Used 2

Lil Wayne

I used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get vibes
I used to tote the semis, I still tote the semi
I used to walk a thin line now I'm walking jet high
I used to fuck and get tired now I fuck her ten times
She used to make my dick rise now she make me ribeyes
She used to make me six-nine now she make her french fry
She used to make me love her now she made me realize
It's money over bitches 'till the day I dizz-ie
Keep it on the East Side, keep it on the beast side
I feel like Ivan Drago, if he dies, he dies
Find out where you reside and find out where he hide
Run up in that bitch like "hey pop-pop-pop" peace sign
Percocet, promethazyne, you can call me P-Rock
Taking shots at my team, you must be getting senile
You goin' at my swamp then you're going at me slime
Your blood all over the sink, it look like red cheap wine
I'm smoking on a key lime, you look like tee time
Look like honey to my beehive, I close your sweet eyes
Shoot ya in ya head give ya ass three eyes
And ya still ain't seen a fucking thing until ya C5
I remember you I was never into you
I tell my shooters, shoot you and whoever resemble you
And every member who had been a friend of you or kin to you
They in it too, and bitches too, they mention you, they dead
Run up in a nigga house, pistol in that nigga mouth
Safe code now nigga, cough it up or spit it out
Oh my god I'm flipping out
Flipping out then dipping out
I tried to turn the page, oh my god, I ripped it out
I used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get vibes
I used to tote the semis, I still tote the semi
Keep it on the East Side, keep it on the B-side
I feel like Ivan Drago lil bitch, and if he dies, he dies
If he dies, he dies
If he dies, he dies
If he dies, he dies
Yeah, run up in that nigga house, pistol in that nigga mouth
But he be talking out his ass, what is all that shit about?I used to know you niggas, I don't know you niggas
I just ignore you niggas, I don't bro you niggas

With my bros, smoke them niggas, like we dro you niggas
Kill your hoe too nigga and your go-to niggas
I've been riding 'round the city with the safety off
Glock nine and it's pretty like a baby doll
You niggas bitches and it's pissing all the ladies off
My finger sitting on the trigger like a La-Z-Boy
There was beef, I'm in the kitchen with the apron on
Put his words on the plate, that nigga ate 'em all
And I ain't wit' the talking, but damn now he talking
Nigga spilled the beans, damn now it's coffee
Looking for your pussy ass like I got a warrant
I don't own a ski mask, that's a private party
Willies jumping off your ass like they shock absorbing
Rock your bells, LL, nigga locked and loadedI used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get vibes
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But he be talking out his ass, what is all that shit about?Young Mulah baby
And you still ain't seen a fucking thing until you C5I still don't know today
Was he playing with the gun or was it an accident
I still... I just don't... I...
I be wanting to ask him but I never asked him after all these years
Was that a accident or did he... or was he playing with the gun
So I never really found out about what...
You know what happ-... what really happened with him and that shooting

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