got s**t to say
My purp strong like it's lifting weights.
It Sean Don, sippin' Chandon.
I got a bad b***h with them pom poms.
My rolly don't tick tock,
You s**t sound like a time bomb.
BOOOM...
Little b***h.
N***as want talk,
What they gone say.
I hit the pedal til that mutha f***a break.
Freaky b***hes love the money I make.
And to live like this you mutha f***kas gotta pay, so let
that s**t burn.
Let that s**t burn,
Let that s**t burn,
Let that s**t burn.
Gasoline.
The roof on fire,
I'm only gettin' higher.
50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles.
I'ma let that s**t burn [X2]

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