

Lil Wayne

"Burn"

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[Intro - DJ Drama]

You niggas gon' learn today

D4

YMCMB nigga

[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]

Uh, hammer on the dresser, work on the stove

I'm sitting on the counter blowing purp out my nose

Red bone naked, in the bed flexin'

I say: "bitch I ain't impressed, you must of got the wrong impression"

Uh, I ain't with the BS, I'm flyer than PF

Man, we living in hell like a deep breath

Real niggas with real money, real bitches with fake asses

If she don't wanna fuck, I get on my skateboard and I skate pass her

Money on the table, guns on the table

Bitch I'm on that syrup, tell that hoe: "let go my ego"

And my girlfriend is a choppa, I finger fuck that hoe

Hello I am Tunechi, you had me at "hello"

Uh, drop top Maybach, clean like Ajax

Man I don't fuck with none of you niggas like rednecks

We got that work so come and get if we don't know you, you pay tax

I put a hole in your apple, what that is? Apple Jacks

Uh, pussy nigga I'll murder you then dance at your funeral

Blood I'll have a nigga drinking his own blood, communion

Wake up like Bone Thugs, I'll call your bluff, pick the phone up

Her titties fake but they look real, cubic zirconia's

Run up in your house, spare the kids and kill the grown ups

Your bitch call me when she hot, Krispy Kreme doughnuts

Shout out to my new hoes, shout out to my old hoes

I'll still wear that ass out like a wardrobe

Bitch, what they gon' say?

I'm still eating rappers on my fucking lunch break

Bad yellow bitch with a tongue like a snake

I let her suck my dick and then I fuck her to some Drake

[Chorus - Lil Wayne]

And then I let that Kush burn, let that Kush burn
Yeah I let that Kush burn
Smoking gasoline, bitch
The booth on fire, I'm in here getting higher
Young Money, bitch we at the top like barbwire

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

Uh, money on my mind, I ain't thinking 'bout no bitch
I'm talking 'bout that scratch like my motherfuckin'
throat itch
Uh, stop stuntin', if you ballin' buy your bitch somethin'
Stayed on the same team like Tim Duncan
Shit get real, if you scared go to catholic school
And if we want it, straight jack it like a padded room
Shoot your ass 100 times and stand over you
Lil Tunechi so fly, I got arachnophobia
Burn bitch, AK in my firm grip
Leap if you feeling like Kermit, sermons
Preach, reach and I'll smoke your ass like Cheech
I be faded like bleach, double barrel, Siamese
I like my swisher obese, fuck that bitch like police
Fuck these haters with no grease, you get chin
checked, goatee
Money talks bitch and mine talks like Robin Leach
That lean got me slow as Lisa Turtle, ask Screech
Uh, bank card heavy, my wallet like a barbell
My girl got a fat cat, I call that shit Garfield
We'll bring the O.K. Corral to your doorbell
We pull triggers, not coattails, I make lump sums,
oatmeal
I'm stuntin', gettin' new money
TRUKFIT money, Mountain Dew money, tell 'em
I get better like fine wine, I'm fire like cayenne
In the words of my nigga BP, I'll hit a bitch with a car
bomb
BOOM!
Lil' bitch
Niggas gon' talk, they ain't talking 'bout shit
Niggas gon' bark, I go Mike Vick
Fuck them fuck-niggas on that fuck-shit
Suck a nigga dick for some TRUKFIT

[Chorus - Lil Wayne]

Then let that Kush burn, let that Kush burn
Yeah I let that Kush burn
Smoking gasoline, bitch
The booth on fire, I'm in here getting higher
Holla at a nigga if you want that Oscar Mayer

[Outro - Lil Wayne]
Tune
Hahaa
Dedication 4
Meek, Sean, fuck with me

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