

# 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