

Big Tymers F/ BG, Turk

"Burn"

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[Havoc]

It be a buck-fifty, your chance of runnin is infinte
Slugs that leave niggas drugged like a chick slip the
Mickey
I'm so on the low it'd take a Navy SEAL to get me, when
I surface
If not chips to Benz is the purpose
On your team I'll pull the curtain, a beautiful hurtin
'Til my eyes see the blood, that mean the creep start
workin
Niggas never learnin that they eyes keep lurkin
Have ya janitor pumpin your X5 merkin
Skid marks the street, your heart skips a beat
Beef? Nigga overcook that meat
Get no sleep, only rest is in between the blink
My life story was written in blood, permanent ink
Killer instinct, R.I.P. 'em
Gotta think like that cuz forever I be needin 'em
Plan flawless, mistakes never repeatin 'em
Some love, some hate me, bitches in the head beatin
'em (So)
Niggas wanna ride by the crib all slow (Oh)
We clap motherfucker, want a real rap show?
Fiends are rushin when the mack blow, dead in my
castle
And in the blink watch how quick life pass you

[Chorus - Vita] 2x

What's wrong with motherfuckers,
When will the ever learn
Keep playin with that fire,
And that ass is gettin burned
Fuckin with semi-autos,
One foot is in the grave
We givin all of y'all,
Somethin to be afraid of

[Big Noyd]

Lemme tell you how it's goin down, it's on now
Niggas used to love me, now they wanna hate me now
I'm that same nigga with the tech, holdin the spot down

Except I'm pushin a Lex, lettin the top down
But wait, you don't think I live a pop life now
That's hate, you could get popped right now
Me don't play, I keep a gun around my way
Cuz I'm a fuckin drama king like my nigga Kayslay
Sex, drugs, money, and murder all day
It's rules, guidlines, and codes, we obey
Don't even trip, IMD it's that I claim
Infamous Mobb Deep nigga, ready to bang
Nigga don't think shit stink, then shit hit the fans
So I don't slip, I'ma shit with my gun in my hand
It's a thug thing y'all niggas wouldn't understand and
Y'all keep guns we keep our shit bangin

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

You a bitch-ass nigga, I had you kill't
All they had was your picture at the funeral
No casket, you bas-tards be missin
My jewels, my whip, my rims we bitchin
My guns be the heat that'll make you blister
My mens, my Timbs'll stomp you niggas
No shit, no clip, don't FUCK with us
It's no problem, I bring it to the best of them
From the old to the new, and the rest of them
No love, just slugs for ya body dunn
Just pain, just sufferin, and worst then that
You let me get my hands on you so I'm takin advantage
And that shit that you pulled ain't do me no damage
You don't know me, but we bout to change that shit
Wrap that nigga up like a package
Fuck all them nigga, buck all them faggots

[Chorus] 2x

[Vita talking]

Yeah, QB (Yeah)
Mobb Deep, dola
It's goin down, we're takin over
Vita, gettin this dough
We don't call it Murder for nothin (Murda!)
(Murda, Murda!)
I'll send you on
Prodigy, Big Noyd, Havoc
Yeah, y'all see us
It ain't a game..Yeah
Oh..Come on..Yeah..You see us

