Burn (Feat. Rick Ross)

Fat Trel

It was right, I was wrong
YeahAnother nigga die as my cell phone rings
Same time bitches kiss the pinky ring
I'm a Don, my mother say she knew that all along
Back when I was never home, when I was I was strong
Try and sell the white like it's right, I was wrong
But the money wasn't light, it was ripe, it was long
Can't be livin' basic all the business people take it
More investigations, all the money we be makin'
Double M the G right now I feel like we the greatest
Nobody hatin', I promise that's not a statement
They in the building with killers they never say shit
And all my niggas the realest cause we don't take shit
Rose just called me like "got a body for you for forty"
I told him if he that important I kill him for sure
Stash bodies, I pay the storage, I pay the mortgage
[?], they told me my record was gorgeous
Wait and listen, then I really start to pay attention
Miami in the [?], but the Ferrari missin'
Rare forges on these, sorry spotted Tracy in it
I'm in the B7, she try to rape me in it
I start caressin' her friend and she told me "wait a minute"
I'm breakin' records, in sixty seconds we finna sex
Then fuck the rest of this beat, cause I'm as finished flex
No regrets, just rollin', me and my weaponBurn this motherfucker down (burn this motherfucker down)
Burn this motherfucker down (down)
We be them niggas them niggas don't ever come around
And when they pull up my chopper like "turn the fuck around"
Before IBurn this motherfucker down (burn this motherfucker down)
Burn this motherfucker down (down)
We be them niggas them niggas don't ever come around
And when they pull up my chopper like "turn the fuck around"
Before IWe checkin' the luggage and carry-on all the money
Feedin' all of my niggas, still get new coupes every summer
Interested in jets and unforgettable sex
[?] went and bought a Corvette
Fuck the feds, get it tatted on my neck and leg
Ballin' like I'm Derrick Rose on my second legs
That fourteen lookin' like my momma deviled eggs

You a bitch, in jail them niggas even had you makin' beds
For a fiend in my blood I write a hundred songs
Never frontin' now my new shit got a hundred rooms
Double M, we them dudes not to run into
Slutty Boyz, pussy boys what you wanna do? Huh?!Burn this motherfucker down (burn this motherfucker down)
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Before IMy four-four leave a fuck nigga bedridden
Bed sores and his old ho's head spinnin'
Think it's a game, niggas layin' in the rain
For some shit on Twitter, nigga what the fuck you sayin'?
[?] kept a stick in his dad's [?]
Then went to war with the whole task force
A quarter key is these nigga's goals
Caught a case and his whole damn [?]Fuck is wrong with these niggas souls?
Ain't takin' lip from a bitch unless her pussy is gold
And me and bro blow better 'dro got different [?]
I different business and Benz, different area codes
Wonder why them Taliban niggas never fold
I chop 'em like a Chinaman when I drop a roll
My teacher drivin' the Camry so I was never wrong
She shoulda listened to me, I was right all alongBurn this motherfucker down (burn this motherfucker down)
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Songwriters
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