Hit Em Up

Lil' Wayne

Yea, I tried to talk to himQuit talkin', I'ma hang ya by your tongue, yea
Any motormouth could get hung high
We don't fuck wit niggaz like fungi
We don't even hear ya
Hollerin' bullshit, nigga, quit the diarrheaPistol lie inside of the armrest, um, yes
Lay a nigga down in his own mess, don't mess
Playa, fuck around wit the homeless, charmless
You can leave out here armless, no homiesHonest, you niggaz is harmless
I'm calm as a Don is supposed to be
Costa Nostra, don't ever approach him
Don't get close to him
Shootouts ain't none but rock n roll to himLeave your blood on the dash, call it rosewood
'Nother murder, 'nother page out the notebook
It ain't nothin', it don't make it if you no good
I tried to talk to him but then a nigga had toHit em up, hit em up
I ain't even wanna hit em up, really, I was tryna be calm
But uh, that chopper rot put his head in his arms
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to himHit em up, hit em up
I ain't even wanna hit em up, fuck it, make a nigga get loose
He had too much talkin' and not enough deuce
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to himHit em up, hit em up
I ain't even wanna hit em up, hit em up
I ain't even wanna hit em but I hit em up
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to himY'all take them shoes off your teeth
Stop runnin' your mouth
No shoes, no feet, I'll run in your mouth
I'll come to your house, me an' my goons
Loadin' up bangers, ridin' under the moonThrowin' up fingers sayin', "My side rule"
If a nigga disagree, ask him, "Must I prove?"
That Maybach coupe a cock-eyed fool
An' I'm in it like Bennett, hoe, aren't I cool?But if that thermostat switch an' that needle move
Then the attitude switch an' the heat'll move
I got that, Chiquita banana, clip for the tool
Me, the disaster, pity the foolEat a catastrophe, swallow the truth, belch reality
How does it taste? Pie to your face, you a bitch, nigga
All pussy, stop comin' out your lips, nigga
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I ain't even wanna hit em but I hit em up
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to himReal talk, boy, chill wit the talk, boy
That Tommy gun'll tear your neighborhood apart, boy
Yeah, leave your feelings in your heart, boy
Start with the wrong boy, you end wit a stone, boyWit your friends to carry you alone
To a concrete mattress an' a fluffy tombstone
Fuck discussion, I ain't into it, boy
I just get to it, let's do it, rip through a boyBig Uzi, just shoot the boy
I'm inside lookin' out, you just an intruder, boy
You need sutures on your smooches, boy
But I tried to talk to him but then a nigga had toHit em up, hit em up
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