

# Burn

## The Flying Machine

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?  
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  
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'  
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  
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  
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?  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>