

# Wish You Would

## Lil Wayne

Look, look, look, don't play with me  
Look, look, look, uh, uh, lookLet's get the pistols out the trunk, let's get ready to bust things  
Leave a nigga block full of nothin' but guts, brains  
Ain't no way, nowhere that these niggas could duck flames  
My guns up for and tellin' all to suck WayneI'm runnin' with a clique that just be thuggin' heavy  
Plus I'm runnin' in them bricks, cook it, cut it, sell it  
One time for my daddy, Rabbit, up in Heaven  
Ever since my nigga died I've been strapped up and readyCome and get it, it's Wheezy Whee, the hottest ever  
Now this fella gon' get bullets inside his sweater  
I'm just terror or better yet, horror or drama  
And tomorrow I'ma hit the block and barrow your mommaBeef with me, you're swimmin' in water with sharks  
and piranhas  
Revolvers and choppers got all your partners callin' the coppers  
And for the grand finale, I might pull up in a tan Denali  
When I hop out, in my hand is a Calico sprayin' your familyDon't play with me, I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
You bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
I pop my gun, better hide and runNiggas bet' not play with me 'cause I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
And I pop my gun, better hide and runWhat is this that done got me in your district? Twist it  
Now everybody got dots on they heads like Egyptians  
I'm tipsy, I've been sippin' on that Hennessey, people  
Then it get deeper, I start shootin' up innocent peopleSeventeen creeper is who I, what I be, dog  
The clip slide in the four five, then it blow five  
In heat, dog? It's your life or me, dog  
On four tires or feet, dogI still be on the block sweepin' nobody is not sleepin'  
Got me in all black with a gun in a palm  
Run in his home, start shootin', hit his son in the dome  
Dummy, it's on ain't gon' be no relaxin' and stuff'Cause when I come through mashin' the truck, I'm blastin' a  
pump  
And passin' a blunt me circle, wants to see if he dead  
Gotta be sure cause niggas promised me a ki if he dead  
But dog, you get it raw if you are with the kid  
I'll push your baby momma car off the bridge, uhBet' not play with me 'cause I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and runNiggas bet' not play with me 'cause I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood

Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and run You might catch me with bandannas and strapped T  
On the back street of your block in the back seat  
I'ma cap three at the first coward I up and see  
I'ma bust the piece and knock his body a couple of feet When I rush your front door, you get a few to your  
stomach  
Hope they dress you up nice because your funeral Sunday  
Nigga shouldn't have played tough, wouldn't have got his head bust  
Now your whole livin' room is full of pink and red stuff Now you're gated up, full of that vodka and weed add it  
up  
Fresh platted up, your t-shirt all tatted up  
Crack in the tongue of my kicks  
Plus I got a gun on my hip and I'm runnin' the strip I know you see me Little Wheezy killaholeezy  
A hundred rounds from the chopper leave 'em real sleepy  
You know how we be smellin' weedy up in our clothes  
Cutthroatin', connivin' killers but that's all I know, uh, uh, uh Bet' not play with me 'cause I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Nigga, bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and run Niggas bet' not play with me boy, I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and run Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and run Niggas bet' not play with me boy, I wish you would  
I'ma hit your hood, then split your hood  
Niggas bet' not play with me 'cause I cock my gun  
Then I pop my gun, better hide and run Niggas bet' not play with me  
Look, uh, uh  
(Uh, uh, uh, uh)  
Look, look, look, look, look, look  
Whoa

Songwriters

Dwayne Carter Published by  
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