Oh No

Lil' Wayne

Oh no, no, oh no, no
Cut the music please
Oh no, no, oh no, no, oh no, noI play the bullshit from the backseat champ
Yea I'm in the backseat still got the seat back
Feet back stay from where the fake be at
Niggas snitch for the shine where the patience at
Nigga make his own brother face his back
Give love and take it back
Good grief man this world is quite heavy on my aching back
Cops killing for crack you know the story snakes eat rats
Face the facts you can't change him can't shoot it if you can't aim it
Can't miss him if he kill you then you can't blame him
That's just how the dice roll when you can't fade him
Get too deep up in that water and they can't save ya
Me I come out of that water like I was just bathing
And watch my step on a wet pavement
Yea I'm from the hood so I rep 'em where I can't take 'em
Hollygrove Hollygrove was his last statement
So nigga get that look off your face
And recognize you got a crook in the place
They call me w-e-e crooked letter "Y" I'm so high
I skeet skeet in any nigga dime like she's mine
Street sweeper in the back of the hatch make me pop the latch
Leave you bloody with the cops to match
Bullet holes in ya speakers from the chopper blast
Like, ha ha
That's bullet holes in your sneakers got you hopping back
It all stop when they hit you in ya top and back
No cocking back silly motherfucker you ain't heard bout this
The clips ain't down to the dick
That's a automatic shotty from a drum they call Tommy
Guaranteed to get you bitches from by me
When I hit every piece of ya visible body he leakin'
Mortimer is no longer leapin' he sleepin'
While you pussy niggas is sleeping he thinking
Deep in thought the boy ain't even winkin'
Bob Marley got me stinking
Stacking figures I'm standing firm life's a slinky
Pipes is filled with crack cocaine

And the dope go inside of the veins from where I came
Though I bear a name only one call live with
Coach they won't knock me off my pivot forget it
I'm sicker with it
Pick a city buy a condo find a fine hoe let some time go chill
What you know about a bongo having her mind go
Over a convo' about dough
Nothing! man the four wheelers look so good on the sand
Tee or tank-top pocket fan
No pocket knife, no handgun in sight
Just that rat tat tat tat tat tat tat tat boom!
Ha ha tonight I might just boost my feature price
Cause to each its own and the lights is bright
And I'm feeling like mike at a Tyson fight
I'm from Cita house big momma's house
She told me to shoot ya right after I knock ya out
And he ain't getting up after them shots
If you hit him in the right spot
Hold up the beat might dropOh no, no, oh no, no

Songwriters
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