

Burial (Instrumental)

Yogi

I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled Hold up, this the game, it chose us
Pioneer, started on my corner like the cold crush
Had smokers linin' up the block like a gold rush
The sayin' "life fast and die young" is what they told us
The way that they mold us, perfect way that showed us
How to get money, f**k b*tches off this nose dust
Showed me how to burn the block down before it slows up
Before the window of opportunity close up
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
Yogi said get em so I got 'em all (Yuugh!)
And turned this b*tch into a burial Lookin' from the top floor, what would I stop for?
Still hear the crowd cheers, while I'm thinkin' encore
Flyin' on a Concorde, listening to Tom Ford
Little niggas rhyme poor, poverty flows in ya
Part of beatin' hoes in, I am who you're tryin' for?
I think not - Pusha, stay hot
The coupe's got no roofs, forever they stay drop nigga
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
I came, I saw, I conquered, I balled
Yogi said get em so I got 'em all (Yuugh!)
And turned this b*tch into a burial
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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