

# YM Salute

## Lil Wayne, Lil' Twist, Lil Chuckee, Gudda Gudda, J

Better strap up your boots  
Before they start to shoot  
Let's do it for the troops  
It's Young Money salute  
It's Young Money salute  
Yeah, uh, so sick wit' the flow  
Yeah, ya cowboys know that Lil' Twist  
Been a pro way before Romo no T.O.  
No wetting cowboys to a piston  
A.I., no Wallace, your kids getting demolished  
I'm booking on your suckers like I'm just leaving college  
But smart, very smart, too smart for ya knowledge  
Too smart once more, Wayne called me a genius  
It's YME nothin' gets in between us  
Tell Wayne I'm going in like somebody 'bout to bury me  
In this rap game nobody could ever bury me  
That's why you see me on stage rocking wit' Young Money  
I told my team I got us man it's all on me  
Like volume two, B.G., I got my crew with me  
Twist, Mack, Millz, Gudda and my baby, Nicki  
Every time I'm on the track it's ransom  
Can't find 'em like us anymore, it's random  
When Young Money come through you better salute us  
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot  
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute  
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute  
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute  
The salute, the salute  
Hey yo, I solemnly swear if it ever go down  
You ain't never gotta call me 'cause I'ma be there  
Let's get to the point like elbows  
My crew harder than Shelltoes  
Strapped like Velcro and this we running, hell, no  
And truthfully, aiming for number one oh do we  
You ask why I reply 'cause nobody remember two or three  
Cross YM and the hem will make a movie  
We all that we can be, respect the army and salute we  
Yeah, Young Money army, we marching  
We coming forward, no warning

We got these boys running like Forest  
So salute me like a general, first place, never last  
Always on top and I'm a chief like a Seminole  
Got the game in a strangle hold no letting up  
You can get the top, ya can pop like 7 Up  
Knock, knock, let us up, Young Money applaud me  
And we'll take the game out your hands like a joystick  
I'ma need my badges and my ribbons  
Maybe it will make up for everything that I wasn't given  
Everything that I've given, I swear I'll never give in  
Just look at what I've been in and this is just the beginning  
I d-d-do it 'cause I did it for my ballerina girls  
Blowing kisses to the soldiers I am Marilyn Monroe  
But we shoot, shoot, shoot 'em up, camouflage me  
'Cause Young Money is the navy, better yet the army  
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot  
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute  
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute  
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute  
The salute, the salute  
Commander-in-chief  
One hand on the world, one hand on the brief  
I stand on the world, bitch, I stand on the peak  
Of the game and the girls, and the guap, now that's G  
Don't ask me about shit but money  
Fucking right, my money long, I got that 10 foot money  
I get it fast when I get to the money  
When I walk, it sound like 10 foots running  
I meant feet, I'm in deep like wet pussy  
I'm a purple heart proven war vet' rookie  
You can't even sit next to me  
Now bring money or death to me, or don't step to me  
Now don't step nigga, march with me  
To the steps of the court building like ain't we God's children?  
I know at all times gods feel me  
So I play my part until the war, kill me, salute or shoot, nigga  
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot  
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute  
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