

## L-Burna

### "Burna - My Niggaz"

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(Chorus)

Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?  
Ak-47, so you better hit the ground  
Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?  
Ak-47, nigga get the fuck down!

(L-Burna)

Have you kicked it with this thug lately?  
Well, if not, you need to try,  
Baby, look deep into my mind, and you could find just  
what the game made me  
Rough and rugged, come get this thuggish ruggish  
rush  
Get a taste of what these bitches just can't touch  
And I be the number one assassin, second to none and  
steadily blastin'  
All of my niggas that know me ain't askin' what I be  
doin' to get this cash  
And ?? went out of fashion ?? to get you laid down  
This St. Clair thugsta Bone  
So all of them niggas that's flossin' the industry  
We put one thru your dome  
Nigga, here I go again, thuggish ruggish in the Benz  
Bitches love me with these ends  
Braids blowin' off in the wind  
Tossin' forties out the windows with the top dropped,  
and my glock cocked  
Little nigga, that block made hot, and i'm that nigga  
that blew the spot  
Double nine to the 2 tripple zero, millenium hero  
Nigga, I stay right with my people, 'cause these wicked  
ass streets be lethal  
Niggas is see thru, they transparent, they ghost writin'  
'Cause a nigga like me, i'm tired  
Keep a good reach up on my pile day and night  
It's about that business, nigga, get checked, respect  
what's mine  
Any you niggas cross the gunline, you can bet that ass  
is mine  
Nigga, we done sold 30 million plus, who fuckin' with  
that?

Nigga, wanna test me and what I represent, i'll fuck you  
with a rap  
That's why I be tuckin' my strap up under my lap when I  
get my creep on  
Reason I stress this shit in each song,  
'Cause I mean it when i'm screamin' murda  
Have you ever heard of a nigga that went and got it?  
Got a glock, then really shot it, mothafuckas that's bout  
it bout it  
Little young niggas that's doin' they thing  
True of game, are Thug Emortalz  
Nigga, don't make me have to force my hand and body  
'round your torso  
But of course, hold no remorse for enemies or  
advasaries  
It be body bags and caskets, skull and bones and  
cemetaries

(Chorus)4x

Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?  
Ak-47, so you better hit the ground

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