La La La

Lil' Wayne

Uh, huh, that's right, Carter 3, come on
Yea, Yea, walk with me, come, go with me
It's lil' Weezy Baby, ha, ha
And I'm just lightin' up my, la
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And I'm just lightin' up my, la
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Yea, yea, yea, 1, 7
Cash money, young money
Born in New Orleans, raised in New Orleans
I will forever remain faithful New Orleans
I thank you New Orleans, thank you Holygrove
That's been my hood since a snotty nose
I come trough the hood suicidal doors
I use to come through the hood on the handle bars
Gat in my draws, money in my pocket
Crack in my jaws, I hope it don't dissolve
And you know I'm duckin' 5, 0 and my moms
Young and quick to go off like car alarms
Now the youngin' keep his mind on the Parmesan
Them other niggas ain't eatin' like a romadon

Spit the shit that make ya feel it in yo' chromosomes
Got my the money put my whole damn corner on
Young Carter part 3 on the corner store
Eagle street, keep it goin' 'til homasome
And I'm just lightin' up my, la
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Can I kick it?
Can I kick my story to y'all? My glory in God
My faith in my flow
I pray that I go where no other rapper has
And when you're rappin' as vivid as I
And limited as the sky so I study B.I
I bang Tupac, I hum Aaliyah
And soldier slim was a leader
Who am I not to follow greatness?
I give these mc's hell like they all atheists
Tell them hatin' niggas one like they in the matrix
And tell the cops I can buy my own bracelets
I'm a can keep the paper running like a pair of aces
Used to sport the Gucci bucks nigga no laces
Striped polo, five pocket girbaud
Mama got a two totter, I'm rockin' dolo
I used to have the starter jacket with the logo
And the hat, me myself had the no, that's the saints nigga

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And I'm just lightin' up my, la
And I'm just lightin' up my, la
Can I kick it?
It's Lil' Wayne and I'm a shine in da rain
Na, nothing gets clear without me signing my name
I'm just head lining da game
Won't quit till I'm a rod and da game
They ridin' da bench, they not and da game
I misplaced the key to da lock and chain
My spot remain like a bleach stain or cranberry
It's murder she wrote like Angela Lanceberry
I remember being small mane
New toys when my momma won a card game
Got my gifts before Christmas
Didn't have to wait for them
I had a 10 speeder scooter and a skateboard
(Ha, haa)
And we moved to the suburbs
Me and lil' Toya Johnson was love birds, aw man
And I swear, I feel born again
I'm in da building like da audience

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