

# Bm J.r.

## Lil' Wayne

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talkin' bout'  
I peepin' these niggaz out here they slippin' like they ain't bout  
Money no more man, so what fuck, you know what we gon' do ha?  
We gon' do what we been doin' nigga, we gon' load up,  
Get a lot mo' and a lot mo' and say fuck em', nigga  
Keep buyin' shit, keep fuckin' hoes, loading' up on mo' bitches  
Then you know what I'm sayin', we gon' get greedy too nigga  
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind  
I got it  
I got it  
Murder Capitol, only key to survive is kill  
If the elements don't murder you, tha Rydahs will, fa real  
And niggaz know I go hard to the fullest, get involved  
And I got em' playin' dodge ball wit bullets  
Yeah, I got the sawed off, fully in the Sean John hoodie  
Get fucked ya play pussy  
Haa, we hit em' up while dey ain't lookin'  
And tha body shots hurt but tha head shots took em'  
Damn and if tha red dot spot em' then tha hollow-head got em'  
Knock his tops to his bottom Jack, yea  
Ya see we grind from the bottom just to make it to da bottom  
At the very bottom of da map, Louisiana  
Piranhas, every where you at, you gotta wear a extra condom and a  
Extra gat, ya bitch could get it fa actin' like a man and niggaz in  
Pakistan, impactin' on ya man, I backed his hand  
Ya man on command in fronta niggaz he cool wit dem boyz on fan  
I'm on hot, I adjust in different climates  
Stuck in a animal, keep runnin' wit my prime mates  
You ain't did it 'til you done it like in fives states  
Weezy-hustle, no blubber, I put on weight  
And in a drought I go on a diet and stretch more  
Lose all dat weight, leave a nigga wit stretch marks  
You'nt even come up to a nigga chest  
Pause-up, paw, what tha fuck they play dat in da club fa?  
Real Shit I'm duckin' bombs from a drug war  
No religion but da cops swear dat I'ma drug law  
Father forgive em' fa dey know not who dey pushin' Lord  
Father forgive me if I have to send em' to you Lord  
I'm just tryna dodge tha shots dey send to da God

They ridin' up high way to Heaven Boulevard  
Damn, dem niggaz pussy and jive, not even in tha eye exam  
They ain't lookin' fa I, fa A and a K  
I'll make ya face crook to tha side  
Now when you smilin' everybody gotta look from tha side.  
'Cuz when you wilin' you ain't lookin' you jus lookin' high  
And when we hungry, you look like pie  
Sweet potato-ass nigga, you lemon meringue, apple custard  
Cherry jelly, don't make me get tha biscuit busta, yeah  
What up chizzle? You my distant brotha  
Real shit nigga, same father different motha, shit  
I skip tha frontin' and stick to keepin' it trill  
You not know me fa nothin' otha  
I'm somethin' otha than people you feel

I'm deeper fa real  
I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill  
Rest in peace  
Yeah, you underdig, shorty it's all about one thing nigga  
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us  
If you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us nigga  
And whatever you bout we bout it  
However you wanna get it we can give it to ya nigga  
Order bitch, ya underdig, put ya prints in nigga  
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and let's roll  
Let me get it back, hey, hey  
You sleep in a field fa tryin' a dude  
I'll bust ya head to da meat  
Turn ya mind 2 food, food fa thought  
Think, I ain't lyin' to you  
I'll lie his body in grease, set fire to em'  
I'll tie his body in sheets, put tha tires to em'  
Make em' feel tha escalade  
Put his feet in tha blades  
Damn, I'm tha heat in tha blaze and niggaz keep they ways  
When I'm in tha streets wit Blake, watch  
My nigga hungry, he'll eat tha plate  
And if I ask tha homeboy, he'll eat ya face, yeah  
And tho' he got me, you can ask  
I'm like a pool table, I keep tha 8  
My side pocket, side wayz, when I pop it  
Leave a nigga side wayz, fa five days, bird man talk  
Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty  
If it ain't about money  
Get all the fuck from round us

Fuck dat, I'm comin' bak gurl  
Check my swag, I travel light, sound dog, you play hard  
And I gravel like ground dog, I'm under ground call me ground hog  
Lay down laws call me ground law but don't confuse me wit da law  
Naw, but just confuse me wit my paw because I am the Birdman J.R.  
I ain't trippin' nigga, I play tha corner like Rip-Kin nigga  
Wit tha 40 Cal Rip-kin nigga, rip a nigga, flip ya vehicle  
Split ya windshield, whack ya baby mama  
But I let tha kid live  
And people say that I am a kid still, 'cuz tha lil' nigga  
Still ride on big wheels, you feelin' animal then  
Come on and get killed, this kid peel bandannas like bananas  
Say I'm slight bananas, I blow a weekend in Havana  
In my Gabana wit my bottom bitch from Savannah  
Man a train couldn't stop ya man, I'm man up and you not a man  
I stand up, say I got my land, I'm tha man of my land  
Call it Lil' Weezyana, that's tha new plan  
Yeah nigga, you 'bout some money get at me nigga  
That's the only way  
Dumb shit we bout that get at me  
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga

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