

## The Game

### "Burn NY"

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[Verse 1]

I'm on fire, fully on fire  
My dawgs up north hear this, they gonna riot  
I'm talking Red Cross, P.O.'s in their riot gear  
What's this I'm hearing, New York's Big [?] yea?  
Well now I'm here, ain't you glad?  
All my dudes that held it down, I want to thank you fam  
Thank you Kiss, WOW that's some gangsta shit  
I'm going hard for New York until they clank my wrists,  
again  
And since Wayne caught his locked up inside my pen  
I've been watching from the side, I've been taking it in  
Now I'm playing to win, I ain't playin' nigga  
Play me I aim at your chin, then I'm straight to the pen  
Do my time, come home and I'ma make it again  
Glad to see Kim and Jim [?] making amends  
Niggas makin em ends, instead of hatin on friends  
We can all be Dame Dash and Jay on the bench  
Throw my Yankee on, then I straighten the brim  
Niggas disrespect my city, then he takin a swim  
Got it fucked up looking for a King  
One buried in Brooklyn, the other's in Sing-Sing

[Chorus]

Nigga Usher said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let this shit Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
Mr.C said Let it Burn, So I'ma let the streets Burn, Burn,  
Burn, Burn.  
Clue said Let it Burn, So I'ma let the city Burn, Burn,  
Burn, Burn.  
Mel said Let it Burn, So I'ma let New York Burn, Burn,  
Burn, Burn.

[Verse 2]

Nigga we can take it back to Illmatic or God's Son  
Or we can blaze one for Big L, the good die young  
Us niggas, in the Bronx, talking bout "Why Pun?"  
Everybody mama in the hood talking "My Son"  
Nope it's Mysonne, the hood's rap icon  
New York's been dark and I'm back to turn the lights on  
Back to when Tyson had us like "Yo the fight's on"

The fresh champion hoodie with my spikes on  
With my christ on, gettin my dice on  
Nigga it's the Bronx, you know I got my knife on  
I rep the sewers and subways till I'm under that  
Drop the beat, yo Flex let's bring the tunnel back  
My city's shitty, sometimes my city's Diddy  
Sometimes we cock hammers and get to the nitty gritty  
Niggas dying out in New York looking for a King  
He's buried in Brooklyn, the other's in Sing-Sing

[Chorus]

Nigga Usher said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let this shit Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
The boy MB said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let the streets Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
Absolute said Let it Burn, So I'ma let the city Burn,  
Burn, Burn, Burn.  
Silkk said Let it Burn, So I'ma let New York Burn, Burn,  
Burn, Burn.

[Verse 3]

What you niggas wanna hear about the lights and shit?  
How I be all up in my mink with my ice and shit?  
Nah I'm too gully, yea the Bronx bully  
Knockin on your door with the goons and the fully  
On some Larry Davis shit, shooting through the door  
What you expect? It's the apple we rotten to the core  
Funk Flex, it's time to kill two birds with one stone  
Yo Fif, "Hate it or love it", you and Game should do a  
song  
Somebody tell Joe that Mys ain't with the BS  
We both from the BX, so it's still TS  
That's for the Cuban nigga and my Cubans  
Sometimes it gets wild out here, Rick Rubin  
On the FDR, the six moving, two strikers, Rikers, Lifers  
Can't be stupid, so next time you get lost lookin for a  
king  
Take a ride to Brooklyn, to visit the Sing-Sing

[Chorus]

Nigga Usher said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let this shit Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
My girl Angie said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let the streets Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
Funk Styles said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let the city Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.  
Kutt said Let it Burn,  
So I'ma let New York Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn.

