

Worry Me

Lil Wayne

You gotta walk like a soldier
Talk like a stunna
Move like a player
And get it like a hustler You gotta walk like a soldier
Talk like a stunna
Move like a player
And get it like a hustler Because I won't let y'all worry me
Because I got something chrome that I carry with me
It's Young Weezy Wee, y'all ain't scaring me
I'm the seventeen don till they bury me Eh, it go whoa, oh me, oh my ay ay
I'm H O T B O Y, ay ay
I'm so fly I'm the Birdman Jaya
Stunting in the gray uh, shortie play your player Slick clean, hey ya
Fifteen riding with me, spray ya
You don't want no drama with me, play fa
Keep low or it's murda she wrote pussy nigga I gotta keep it cooking 'cuz the streets still hot for a shooking
Plus my late pops still looking
Bust my tray quick if ya hate the pimp
Think it's all big fish I don't ate the shrimp Roll out with the hood 'cuz I'm so damn street
I rep Hollygrove and Hollygrove rep me
And that's how Weezy Wee be
And y'all gon' R E S P E C T me You gotta walk like a soldier
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I'm the seventeen don till they bury me I'm riding and I'm dolo on my way to the stizzo
Knowing on my waist is the sizzo
Wheezy so hot glock ten and a pistol
Big rims with the tires thin as a pencil Mami want me 'cuz I got pimping potential
I stick to my mental, don't make me stick my fifth to your temple
Forget I'm getting rich for a cent, bitch, I'm coming get you
For my baby mama's rent I will flip you Ninety on the highway, seeing what the whip do
Cops get behind me, they want see the whip too
S Q professor C M B alumni

Everybody else fails except the young guy
Don't worry bout Weezy for real, nigga I done mine
Got the biggest nuts up in here, nigga I swung mine
The streets taught me never to fear, nigga I run mine
I can't lose 'cuz I won mine, now run yourself
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It's Young Weezy Wee, y'all ain't scaring me
I'm the seventeen don till they bury me
I got five drinks with me
And there be four chunks of drop up in my lung pipe
Three guns, two bitches and all I need is one knife
And I bet you don't like, c'mon we only get one life and if it's done right
Freak a nigga, might wife her
You know S Q galore, low chop, three striper
I'm just trying to keep paper
Please don't be a hater 'cuz he'll take ya Weeze
Don't be a major 'cuz he greater
Cheese gon' feed Nate, brother it's keys or emceeing
And I'm a C O A 'cuz I can move yay
Like you never thought hard or soft like a duck
And y'all don't starve me, that shit could be bad for your
heartbeat
Cash'll get you snatched in a heartbeat
Mash in a mad, dash in a Cadillac with the alligator dashboard
Damn whore, yeah I know
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