

Grave

"Burn Me Slow"

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Check it out, it takes skill y'all, for them to fill y'all
And in the end it's dollar dollar dollar bill y'all
So long I awaited, in the end you contemplated
Now O.C. cuts the highly anticipated
Forget all the braggadocio shit you hear
Say more voices in the air while I refresh in the air,
word

Thought that I was gone, huh, temporary setback
Made me analyze what I do, and be the best at
Gusto, I got it on lock, a sack of marijuana
Being sold by the dreads, I got the good stuff
Inhale on it, smell the aroma blessed
Let it comatose ya, I'm feeling a rush, well you're
supposed to
Mold me, toke me, hold me in for five seconds
Then exhale, then maybe you can tell if I'm potent
See font to leave it, a cheeba cheeba cheeba
Like coated with honey base, kill the taste, burn me
slow

Drag on me, yeah, just as long as you can pull it
Now shotgun, cause I be number one with a bullet
Who got some? The second hand smoke's in the air
Contact, oh my, I'm a get you so high

Drag on my words like an herb from a peace pipe
But extra mash out, I sprinkle hashish on the mic
Then pop a top on a Guinness giving me clout
Some say it give a stiff one, shorty ask did I drink a
stout
The mind mix like Heinnie and sensimilla
This goes to my niggas in and outside of Medina
My chariot carries me to thorough boroughs
Puffing the underground trail, traying to escape like
Harriet
It don't make sense but it makes cents
Dollars and cents, making the last couple of lines too
dense
So when you see me rocking a party like Reggae
Sunplash
Don't bust shots, son, my face to your man and give a

shotgun

Burn me slow, drag on me as long as you can pull it
Now shotgun, cause I be number one with a bullet
Who got some? The second hand smoke's in the air
Contact, oh my, I'm a get you so high (Repeat 2x)

So while you're lining your L's, unwind ya high buddah
blessed

Some charm, taking you to a higher place of praise
Soaking in, opening the chamber in your mind you're
focusing

I wrote this in a mindstate of cheeba essence
Buckwild, beating your eardrums with Thai sticks
Like tapping bags of weed, he tapping snares and
kicks

What? To the dick and you don't quit
Roll up that O.C. sack and then spark that shit
it's all love baby, twist me tight and then kiss me
Pull on me slow so I burn nice and gently *inhales*
Drag it, puff the magic, lavish it
Make me a routine smoke, like a bad habit
Meant to be in this game, play out our role
To manage this beat, I keep growing mad like canibus

Burn me slow, drag on me as long as you can pull it
Now shotgun, cause I be number one with a bullet
Who got some? The second hand smoke's in the air
Contact, oh my, I'm a get you so high (Repeat 2x)

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