

# The Game, Burnin' Checks

Everybody from New York, rappin' about my Adidas  
And my chain, this, and this, and South Bronx and everything  
I wanted to put my city on the map  
Ayo, Peso, what these niggas want from me  
Ha, it's Fivi'  
Drillmatic mean all them small-ass handguns goin' to hibernation  
Let's do it  
Drill 'em (Drill 'em)

Straight out the coast, right by the ocean  
We wet 'em up, niggas is soakin'  
We in them Rari's, them bitches is floatin'  
Know they can see us with the top open  
Twin exhaust, show 'em what smoke is  
I make the call, killers in motion  
We leave 'em raw like dinner at Nobu  
He don't want no beef, he only eat Tofu  
Antisocial  
The Draco talk, I don't speak to you  
Pull up on the side of the car, just to see it shoot  
Where them niggas that be with you, air out your vehicle  
We ain't them niggas you hide from  
Hit 'em in the knee and the thigh once  
Turn a 6'5" nigga 5'1"  
We got them opp packs  
We roll up and smoke 'em to God Son  
We burn up the mash, the gloves, the clothes, and raise hell 'til God come  
I'm the live one  
I'm the one that keep it lit  
I'm the one they should remember  
You the one they gon' forget

We ain't them niggas they thought that we was  
We them real niggas that they said that they was  
Gloves, mask, burner, check  
Drugs, money, murder, sex  
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If I said I'm the king of New York, you'd be mad?  
If I said I'm the king of L.A., you'd be mad?  
Nigga at, told him "Don't even ask"  
Can a dead body jump out of a bag?  
No monitor strapped on my ankle  
I'm back in the city and I can't believe this shit  
Got the biggest, baddest bitch in New York  
Her name Liberty, I came to see the bitch  
Still on that cedar shit, red cap  
Smoke in the clouds, head back  
If you ain't been stepped on in a clean ass pair of 1995 Air Max, dead that  
He came to his senses  
We walk in the club, it ain't for attention  
Nigga tried to get me a free G-Wagon  
I told him, "Fuck that, free Jimmy Henchman"  
Fuck out my mentions, fuck all that talkin'  
Come for the tension, we in them Benzes  
Tunnel vision, even though the tunnel missin'  
Me and this Nip' tat, we in the trenches

Brr, tey only call me for emergencies (They only call me for emergencies)  
Of course, I can get him hit (Baow)  
But I wanna do it myself and it's burnin' me (Baow)

Huh, yeah, nigga, the nerve of me (Nigga, the nerve of me)  
'Cause I'm too rich (I'm too rich), but I still wanna do the hit (Grrt, baow)  
Yeah, nigga, my gun is gettin' grown (Gun is gettin' grown)  
I shoot a nigga on his own (On his own)  
Try to leave it in the house (What?)  
But the shit don't wanna stay home (Nah)  
She give me everything she own (Ha)  
Plus more (Plus more)  
It's only me on the mountain of Rushmore (It's only me on the mountain, ah)  
When I stab 'em, they gush more (Boom, boom, boom)  
Huh, yeah, hey, it give me a rush more (It give me a rush more)  
Huh, look, they copyin', too many of me (Uh)  
Huh, I been in these streets (Yeah)  
Nigga (Nigga), I got rich off of havin' beef (Baow)  
I make 'em kill everything they see (Uh)  
I just blew blood on this concrete, pussy (Huh, pussy)  
I dare a nigga, try to harm me  
If I said I'm the king of L.A., you'd be mad? (If I said I'm the king of L.A., you'd be mad?)  
Huh, yeah, grrt, twistin' my fingers and holdin' my flag (Baow, boom)  
Yeah, I said I'm the king of New York, that's a fact (New York my city, nigga)  
When I'm in the city, the city don't know how to act (Nah, huh)  
Yeah (When I'm in the city, the city don't know how to act)  
But when they call me king, it get me gassed  
When they promote an opp, it get me mad  
And when they catch a score, it get me sad  
But when we get 'em back, it get me glad  
Uh, real different (Baow, baow, baow, real different)  
He got bullets in him  
(I see an opp and I'm hittin' a button, drill 'em)  
If he survive, he gon' still feel it (Ha, woo, boom)

We ain't them niggas they thought that we was (Nah)  
We them real niggas that they said that they was (Fivi', grrt)  
Gloves, mask, burner, check (Baow, baow, baow)  
Drugs, money, murder, sex (Boom)  
We ain't them niggas they thought that we was (Nah)  
We them real niggas that they said that they was (Yeah, grrt)  
Gloves, mask, burner, check (Baow, baow, baow, baow)  
Drugs, money, murder, sex

Clap for him, he made it to heaven  
Clap for him, he made it to heaven  
Checks  
Checks  
King of the drill