

Burnin (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Berner)

Twista

My car burnin', my weed burnin'
My bitch so bad, you touch her once
She burn you
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn itMy car burnin', my weed burnin'
My bitch so bad, you touch her once
She burn you
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn it
So much money I burn itMy crews are sittin' on ostrich
Smoking the, that's preposterous
You watch the hundred in my closet
On the way to the bank to make a deposit
I get dollars and money cause I deserve it
Do what a fuck I want with it cause I earned it
Roll up one hundred dollar bill, then I burn it
Put some stuff in the bag and I served it
Words is, come out of the window
Don't be such a professional when I purr
What I heard about rookies
They don't know what they be doing when they
Get that, light it up
If you got some bad bitches, then invite them up
I burn a, and my tires is up
I know that we gonna linger
'Cause ain't no telling what we gonna bring you
You wanna feel it, cover the hole, and hit it in the bone
Now release your finger
Get the full effect about the mechanism
When I hit ism I was looking through a prism
Rolling and burning, I wasn't looking high
I wanna give them the niggas that be looking through a prison
I don't take you for granted, so I blow
I'mma keep you whatever that I go
You ain't gonna tell me, my eyes low
I don't give a fuck, I' ride slow

Everything I know burn, and my flows burn and my rings burn
 And my watch burn and my truck burn
 And my eyes burn and my green burn My car burnin', my weed burnin'
 My bitch so bad, you touch her once
 She burn you
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it My car burnin', my weed burnin'
 My bitch so bad, you touch her once
 She burn you
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it Uh, climb hoes yup, tell her get her bread right, last show make sure that's air-tight
 Big Bern done playin' around baby girl; keep a big gun on me, it's a crazy world
 Can I just get money on my whole team? Break it down now I'll move the whole thing
 Take break money blow it on a gold chain, in my own lane, do a hundo
 Roll up, please no blunts though, see the gun smoke, when I unload
 Better duck low, only run from the undo's like, fuck it it was fun though
 In a black truck, with a Mac tucked, if they act up, they'll get slapped up
 Pure Jack, 'bout to get wrapped up, good pack but the money gon' stack up
 Took too many might O-D, I'm low-key, I'm O.G.
 Xanax, and codeine, I got a girl out in that O.C.
 Down low to crush, she sex a plus, she work late night and now shake her butt
 She pay a thug, that's major love, count so much you got paper cuts
 I might take two hundred and burn it, so much weed that I'm burnin'
 Hit the gas, my car burnin', I'm poppin' tags, and that hard cookin'
 Got twelve girls and they all lookin', pull up and they all lookin'
 She's star struck, get your broad taken, when she mad at you, she call Berner My car burnin', my weed burnin'
 My bitch so bad, you touch her once
 She burn you
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it My car burnin', my weed burnin'
 My bitch so bad, you touch her once
 She burn you
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it
 So much money I burn it

Songwriters

THOMAZ, CAMERON / MITCHELL, CARL / HICKOX, COSMO / MILAM, GILBERT ANTHONY JR. /

MANDELL, ROBERTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

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