

Burn One Down

Ben Harper & The Innocent Criminals

Styles P:]

Ghost

Vinny Idol nigga

YEAH~! Flipsyde

[Flipsyde (Styles P:)]And I'm gonna burn one down (gonna burn..)

Burn one down (this song.. the fuck..)

And I'm gonna burn one down (DOWN.. YEAH!)

Burn one down

[Styles P:]I don't care if it's a blunt or a mic right

If it's daytime I'm lookin forward to night lights

Real street cat, but you know that I'm nice right

And I ain't got to cram, but in a minute I might write

And I don't want that, I want somethin that burn long

A lot of money and a long career that could earn strong

Burn one down this time with the Flipsyde

Burn one down for the homies with sick rides

Burn one down; I'm the one that put the fire on the track

I'm the +Ghost+, so I got the hood, +ridin+ on my back

Ain't no front door, I'm the one slidin through the back

You want heat? I'm the one that's providin you with that

What? Nigga

[Chorus: Flipsyde (Styles P)]And I'm gonna burn one down

(Set or strip, it's money to get, nigga) Burn one down

And I'm gonna burn one down

(Dutch or wood, club or hood, nigga) Burn one down

And I'm gonna burn one down

(Mic on rapid, know what I'm after, nigga) Burn one down

And I'm gonna burn one down

(Crew or click, whoever you get, nigga) Burn one down

[Styles P:]Third one down; if you in the top five rappers

then you should be a concerned one now

I take anybody, one turn, one round

Just to get the crown, keep your round on the ground

None of y'all is big, not to be funny but

none of y'all is Big, keep talkin that king shit

none of y'all can live, cause I be on the streets where

none of y'all is, it's funny y'all is

talkin 'bout how much money y'all get

But I'm 'bout to show the game how cruddy I get
Burn one down like a log in the fireplace
Whoever think they're the king well come along and try the ace
Yeah, nigga~!

[Chorus][Styles P:]Burn an MC like an arsonist
Tell him I'm the hardest in the game when he market it
Seven-six-oh, L.I. and it's carpeted
Five blunts rolled right up where the locket is, YEAH
Is that so ill, I spit like the flames
out the back of the Batmobile; yeah I rap but
you gon' be a rat fo' real, D-Block
Double R nigga clap yo' steel
Burn one down, in a dutch or a wood or a Swisher Sweet
If it's goin down watch the whole hood lift the heat
And I'ma blow cause it's my turn now
Pass the dutch motherfucker, I'ma burn one down
Yeah!
[Chorus]

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