Bring It Back

Lil Wayne

Ladies and gentlemen
People with jobs, people without jobs
Middle class, upper class, high class, all that
Cats, snakes, chickens, ducks, elderly people and twerkers
I present this to youDJ [Incomprehensible]
DJ [Incomprehensible]Young ladies
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the hump
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the humpWell, I'm fly as son of a gun, son of a Stunner
Get high as a 757 goin' to heaven, no
Whizzy F, yo reverend, preach about me
I'm the God 1-7 Apple and EI'm the cash, money, Makaveli y'all ain't ready
Break fast like Tom Petty, y'all just petty
82' I was born ready, I'm too ready
Y'all Betty Crocker balla blockas, I'm too heavyMeatball, Lamborghini, top spaghetti
Seats, Ragu, up 20 inch shoes
Oh, me and you got plenty to do
I don't need no pool, I'm swimmin' in youAnd I sleep with the sharks, shorty on the water, water
And I be ma 8 20- 40 mama, shake sumthin' for me
And it don't make sense if it don't make that money
I'ma take that money, I'm strung for cashYoung ladies
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the hump
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the humpI bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the mapI take off my brim
Moment of silence for the homeboy so slim, yeah
Frontin' 'round here will get ya back chopped off
We do our own thing, we don't act like y'allI say black white walls with the back swiped off
Ah, y'all little bustas just a tax write off
I'm a stand up guy, not the type that fall
We don't breed them kind but they bleed just fineYup, Whizzy the down, only read between the line
If you can't boy, read ma nine
I'm goin' hard in the paint like diesel time
Either I'm the illest cat doin' it or these cats is losin' itI'll be easy, fall back and be cool with it
If Paul Barrer is movin' it, dead float, I'm through with it

I'm the shh, na, na, I'm sewerage
Whizzy F, baby, I do this hereYoung ladies
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the hump
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the humpI bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the mapI get my old school gangsta' map like the 80's
I look like Cita and act like Baby Gal
You play with me, I'll react like the navy
Ya betta get the army, y'all gone need them for meAnd ya head is a bleepin' target
Y'all want me to see you with my peekin' tourmis
Wizzle fizzle, I keep in New Orleans
Sleepin' with women that sleep with the HornetsA country boy is sumthin' foreign
'Bout a hundred thousand more than what you're in
You're not 'bout it, you freeze up like popsicles
Pop up on bicycles, pop y'all like spot pimplesYup, wizzle fizzle, original hot bizzle
Still Lil' Wayne but da dividend's not little
Yeah, don't be suprised how the chrome feel
Get down, get down, man, I'm [Incomprehensible]Young ladies
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the hump
Put ya hands on ya knees and bend ya rump
Put ya back in, back out, do the humpI bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map
I bring it back to the bottom of the map[Incomprehensible] the best rapper alive
Since the best rapper retired
The best rapper alive
Since the best rapper retired

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