Spit (feat. Kevin Rudolf)

Lil' Wayne

Uh, Straight off the back
I come straight off my back with a gun like I'm in Iraq
And in fact I attack and tackle, and sack and crack and crackle
And snap back and battle my own shadow cause y'all wack and all that
Bullshit ya talkin' startin' to get funky
Toss me the chunky, I'm a brew these punkies
Stir I'm from the block where u don't pass like a flunky
We make a bitch a mule and everybody act a donkey
Yes, I want you to come around here with that plan boy
I'll shoot this motherfucker til I burn my hand boy
Bust up in the court and shoot the witness on the stand boy
This is my game ask everybody in the stands boy
I'm all red I'm on fire like an ant pile
They put the clamp down if I put the stamp down
You get the stampede, I make blood bleed
You suck dick, I suc-ceed
Yeah, yeah, and this is how victory tastes
So I'm a spit in ya face!
Kevin![Chorus]
Singing ay yo ooh oh (oh)
Ay yo ooh (ay)
Ay yo ooh oh
(So I'm a spit in your face)
Singing ay yo ooh oh (ooh)
Ay yo ooh (ay)
Ay yo ooh oh
(So I'ma spit in your face)If this is a race I ain't goin' for no pace I am goin' for your place
Bow ya home, how ya gone
Fuck with me if I ain't fuckin' around
2 eyes to the sky, 10 toes touchin' the ground
Bitch nigga I am not your homeboy
We are not from the same home boy
My Nina Baker bring your joy
I'll destroy who ya employ
I shoot 12 rounds, now Jr. Jones Roy
Y'all so backwards, I don't do Backwoods, I'm a swisher man
8 in the mornin' you bouta get found by a fisherman
Yea, you guys is bitches, little girls
And Mr. Smith and Weston wanna kiss ya pussy pearl

Tongue kiss an angel and spit fire at the devil
And I do whatever for the root of all evil
Gold, silver, bronze, no try the black metal
Turn yo mutherfuckin' flowers to feathers now fly to heaven
Kevin![Chorus]And crazy's what they callin' me, but crazy isn't hardly what I am
Try creatively retarded or amazingly rewarded
Ain't no faith in me the hardest never crack, I'm crack
I'm dope in Reynolds Wrap, now let's just hope you get it back
Let's just hope that you get it
And if I have anything to do with it, motherfucker I did it
Yeah, Young Tune, gorilla monsoon
Mr. Martian will hang your ass from the moon
Cause you don't get sun, you just get it soon
Turn your I.D. to a tomb
Goons are us, the foods for us
We eat with our hands, no fork and spoon for us
We will take the knives, and we will take the wives
And we won't take the jewelry but we will take the lives
Yeah!So I'm a spit in your face
Yeah, I'm a, so I'm a spit in your face, yeahSinging ay yo ooh oh
Ay yo ooh
Ay yo ooh oh
(Ay yo ooh oh)
(Ooh, I'm a spit in your face)

Songwriters
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