Upgrade You

Lil' Wayne

Yessir, 3-Ha, I love this shit
so let me talk my shit, uhhhh-haha
(*coughing*)okay I'm good

[Lil Wayne]
I know you see the glock, cause gettin money is what we on
ridin drop top in the winter with the heat on
bad yella bitch, keep my passenger seat warm
leg hangin out the window you, you ain't got these on
bitch holla it is Lil Weezy, they cannot see me
they are like Stevie, I am bearin a ton like Levi
I circle ya house like B.B, colder then the Hebbie Gebbies
never give freebies, seventy five thousand for these fees
shit I can get a hundred thousand up in these jeans
big stacks my pockets on Creatine-Young Money, Dipset nigga we a team
if you don't like it nigga fuck you, no Vaseline
(*schreechin*)I peel off in the Lamborghini, like a tangerine
got the engine straight shakin like a tamborine
like a bitch with some lips like Angeli-na Jolie
holy, got flow-I go where no other guy go
fuck you hoe I'm so 5-0-4, I hope every snitch die slow
Hip Hop that's my hoe, I know-she know I like it wet don't want no dry hoe
okay bitch I am D-Boy, no decoy
and I will straight up destroy, any boy or man
and I prefer money, then bitches-or just reefer
we are Young Money, bitch and I am the leader
we are Currency, Mack Maine, and D-Raw
and I just signed a chick named Nikki Menage
and me, I'm still spittin like a retard
and these niggas soft, they should be rappin in leotards
nigga we in charge, Baby put me in charge
and I'm just murderin niggas, free of charge
ya dig, just holla back-I see ya sarge
I'm so mothafuckin high, I can eat a star(ha)
yeah let me upgrade ya, you may not be a model-but I can front page ya
you know I'm nasty, excuse my behavior
let me just taste ya, we can fuck later
sittin in the Coupe, lookin like a racer
top peeled back like the skin of a potato

seat way back, listenin to Anita Baker
ridin by myself, smokin weed by the acre
Holly Grove gator, ain't nobody greater
leave you with some bullet holes-the size of craters
you ain't heard the latest-Weezy F.the greatest
battle anybody nigga fuck over ya favorite
it's a new game, and I'm the coach like Avery
leave it to the flow, we gettin dough like a bakery
I don't really want to, but these niggas makin me
put a mothafucker on ice, like the Make-Believes
that's a hockey team, and I ain't on no hockey team
but I'm a champion, where's the fuckin Rocky theme
damn, Rest In Peace Apollo Creed
I'm a monster everyday is Halloween
alot of syrup, alot of pills, and alot of weed
and I keep my pockets green like a pot of peas
and if you hatin baby you can get a side of these
these nuts in ya mouth, and can you swallow please(haha)
yeah I'm so hot, I freeze-big balls and they jangle like alot keys
even deaf bitches say hi to me
she tell a blind bitch and she say I gotta see(ha)
Young Carter darlin'understand I am Michael Jordan ballin
yes I'm a dog, I'm a warrior-homie
I'm a boss, ya man's just an employer mami
let me upgrade ya(ha), let me upgrade ya(upgrade ya)-Weezy!

Lyrics submitted by Tehrad.

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