

**Chino XL****"Burning Down the House"**

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[Andre Rison]

Hey Rison, runnin' with Fox  
You shoulda seen they faces  
Straight packin' the KC from Green Bay  
Back to J' with the mami from BK  
Hot tubs and yacht clubs is how we play  
Even on the field it's allowed to fear  
Just call me Mike Tys' cuz I got your ear  
I'm hot, the shit, so it's real, feel the fire  
So yo, show me the money, type Gerry McGuire  
Me and Mrs. Brown the way it has to be  
Is there heaven for a balla'? Ask Master P  
It's a season for changes, reason for dangers  
Nintendo 64's and four point six ranges  
Triple beams away I cripple teams for pay  
Me say it's for the sign on the Cartier  
It's matching cars and super bowl rings  
Cuz real playa's do real things

[Foxy]

Real nigga's do real things  
Nana got her eyes on you  
See that's how I plays  
Kinda feeling baby boy since his Green Bay days  
Huh? Believe that, ain't no deceiving that  
Definitely tryin' to see that  
Can you put it down right? Lemme wide-receive that  
Uh-Huh? Lemme flash that mac, it's phat  
In fact, we can make it happen with my double platinum  
Stay stashin' in the twin five matchin'  
Please, stay they yappin'  
See me rock to nuthin' but the platinum rings, stylin'  
things  
Get up in your stacks and take a little (\*edited\*)  
Good taste (\*edited\*) make you shake  
They see me knock your skirts in, I'm 'bout it  
See them flames all around my name?  
Ill Nana? Definitely do her thing, feel the fire  
Keep me flyer than the average with no marriage  
Lay my thing down and control y'all little (\*edited\*)  
Stack it up, hear you having chicks tattered up playin'

Switched on a (\*edited\*) from the Falcons to the Chiefs  
No way (\*edited\*) I holds it (\*edited\*)  
Old soul, no effect, break me off, snatch yo man  
Dead go plans, make ya (\*edited\*) feel (\*edited\*)  
Rich stay flooded? Na, you the illest

1 - [Both]

Is you wit it wit it?  
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it  
But should I hit it hit it?  
Nah, can not get it get it

Is you wit it wit it?  
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it  
But can I hit it hit it?  
Nah, can not get it get it

Yo, is you wit it wit it?  
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it  
Then let me hit it hit it?  
Nah, can not get it get it

Is you wit it wit it?  
Yeah, I'm wit it wit it  
So let me hit it hit it?  
Only if I get it get it

[Andre]

Dream team '99, the receiver  
Who'd a thought we'd make it hot like a fever  
All my dogs and cats the guard mine  
And I touch (\*edited\*) on the fifty yard line  
Balla's recognize y'all know that Dre flow  
Be like Bill Clinton with the Presidential role  
You won't catch me without a dime  
And so whatchu want, Cristal, Dom P, or Mo'  
You call the play, we could do it on the creep  
Don't let me find out that your girl's a freak  
She can come see me if the dough is right  
And front the eighty inch on a Monday night  
In the back of the Benz, Six Coupe, drop top  
All up in her (\*edited\*) cuz the Chiefs don't stop  
Y'all cats ain't know it's all 'bout the game  
Burn the house down cuz the mic's in flames

Burn it down  
Make it hot  
Burn it down  
Make it hot  
Burn it down  
Make it hot

Burn it down  
Make it hot

Repeat 1 until fade

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