

# Shooter

## London Nebel

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Weezy, baby, y'all don't get shot

Rapid fire, what you know about it?

I brought my homie along for the ride

He strapped, he can't wait to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"

Then even louder, "We got shooters, shooter"

I turnin' around, I was starin' at chrome

Shotgun watches door, got security good

Jumped right over counter

Pointed gun at winkin' teller

I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South

But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out

Bang, die, bitch nigga, die, I hope you bleed a lake

I'ma play X-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake

I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake

Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face

They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen

Call me Automatic Weezy, bitch, I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and all these riches

But ain't no loaners around

They thinkin' about shooters that, shooters that

Guns, girls, ladies that, gunners that

Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shooter

Yeah, hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

No, no but I'm not

I just cry, mama, I think they, hey

I think they want me to surrender, shooter

And to the radio stations, I'm tired of bein' patient

Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters

Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers

It's outrageous  
You don't know how sick you make us  
I wanna to throw up like chips in Vegas  
But this is Southern, face it  
If we too simple, then y'all don't get the basics  
Lady walks into a shotgun surprise  
Dropped to her knees, saw her life before her eyes  
He said, "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon' regret it  
I'm your shooter  
My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter  
My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter  
Sock soakin' wet, I been runnin', y'all  
I reload every hundred yards, I'm comin' forward  
Better know me, Lil' Wayne, just call me Lord  
Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw way past par  
For I'm some shit you never saw  
I take you to the shootout, baby, win, lose or draw  
Yeah and then they ask who, when, where, how  
And my reply was simply pow  
They want me to surrender  
Oh, shooter  
My hands up, my hands up  
They want me to surrender  
Oh, shooter  
No, no  
I promise no surrender  
I got my burner  
And I'm your shooter

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