

# Burn One (feat. Tree Thomas & Jay Ant)

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 lippy  
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, 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 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 3rd  
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 one I 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, yeah But 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 snuffa 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 one

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>