

# Burn (feat. Big Sean)

## Meek Mill

MMG nigga, chain all VS  
I ain't with the BS  
Catch me in the city riding hard through the BX  
Skinny nigga, but I do it large like a 3X  
The last nigga that tried to do me wrong, uhm he checked  
Right back to that money slinging Os in the Pjects  
I'm prolly catching milage while the pilot steer the P-jet  
Because we next and we flex like...Like 90PX, working all night  
No breaks or recess  
Vroom, Vroom  
Yeah, I know my car sound like a T-Rex  
Bitch I'm 23 years old and I ain't riding in a Prius  
My cousin finished school  
Can't believe he graduated  
I threw him 20 thousand dollars  
Told his ass congratulations  
Cause me, I wasn't made for that shit  
But I could prolly hire him and who all paid for his shit  
And to all the hoes that was dissing, I pray to god that you see me  
I'm on the yacht getting hella high, smoking good, that seaweed  
Bad bitch and her chacha, grabbing on her chee ches  
Million dollars bills on my email  
You mad ass hell you ain't CC'd  
Chain all VS  
Bitch you know its BS  
Boy I run my city  
End of story, Nigga PS  
All white maybach  
Green Bay they pack  
Y'all niggas was slackin  
Yeah, But I'm all nice new track  
And they say life's a game of chess  
You can play checkers all on my jacket  
Because it Donny Ya and rhymes away on all you pig rappers  
I say yeah nigga I murder that  
Pen em ear and serve em back  
Niggas say they want beef  
Well well the fucks my burgers at  
I got white, was serving that  
I been to jail, Ain't going back  
I alley-ooped your bitch off that backboard  
She throw it back

I slammed dunk in that pussy  
Blake Griffin'd your hoe nigga  
Maybach with Ricky Ross my chain rock like I know Jigga  
That's cause I do hoe  
Shout out to my new hoe  
That pussy pink like Nuvo  
And I dogged that, Khujo  
Niggas want talk  
What they gone say  
I hit the pedal til that muthafucka break  
Freaky bitches love the money I make  
And to live like this  
You muthafuckas gotta pay  
So let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Gasoline,  
The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher  
50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles  
I'ma let that shit burn Bitch, I had one shot and ain't blow it  
Ridin' til the wheels fell off and they tore it  
I got green on top of green  
Damn it's lookin' like I grew it  
D-Town, The hood behind me like a King Cobra Burn, Bitch  
I let it burn bitch  
My money straighta than a motherfuckin' perm bitch  
No navigation, you can see that is my turn shit  
Shorty give me all that brain and still ain't never learn shit Oh that's your girl,  
Damn nigga you ain't learn shit  
She naked in my studio  
I'm on that Howard Stern Shit  
Yep, I swear that Mack 10 is barbell  
Finally famous, the cartel  
Hit your girl in my whip and now that pussy got that new car smell  
Same shit, different day  
I ain't broke no more, it's a different day  
Don't turn me down, I got shit to say  
My purp strong like it's lifting weights  
It Sean Don, sippin' Chandon I got a bad bitch with them pom poms  
My roly don't tick tock, you shit sound like a time bomb  
Boom  
Little Bitch...Niggas want talk  
What they gone say  
I hit the pedal til that muthafucka break  
Freaky bitches love the money I make  
And to live like this  
You muthafuckas gotta pay  
So let that shit burn Let that shit burn

Let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Gasoline,  
The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher  
50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles  
I'ma let that shit burn Niggas want talk  
What they gone say  
I hit the pedal til that muthafucka break  
Freaky bitches love the money i make  
And to live like this  
You muthafuckas gotta pay  
So let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Let that shit burn  
Gasoline,  
The roof on fire, I'm only gettin' higher  
50 racks all in my pocket, all the bottles  
I'ma let that shit burn...burn

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>