Burn

The Soundtrack Studio Stars

It be a buck-fifty, your chance of runnin' is infinity
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 'coz 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
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
What's wrong with motherfuckers, when will the ever learn?
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We givin' all of y'all somethin' to be afraid of
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
'Coz I'm a fuckin' drama king like my nigga Kayslay
Sex, drugs, money and murder all day

It's rules, guidelines and codes, we obey
Don't even trip, I.M.D., 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'
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Fuckin' with semi-autos, one foot is in the grave
We givin' all of y'all somethin' to be afraid of
You a bitch ass nigga, I had you kill't
All they had was your picture at the funeral
No casket, you bastards 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 fagots
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We givin' all of y'all somethin' to be afraid of
Yeah, QB, Mobb Deep, dola
(Yeah)
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

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