

The Game

"Burn"

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Feat Meek Mill & Big Sean

[Intro]

Hey yo, Arthur, call that nigga Walle,
Tell that nigga to call French Montana
Tell French to call motherfucking Meek Mill
Tell that nigga let me hold this beat one more time
nigga
Mmg, waddup?

[The Game]

Rolling up on them 20's, hoes all over my car though
Getting bitches that lucci, black ricky Ricardo
Gucci, Gucci, that Prada, Prada,
Fireworks in this bitch
Tell them hoes to go on my bottle
They gonna die thirst in this bitch
I supply the work niggas talk I gotta murk
Fresh to death I gotta hearse
I fuck the bitch you by the purse
Fuck nigga, I ain't stunting no fuck nigga
28 to my truck nigga, pack the track wassup nigga
You don't ride for them bucks nigga

Yeah, I'm in the kitchen going ham again
We ain't throwing bottles nigga, we don't get them
hammers in
Tony Parker so real niggas know that's hoes shit
All you single niggas put this new dick on your old bitch
I've been high since 06 I've been rich since 08
Since Wale had short hair, I've been Popping that Rose
Hey, what them hoes say, hurricane he wanted ten
Walk in the club with 100 rounds
Let my niggas in and we shut it down
That's calamy on Minday, Rocksbery on Thursday
Toxic on Saturday, tell Arthur I ain't got a day
Grey stones on my chain, grey stones on Sunday
Bad bitches in line outside, you gonn get it one day,
bitch
You aren't made for this
So many chains on me they think that I slave in this

bitch

We throwing money everywhere, that jayz on I don't
never wear

Got a bad bitch from Delaware, that derry on shake the
derriere

Whoa, Nelly, where the fuck is Nelly?

Got a bitch yelling ea, while a nigga watching belly

Got a bitch to love ti, got a bitch to love tutu

Tell him soon to the bi, tell them hoes it's all Gucci

I got Louie, I got Loubies, nigga my life is a movie

Popping bottles like I'm b way, tell them send me like
three space

Peach Sirrock, coconut, cranberry, open up

Then we neck in tron, real nigga I'm gone

[Meek Mill]

Chain all V.S. I ain't with the B.S

Catch me in your city riding hard through the B.X

Skinny nigga but I do it Large like a 3X

The last nigga tried to do me wrong umm he checked

Right back to that money slinging O's in the P.Jects

Or proolly catchin mileage while the pilot steer the P-Jet

Cause we next and we flex like

[Big Sean]

90PX, working all night no breaks or a 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

Threw him 20,000 dollars told his ass congratulations

Cause me, I wasn't made for that shit

But I could probably hire him and who all paid for his
shit

And to all the hoes that was dissin' I pray to God that
you see me

I'm on a yacht getting hella' high smoking good that
seaweed

Bad bitch in her cha-cha grabbing on her chi-chi's

Million dollar deals on my email you mad as hell you
ain't CC'ed

Chain all V.S. bitch you knows it's B.S. boy I run my city

[Meek Mill]

End of story, nigga P.S

All white Maybach Greenbay they packed

Y'all niggas was snackin' 'member the hard nights we
trappin'

And they say lifes a game of chess you can play
checkers all on my jacket

Cause it's Damier and we bombs away on y'all big
rappers

I say yeah nigga I murder that Panamera inserted back
Niggas say they want beef well where the fuck is my
burger at?

I got white was serving that I been to jail I ain't going
back

I alley oop your bitch off that backboard she throw it
back

I slam dunk in that pussy, Blake Griffin'd yo ho, nigga
Maybach with Ricky Ross my chain rock like I know Jigga
Thats cause I do ho, shout out to my new ho
That pussy pink like Nuvo and I dog that Cujo

[Big Sean]

Niggas wanna talk what they gon' say (gon' say)
I hit the pedal til that motherfucker break (til it break)
Freaky bitches love the money I make
And to live like this you motherfuckers gotta pay
So let that shit burn

[Meek Mill]

Let that shit burn I'mma let that shit burn let that shit
burn (burn, gasoline)
The roof on fire I'm only gettin' higher
50 racks in my pocket I want bottles I'mma let that shit
burn

[Big Sean]

Bitch I had one shot and I ain't blow it
Riding til the wheels fall off and they tow it
I got green on top of green damn its looking like I grow
it
D-Town the hood behind me like a king cobra

[Meek Mill]

Burn bitch I let it burn bitch
My money straighter than a motherfucking perm bitch
No navigation you can see it is my turn chyea (swerve,
swerve)
Shorty give me all that brain still ain't never learned
shit

[Big Sean]

Oh that's your girl? Damn nigga you ain't learn shit
She naked in my studio I'm on that Howard Stern shit
I swear that mac 10 is my barbell, Finally Famous the
cartel
Hit your girl in my whip and now that pussy got the new
car smell
Same shit different day I ain't broke no more it's a
different day
Don't turn me down I got shit to say my purp strong like

it's lifting weights
It's Sean Don sippin' Chandon I got a bad bitch with
them pom pom's
My Rollie don't tick-tock your shit sound like a time
bomb, boom, lil' bitch

[Hook: Big Sean & Meek Mill]

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