Trigger Finger

Lil' Wayne

I ain't lookin' back, nigga.
I'ma douchebag to these pussy ass niggas.
Hammer in my draws but I nail yo bitch.
Blunts like fingers, I'm bout to make a fist.
Everybody die, gon' bury me alive.
Grab life by the horns, put the bullshit aside.
Glock clip full like the moon in the sky.
I'm at the gas station adding fuel to the fire.
Life ain't shit but bitches and money.
Pass that weed, like I studied.
Bury me in fire and watch me phoenix.
Highway to Heaven, I'm taking the scenic.
You tied to the track of my train of thoughts.
And controlling my thoughts is like taming sharks.
And these hoes wanna kick it with me, I'ma sensei.
And I got fat pockets, you niggas in shape.
Tools on deck, tattoos on necks.
Life is a bitch, I'll make her yo ex.
Better turn to God, 'fore I turn to Godzilla.
How the fuck you gon' talk shit to diarrhea
Muthafucka it's on, I'm just rubbing 'em wrong.
Put a bug in my ear, but not in my phone.
I'll have a broke muthafucka run in ya home.
For a crumb and a bone and put one in ya dome.
[one in ya dome. [x8]Empty stomach, full clip.
I'm gon get it. Gon get it.
My trigger finger itchin'.
My trigger finger itchin'.
My trigger finger itchin'.
My trigger finger itchin'.
My trigger finger itchin'.]
I don't like to dream about gettin' paid.
You ain't gon hurt nobody like Kid 'n Play.
Ain't nun sweet but the codeine nigga.
Eyes hella red like chlorine nigga.
I was gettin' that pussy, I was gettin' that money.
Long hair, don't care, Hacksaw Jim Duggan.

Too high to take a breath, too high to take a step.

Two rights don't make a wrong, three rights, make a left.
The cops on my dick, the feds on my nerves.
I walk it like I talk it, got legs on my words.
If she don't suck dick, I don't give her that dick.
Got the world in my hands, I'ma dribble that bitch.
Money is the issue, full court pressure.
I like my blunt, Nutty Professor.
I'ma straight rider with a getaway driver.
Hit you dead on the money now you dead on the rival.
I don't fuck with these niggas, too old for new friends.
But never too rich for new money.
These niggas buying hatorade by the twelve pack.
Like two stomachs.
I'm laced up like two shoes, miss goody.
Keep that ratchet nigga.
Trigger finger itchin', I'll scratch you nigga.
Blow yo fuckin' brains out in traffic nigga.
Got green, New Orleans, St. Patrick nigga.
One bitch on the whip, one on the phone.
The one on the phone, is in front of ya home.
She 'bout to run in ya home, and put one in ya dome.
[Chorus]Rest in peace to the game 'cuz I'm fresh to death.
Rest in peace to the game, tell them kill theyself.
Make yo deathwish, cuz Im too fresh.
Cuz I'm fresh to death, Cuz I'm fresh to death
You go broke tryna get fresh like this.
Rest in peace to the game cuz I killed it.
I'm fresh to death, I'm fresh to death
What you talkin', I came out a coffin.
I just can't see myself, living in a house of mirrors.
I bought me a double R, cuz I went from rags to riches.
And these niggas nag like bitches.
Actin' like little fags like Richard.
And all of my bitches be bad as vision
You gotta problem I can fix it like a mathematician.
I ammunition, call me ammo for short.
Trukfit shirt, camo the shorts.
Ya girl is a freak, ya man is a narc.
Put ya son in ya arm, or put one in ya dome.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/