

## Styles P "Burn One Down"

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Styles P:]  
Ghost  
Vinny Idol nigga  
YEAH~! Flipsyde

[Flipsyde (Styles P):]  
And I'm gonna burn one down (gonna burn..)  
Burn one down (this song.. the fuck..)  
And I'm gonna burn one down (DOWN.. YEAH!)  
Burn one down

[Styles P:]  
I don't care if it's a blunt or a mic right  
If it's daytime I'm lookin forward to night lights  
Real street cat, but you know that I'm nice right  
And I ain't got to cram, but in a minute I might write  
And I don't want that, I want somethin that burn long  
A lot of money and a long career that could earn strong  
Burn one down this time with the Flipsyde  
Burn one down for the homies with sick rides  
Burn one down; I'm the one that put the fire on the  
track  
I'm the +Ghost+, so I got the hood, +ridin+ on my  
back  
Ain't no front door, I'm the one slidin through the back  
You want heat? I'm the one that's providin you with that  
What? Nigga

[Chorus: Flipsyde (Styles P)]  
And I'm gonna burn one down  
(Set or strip, it's money to get, nigga) Burn one down  
And I'm gonna burn one down  
(Dutch or wood, club or hood, nigga) Burn one down  
And I'm gonna burn one down  
(Mic on rapid, know what I'm after, nigga) Burn one  
down  
And I'm gonna burn one down  
(Crew or click, whoever you get, nigga) Burn one down

[Styles P:]  
Third one down; if you in the top five rappers  
then you should be a concerned one now

I take anybody, one turn, one round  
Just to get the crown, keep your round on the ground  
None of y'all is big, not to be funny but  
none of y'all is Big, keep talkin that king shit  
none of y'all can live, cause I be on the streets where  
none of y'all is, it's funny y'all is  
talkin 'bout how much money y'all get  
But I'm 'bout to show the game how cruddy I get  
Burn one down like a log in the fireplace  
Whoever think they're the king well come along and try  
the ace  
Yeah, nigga~!

[Chorus]

[Styles P:]

Burn an MC like an arsonist  
Tell him I'm the hardest in the game when he market it  
Seven-six-oh, L.I. and it's carpeted  
Five blunts rolled right up where the locket is, YEAH  
Is that so ill, I spit like the flames  
out the back of the Batmobile; yeah I rap but  
you gon' be a rat fo' real, D-Block  
Double R nigga clap yo' steel  
Burn one down, in a dutch or a wood or a Swisher  
Sweet  
If it's goin down watch the whole hood lift the heat  
And I'ma blow cause it's my turn now  
Pass the dutch motherfucker, I'ma burn one down  
Yeah!

[Chorus]

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