John (feat. Rick Ross)

Lil' Wayne

Yeah uh, fo' fo' bulldog, my mothafucking pet
I point it at you and tell that motherfucker fetch
I'm fucking her good, she got her legs on my neck
I get pussy, mouth and ass, call that bitch triple threat
When I was in jail she let me call her collect
But if she get greedy, I'ma starve her to death
Top down, it's upset
Been fucking the world and nigga and I ain't cum yet!
You fuck with me wrong, I knock your head off your neck
The flight too long, I got a bed on the jet
The guns are drawn and I ain't talking 'bout a sketch
I pay these niggas with a reality check
Prepared for the worst but still praying for the best
This game is a bitch I got my hand up her dress
The money don't sleep so Weezy can't rest
An AK47 is my fucking address, huhI'm not a star,
Somebody lied I got a chopper in the car (huh)
I got a chopper in the car (huh)
I got a chopper in the carLoad up the choppers like it's December thirty first
Roll up and cock it and hit them niggas where it hurts
If I die today, remember me like John Lennon
Buried in Louis, I'm talking all brown linen, huhBig black nigga, and an icy watch
Shoes on the coupe, bitch I got a Nike shop
Counts the profits you could bring 'em in a Nike box
Grinding in my Jordan's kick 'em off they might high, swish!
I'm swimming in the yellow bitch, boss
In the red nine eleven looking devilish
Red beam make a bitch nigga sit down
Thought it were bullet proof 'till he got hit the fifth time
Drop Palmolive in a nigga dope
Make it come back even harder than before
Baby I'm the only one that paid your car notes
Well connected, got killers off in ChicagoI'm not a star, somebody lied I got a chopper in the car (huh)
I got a chopper in the car (huh)
I got a chopper in the carLoad up the choppers like it's December thirty first
Roll up and cock it and hit them niggas where it hurts
If I die today, remember me like John Lennon
Buried in Louis, I'm talking all brown linen, huhTalk stupid get ya head popped
I got that Esther,

Bitch I'm Red Foxx, big B's, Red Sox
I get money to kill time, dead clocks
Your fucking with a nigga who don't give a fuck
Empty the clip than roll a window up
Pussy niggas sweet, you niggas Cinnabon
I'm in a red bitch, she said she finna cum
Two hundred thou' on a chain, I don't need a piece
That banana clip, let Chiquita speak
Dark shades, Eazy E
Five letters, YMCMB
Bitch ass nigga, pussy ass nigga
I see ya looking, with ya looking ass nigga
You know the rules, kill 'em all and keep moving
If I died today it'd be a holidayI'm not a star, somebody lied I got a chopper in the car
So don't make it come alive
Rip yo ass apart than I put myself together
YMCMB, double M, we rich forever (huh)
The bigger the bullet the more that bitch gon' bang
Red on the wall, Basquiat when I paint
Red Lamborghini till I gave it to my bitch
My first home invasion, poppy gave me forty bricks
Son of a bitch, than I made a great escape
Ain't it funny momma, only son be baking cakes
Pull up in the sleigh, hop out like I'm Santa Claus
Niggas gather 'round, got gifts for each and all of y'all
Take it home and let it bubble that's the double up
If you get in trouble that just mean you fucking up
It's a cold world I need a bird to cuddle up
I call the plays, mothafucker huddle upI'm not a star, somebody lied,
I got a chopper in the car, yeah

Songwriters
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