

Burn One (feat. Jay Ant) (Radio Edit)

Kevin Gates

Hey!

I know you got time for one

 burn one, burn one, hey

 burn one, burn one, hey

I know you got time for one

 burn one, burn one, hey

burn one, burn oneShe's said her nigga keep calling

 Well fuck that, make her burn one

My mama said I've been the man since I turned one

In your Xbox he playing games while it's turned on

 I walk up in that bitch like what that shit do

 My jeans ain't got no holes but my whip do

 and my click do and my bitch got great eyes

 You should see that shit when she high

 You prolly only see her when she like bye

 Drive-bys, hittin' licks just to get by

 I'm on my shit you niggas just flies

I'm bout my bread and get baked like biscuits

 My blunt's always covered with lifted

 Smoke while these bitches get tipsy

 Riding in leather some lipsy

 Life without gold is too risky

 That's why we're living it up

Wrapping and rolling the blunt, we never lose

 In my circle we win or we learn

 Bars is as cold as big worms

My bitches don't need to get perms

 Competitive you need to confirm

I'm blessed for this shit that I earn, hey, heyI know you got time for one

 burn one, burn one, hey

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burn one, burn one:KEVIN GATES:

 That burn on thang on fully

 And destined in a cushion

 Rabid aura wit a forty

 Open, I'ma pull it

Black magic enchanted, with witches while burning canvas

Shit I was seeing was tragic
We're back at business, get at us
So our indecision get splattered
That kept me low down and riding
They say I'm cut throat conavin
Homeboy just should get to divin'
I'm thuggin', guess who won't sign me
An object that's got a body
I drive a new Maserati
I simply hit like I'm Gotti
Plus I'm my own monster, disguised it as Luca Brasi
Studio Ghadaffi, grand session we sloppy
Pounds everywhere, you could buy a person a bird
I'm still doing shows
Can't forget the 1st and the 3rdI know you got time for one
burn one, burn one, hey
burn one, burn one, hey
I know you got time for one
burn one, burn one, hey
burn one, burn oneI swear to god I'm gon' stop smokin' these swishers
I swear to god I'm gon' stop smoking one day
I swear to god I'm gon' stop smokin' these swishers
I know they gon' try to kill me one day, yeahBut until then get like Ray Rice and break that bitch down
I don't fuck with no busters, don't fuck with no clowns, ugh
If you can't swim then you bound to drisound
Look, you ain't never seen weed before, my niggas smoke by the pound
Hey, gold wings in my gold chains
Finger tips got gold rangs
Holes all on my denim nigga
Your bitch love to get in 'em nigga
Look, loud fact that loud fact
I'm a young suffa buffa
Leave her free, never cuff her
Do it big just like a snuffaI know you got time for one
burn one, burn one, hey
burn one, burn one, hey
I know you got time for one
burn one, burn one, hey
burn one, burn one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.