

Tonya Mitchell

"Burn Rubber"

Visit "[Burn Rubber](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Inside beotch
Yeah you know about that, real players
The real ones

[Verse One]

I burn rubber on you quick as hell
You need some toilet paper, don't shit on yourself
When you see me rollin in luxury
I won't fuck witchu, so don't fuck with me
I'm just ridin, sidin, whippin and dippin
I look at all the young hoes trippin
It's no big deal when little hotties get hot
When niggaz get jealous, somebody get shot
You in love? Might make you lose your mind
That's why I run these gray girls, two at a time
With no discretion, to me you're so depressin
Actin like you don't know, my profession
I look at them thighs, and look at them titties
Take your ass straight on out, of Sin City
Wearin all pink just like Hello Kitty
Bringin back all C-notes and no fifties

{*scratched: "so damn.." "..fresh", "word"*

[Verse Two]

Burnin rubber on these bitches, so fast..
Burn rubber as you smash all fast
Tell it like \$hort, no ass, no pass
All you Santa Claus players, be on your way
With a bag full of toys on the back of your sleigh
You hit your girls house, one by one
Climb down the chimney, and give 'em all somethin
You trick, don't come around me frontin
Talkin 'bout how you pimpin givin hoes what they
wantin
You worse than a studio gangsta
Behind closed doors, gettin his bootyhole spanked up
You suckers disrespect the game
All these video hoes out there spittin your name
You love it when they make that, ass clap
But she don't give me no cash, I'll pass it back

... I kick her where she stash the crack
In the plastic sack, when she crash the 'llac
Punk bitch!

{*scratched: "so damn.." "..fresh", "word"*

[Verse Three]

They tryin to give the rap game to some real punks
It's just like when disco, killed the funk
Can't tell me nothin, when I know I'm right
Like a bowlegged bitch with a overbite, that suck it right
Player this pimp don't lie
How many porn stars you know that went to Crenshaw
High?
A lot of fuckin for a whole lot of nuttin
You just wannabe noticed so you're out there sluttin
I never really cared about popular fame
It's all about sittin on top of the game
So don't stop 'til your panties drop
Fuck the mayor, the preacher, and a cop
You better tell him what it cost, get his mind on track
Cause he look like he lost
Bring him back, and dig in his pockets quick
Steal his watch, and make sure he got a drop, beotch

{*scratched: "so damn.." "..fresh", "word"*

Visit [Tonya Mitchell](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.