

L.G. Wise

"Burn Baby Burn"

Visit "[Burn Baby Burn](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Verse 1

I ain't afraid to say
Like you ain't afraid to hate
Wanna tell you face to face
Better turn or you won't see heaven's gate

Wanna go to war with the mormons
Wanna take a bath with the catholics
Gonna find yoself in a burning hell
Where them demons laughing

And they got you and they hit you on the slow-mo
They got you suckaz in a cell screaming oh no

And so I write with my pen
Hope you repent for your sin
Can't take your pills and bottle of gin
In case you can't get in

Don't wanna see you burn
Want to see you turn baby
And if you don't you'll be screaming like a little lady
Now do you hear me Shady
Cuz it ain't all gravy
And one day wishing
And you screaming Jesus Christ save me

Chorus

Burn baby burn
That's right we said it
If you don't turn
You better not forget it
Burn baby burn
You wanna play with God
If you don't turn
You suckaz think you hard
Burn baby burn
You know it's holy war
If you don't turn
My Father's gonna settle the score
Burn baby burn
na na now what na na now what

Check it out

Verse 2

I'm teachin cats
How to live with wife and the kids
Not doing time on the bids
Cuz son I now how it is

I spent my time in Riker's Island too
Never seen a smiling crew
They wanna slither you
You know how Riker's Island do

Dudes get in they face
Slithered and living with scars
The only dreams that they livin
Is dreamin life without bars

And son they gotta wake up
And then they eat to keep they weight up
The stress got em losing their mind
About to break up

You rappers ain't feeling me
Say no room for me in the industry
But it's clear to see

What the indy is missing is me

You rappers got the same flow
Talk about the same (moan)
About your little dough
We know how the story go

I know just what I'm doing
And who I'm doing it for
I spit it real for my kids
Just like I spit it for yours

And for the ones feelin like blowin a hole in they head
Feelin like they better off dead

Ever since you got your deal
Ever since you made your mil
Your gift was meant to heal
But still you wanna kill

Talk about your purple pills
Rolling thru your purple hills
I ain't gonna front
Cuz you phonies can't keep it real

You wanna holla back
Then get at me dog
Finally somebody got the gall
To spit it to ya'll
Lets ride out

Chorus

Verse 3
The ghetto ain't fabulous
And yet you tellin us
How you came straight from the gutter
And how we gotta bust

I've saw behind the bars
You know they life is scared
And how they bout to lose they life
By fightin on the yard

They looking thru the fence
You on the other side
On MTV you makin mils
And still you gonna lie

And you don't even know just what we goin thru
And if you do then you should come and help us make
it thru
Now have you ever had a partner to die
To see their momma cry
Kids at their casket
With the tears in they eye

And if you do now tell me how they gonna make it
And when they feel they can't take it
Because they know they can't shake it

You just another big lying talking brother
Don't care about these mothers
Or if we kill each other

#1 like Nell
You can be on TRL
But if you don't switch it up
You can still go to (vroom)

Chorus

Visit [L.G. Wise](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

