

# Beef

## Dot Dot Curve

[Lil Wayne]Check

Huh

What?

What?

Let's go, nigga (Where you at, Wheezy?)  
You liable to catch me speedin' up the six, or beatin' up a chick  
or standin' over a stove, sweatin', heatin' up a brick  
And we keep the hustlin' slick, and got clips like bananas  
We twist the bandanas, and spit at niggas with cannons  
We ran in habitats with masks and plastic gats  
Stormin' through the house, screamin', "Where's this bastard's crack?!!"  
I flash the Mack in front of your gal and make her tell  
Like, "Slut! Where's the yay, or I'ma pop one in your grill!"  
It's Lil Wayne, nigga ? blast and bang triggas  
Pay with my change, then I'm gon' have to bang niggas  
I bag the caine quicker, and sprinkle like rain, nigga  
Flood the av quick with the quarters and halves, nigga  
If you out, you can find me on the street with the work  
If it's a drought, you can find me on the street with the work  
Never slip ? I empty half a clip deep in your shirt  
And put your whole clique deep in the dirt

Smell me?

(Hook-2x [Lil Wayne])

Who wan' beef with 'em?

Who wan' creep with 'em?

And when it comes down to guns, nigga, I sleep with 'em  
See, we can sweep with 'em 'cause it get deep with 'em  
And when it comes down to drugs, I'm on the streets with 'em  
[Lil Wayne]I'm the youngest Hot Boy on the field with heaters  
Let my nine-millimeters kill your peoples

Bust up in your house and put the gun to lil' Renita  
Give me the yay, or else I'ma put her in her sneakers  
Wow (wow, wow) you can catch me in all black with no smile  
Me, Turk, G'z and ouch - chicka-POW!

How come these niggaz keep burnin the world  
and why the hell this nigga Weezy keep firmin your girl?  
Turnin the wheel on the orange and teal, Bentley drop  
Then I'ma put that up and hop in the van and hit your block

Tell your mom to get the cops cause y'all gon' need 'em  
When you see them bullets that my glock pop, y'all gon' eat 'em  
See this for all my niggaz in the pen, I hope for freedom  
And this for all my niggaz buyin bricks, I got 'em cheaper  
Keep a nigga quiet as a mouse when I come  
Wayne #1 Hot Boy, hot as the sun - ya smell me?  
[Hook][Lil Wayne]Nasty case, nigga run up in your crib, crash the place  
Blast the face, automatic attach to waist  
You bastards play? Then it get awful and bad  
There will be no more walkin for dad, and it's off with your head  
A nigga either gon' get it right, or they get it at night  
And when they spit it, lick his ass twice like 20 damn dice  
Henny and ice is what I prefer but light on the rocks  
I pack them clips tight on them glocks and light up your blocks  
And if there's, coke involved then your throat's involved  
I get the toaster and roll up and smoke most of y'all  
Me and my nigga Super Sosa, run up in your crib  
while your grandma watchin Oprah, jag her up and rope her  
If you (?) chances slim like Ethiopia  
If you want drugs, I got more flavors than Fruitopia  
Recognize it's real and nuttin udder than that  
Cause one from the mac'll have blood coverin your back, ha?  
[Hook] - 2X

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