

# 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, huh I'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 car Load 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, huh Big 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 Chicago I'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 car Load 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, huh Talk 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 holiday I'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 up I'm not a star, somebody lied,  
I got a chopper in the car, yeah

Songwriters

DWAYNE CARTER, ERIK ORTIZ, KEVIN CROWE, WILLIAM ROBERTS, JAMAL JONES, CHRISTIAN  
WARD, ROB HOLLADAY Published by

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