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 runYou 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 feetWhen 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 stuffNow 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 stripI 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, uhBet' 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 runNiggas 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 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 runNiggas 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 runNiggas bet' not play with me
Look, uh, uh
(Uh, uh, uh, uh)
Look, look, look, look, look, look
Whoa

Songwriters
Dwayne CarterPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/