

Burn (feat. Z-Ro)

Scarface

My hands got powder burns I just murdered a man
Took his life over nothing if you ask me fuck em (fuck em)
It was him or either me so I saw fit to empty out the clip in this bitch fuck the dumb shit
Now do I feel guilt no I don't think so
Light another cigarette, zonin out I seen folks
Streetlights glowin' in my rear view watchin'
Cause I'm paranoid thinkin' that I might have been spotted
As I pass by Watkins I relax cause I'm home now
Had a funny feeling in the beginning it's gone now
Cause we live in a do or die society
You do or either die tryin' or do it psychologically
I'm brain dead and I don't give a fuck that's my excuse
And I don't need a audience around for me to let loose
You plex fool, I catch you then I stretch you
Out in front ya door step and vanish like a ghost
I'm a bad mother (shut yo mouth)
Ain't no limit to what I earn
If it ain't money why should I be concerned
Burn is what my enemies do, just like weed
223 g's, just to bleed, yes indeed
I'm a ghetto boy, that's right everybody knows I'm a G
I'm what you niggas are supposed to be
Burn rubber right after I burn a fuck nigga, cigarillo still burnin' fuck all ya'll fuck niggas I got a
black book that I ain't got no names in
Instead I keep the pictures of craniums I done caved in
Nah I'm playin' I still should have done it
Cause a weak motherfucker just makes me sick to my stomach
I keeps it 100, not a game this is real life
To die young a honor, you get old you live twice
Take my advice they got shooters in them hills ya'll
Run up off in them bushes, watch motherfuckers kill ya'll
This shit here is real dog, believe me I got you
Lined up in my cross-hairs so I shot you
A dead man speaks no words, that's some true shit
The courtrooms the hood, the street life ruthless
All done for the dope and dollar signs
No witnesses no motherfuckin' crimes
And I'm, living life like I'm dyin' tonight, am I crazy you got damn right
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minute that you had to pray it should of stopped you
You must want your death wish fulfilled so I got to
I'm a killer nigga push me if you want fool
And only God knows when I catch you what I'm gone do
Think its a game when I cock & aim
And it pops and bangs
And it's out with brains
Shit is not the same
What you expected was a spark dog, but not the flame
I can stop the rain
And you can learn a whole lot from a dummy
You can't squat, duck or run and hide from me
So your best bet is coming correct
Show respect or get a hole in yo chest, with no regrets
I rather die than let a nigga slide
And I put that on my son only five (aha ha)
The only things I've ever cherished in life
I let them go it a'int nothing left but fighting (right) I'm a bad mother (shut yo mouth)
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