

Wiz Khalifa, Burn Sumthin

Yeah!
Y'all know what it is
It's another one of those
Yes!
Man it's ya boy Wiz Khalifa, man
Let's do it

Yo, uh
I'm kinda hot now, money getting longer too
Pressure by the cops now, and niggas hating on ya dude
See I ain't step on no toes to get here
This hard work, young'n got a flow. the shit's clear
But I see jealousy in their face when they eye me
Love the lames wanting to trouble W-I-Z
Doesn't surprise me that some would despise me
So I dip through, stick, move like Ali
I chose wisely, some say I'm an old soul
A broke load of a young nigga who flows gold
And life to live it, them punches but still the bore road
Sky's the limit, dig it, I blown the whole globe
But still I made it back, the new face of rap
E figured out the flow was coke, then we made it crack
Not too hard to pay attention and listen
This for all my people, ghetto niggas, women and children

Now pay attention what I kick in ya ear
You might learn sumthin, burn sumthin
I'm from where you worth nothing, until you get out there and earn sumthin
And we allergic to that term "frontin"
So if you get it legit or on the curb pumpin', burn sumthin... yeah
We all strugglin', in some way, we all hustlin'
To take nothin' & make sumthin, ya know

If there's one thing I know well, it's how to get my grind on
24/7 perfectin' to keep the rhymes strong
Stackin' my paper, waitin' to get my shine on
Hustlin' all day, wonderin' where the time gone
I'm too quick on my feet, I ain't gettin' to sleep
Rules to be made, losin' weight, I'm forgettin' to eat
And some say I'm livin' too fast, slow down
Tryna get my fam a plate big enough to go 'round
So I go hard, told y'all it's going down
A rap nigga back big enough to hold the town
They wanna hold you down but gettin' them figures, knew it was comin' though
I can see the bitch in you niggas, but steal the young'n flow
Hater match the chips gettin' bigger, comes with the territory
I'm just glad I'm able to tell my story
To get to the top, I learned from those there before me
And when I'm on, I'm gon' share my glory

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Look into my eyes (and) tell me what you see (What)
A prospect with his mind set on what to be (and)
A lot of chronic smoke, young broad, come puff wit me
A attitude like y'all dudes can't fuck wit me
Still, I stay humble, focused on my hustle
Later forgetting it, but everything got doubled

And my team got bubble
Anybody that seen our struggle got respect, nah mean for the young'n 'cause
This more than just music, it's hood than jets music
Want war then let's do it
The Burgh's best, yes, here in the flesh, truest
Smart to do, you talking less, then just prove it
That's why my shit go large, yours get less movement
I'm on top of things, you busy droppin' names
On file, no physics can stop the flame
Think otherwise, we can drop some change
Let's do it