# Oh No

## Lil' Wayne

Oh no, no, oh no, no, oh no, no
Cut the music up, please!
Oh no, no, oh no, no, oh no, noCheer, I play the bullshit from the backseat champ
Yea I'm in the backseat still got the seat back
Feet back stay from where the fake be at
Niggaz snitch for the shine where the patience atNigga make his own brother face his back
Give love and take it back
Good grief, man, this world is quite heavy on my aching back
Cops killing for crack you know the story snakes eat ratsFace the facts, you can't change him
Can't shoot it if you can't aim it
Can't miss him if he kill you
Then you can't blame himThat's just how the dice roll
When you can't fade him
Get too deep up in that water
And they can't save yaMe I come out of that water
Like I was just bathing
And watch my step on a wet pavementYea, I'm from the hood
So I rep 'em where I can't take 'em
Holly grove, holly grove was his last statement
So nigga get that look off your face
And recognize you got a crook in the placeThey call me W E E crooked letter Y, I'm so high
I skeet skeet in any nigga dime like she's mine
Street sweeper in the back of the hatch make me pop the latch
Leave you bloody with the cops to match
Bullet holes in ya from the chopper blast
Like, ha haThat's bullet holes in your sneakers got you hoppin' back
It all stop when they hit you in ya top and back
No cocking back
Silly motherfucker you ain't heard bout this
The clip sink down to the dick
That's a automatic shotty from a drum they call Tommy
Guaranteed to get you bitches from by meWhen I hit every piece of ya physical body he leakin'
Mortimer is no longer leapin', he sleepin'
While you pussy niggaz is sleepin' he thinkin'
Deep in thought the boy ain't even linkin'Bob Marley got me stinkin'
Stackin figures I'm standin' firm life's a slinky
Pipes is filled with crack cocaine
And the dope go inside of the veins
From where I came'Though I bear a name only one call live with

Coach they won't knock me off my pivot forget it
I'm sicker with it
Pick a city buy a condo find a fine hoe
Let some time go chill
What you know about a bongo
Having her mind goover a convo about dough, nothing!Man, the four wheelers look so good on the sand
Tee or tanktop pocket fan
Pocket knife, no handgun in sight
Just that rat tat tat tat tat tat tat tat boomHa ha tonight I might just boost my feature price
'Cuz to each its own and the lights is bright
And I'm feelin' like mike at a Tyson fight
I'm from Cita house, big momma's house
She told me to shoot ya right after I knock ya out
And he ain't gettin' up after them shots
If you hit him in the right spot
Hold up the beat might dropOh no, no, oh no, no, oh no, no

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