

# 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'm a 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, yeah Singing ay yo ooh oh  
Ay yo ooh  
Ay yo ooh oh  
(Ay yo ooh oh)  
(Ooh, I'm a spit in your face)

Songwriters

KEVIN RUDOLF, DWAYNE CARTER Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>