# You Want War

## Lil Wayne

Peep me out, look
Head busting, black fatigues
So blunted, 400 degreez, it's sweet
Nigga, respect meWhen you see tha left hand bugging, nigga, respect it
But if you see tha left hand busting, nigga, you're disrespecting
Took one to tha chest, I never die, I'm tha same brotha
Jump out and shoot Ks, let 'em fly, I'm tha same brothaIt's a must they recognize that I'm untamed, brotha
Disconnect a boy like a damn change number
Uhh, hang up and try again
I kill ya, wake ya up and make you die againSpark it up and make a nigga block fry again
Go ta jail and do life, not five ta ten
Me, Lil' Mario and Toolie, that's my man, fam
My niggas don't give a Jean-Claude Van DammeAbout'chu 'cause we don't play around
Bring tha K around, spray tha town, take tha ground
Take tha ground that you walk on
Tap tha phones that you talk onJam ya up and take your arms off
I hit you twice with tha sawed-off
And your nigga just watch your head fall off, fall off
You think ya love me, I shoot anybody that look suspicious
(What?)
I bust tha three-six until tha damn drum bust
(What?)I hit tha hood, be up in all black
(I hit tha hood, be in all black)
Numb nut
I run up in your house with a tommy gun, what?
I'm standing there like all mine
Run through your click like a weak defensive line
Doggy freshYou want war, nigga, let's beef, beef
We can do it how ya want or take it to tha streets, streets
I'll be dressed in camouflage, Ree's on my feet
Through your air, leave ya burning like heat
(Through your air)What ya know, I'm tha one from tha T.C.
Chopper shooter, block bruiser, I'll bet any G
(Any G)
On fire, nigga, label, that's a HB
And if I can't kill you, killing your family
(Family)Think it's a game, 'rilla, test my nuts, you'll see
How fast I send shots through your 6V
(6V)

Heads bust if ya really think it's CMB
And I know you all know about Slim and BWe get our ball on, nigga, drink Cristy
Me and Buck get head from meekos in Tennessee
Betta ask somebody, nigga, I been a G
And the Baby still serving niggas for ten a ki, niggaLook, call me big baller, Big Tymer, big pockets
Call me big stunter, big stick or big body
Call me that lil' nigga with tha Role, fulla diamonds
Call me tha number one Hot Boy on fire
Fire, when you shoot outta town, then I'ma hollerWith a crate of Cristal, couple of blunts and a condom
Let him know if he down bad, that ain't my problem
(Let him know if)
Let him know if he come at me bad, then I'ma chop him
Chop him, put tha flame to himAll of a sudden tha thing hits straight through him
'Cause I'm tha same nigga, pimper boy, Lil' Wayne
Thugged out, pants fall to my shoe strings
But since I use ta be doing tha best at thangsThat mean I gotta wear a vest that day
I really think them niggas jealous of tha sparkle in my necklace
He ain't ready, he ain't ready

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