

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, no
Cheer, 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 at
Nigga 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 rats
Face 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 him
That's just how the dice roll
When you can't fade him
Get too deep up in that water

And they can't save ya
Me I come out of that water
Like I was just bathing

And watch my step on a wet pavement
Yea, 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 place
They 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 ha
That'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 me
When 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 go over 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 boom Ha 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 drop Oh no, no, oh no, no, oh no, no

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