Beef

Triptych

[Lil Wayne]Check
Huh
What?
What?
Let's go, nigga (Where you at, Wheezy?)
You liable to catch me speedin' up the six, or beatin' up a chick
or standin' over a stove, sweatin', heatin' up a brick
And we keep the hustlin' slick, and got clips like bananas
We twist the bandanas, and spit at niggas with cannons
We ran in habitats with masks and plastic gats
Stormin' through the house, screamin', "Where's this bastard's crack?!!"
I flash the Mack in front of your gal and make her tell
Like, "Slut! Where's the yay, or I'ma pop one in your grill!"
It's Lil Wayne, nigga ? blast and bang triggas
Pay with my change, then I'm gon' have to bang niggas
I bag the caine quicker, and sprinkle like rain, nigga
Flood the av quick with the quarters and halves, nigga
If you out, you can find me on the street with the work
If it's a drought, you can find me on the street with the work
Never slip ? I empty half a clip deep in your shirt
And put your whole clique deep in the dirt
Smell me?
(Hook-2x [Lil Wayne])
Who wan' beef with 'em?
Who wan' creep with 'em?
And when it comes down to guns, nigga, I sleep with 'em
See, we can sweep with 'em 'cause it get deep with 'em
And when it comes down to drugs, I'm on the streets with 'em
[Lil Wayne]I'm the youngest Hot Boy on the field with heaters
Let my nine-millimeters kill your peoples

Bust up in your house and put the gun to lil' Renita
Give me the yay, or else I'ma put her in her sneakers
Wow (wow, wow) you can catch me in all black with no smile
Me, Turk, G'z and ouch - chicka-POW!
How come these niggaz keep burnin the world
and why the hell this nigga Weezy keep firmin your girl?
Turnin the wheel on the orange and teal, Bentley drop
Then I'ma put that up and hop in the van and hit your block

Tell your mom to get the cops cause y'all gon' need 'em
When you see them bullets that my glock pop, y'all gon' eat 'em
See this for all my niggaz in the pen, I hope for freedom
And this for all my niggaz buyin bricks, I got 'em cheaper
Keep a nigga quiet as a mouse when I come
Wayne #1 Hot Boy, hot as the sun - ya smell me?
[Hook][Lil Wayne]Nasty case, nigga run up in your crib, crash the place
Blast the face, automatic attach to waist
You bastards play? Then it get awful and bad
There will be no more walkin for dad, and it's off with your head
A nigga either gon' get it right, or they get it at night
And when they spit it, lick his ass twice like 20 damn dice
Henny and ice is what I prefer but light on the rocks
I pack them clips tight on them glocks and light up your blocks
And if there's, coke involved then your throat's involved
I get the toaster and roll up and smoke most of y'all
Me and my nigga Super Sosa, run up in your crib
while your grandma watchin Oprah, jag her up and rope her
If you (?) chances slim like Ethiopia
If you want drugs, I got more flavors than Fruitopia
Recognize it's real and nuttin udder than that
Cause one from the mac'll have blood coverin your back, ha?
[Hook] - 2X

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/