Grove St. Party (Freestyle)

Lil' Wayne

[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]
I got a whole lot of money
Pop that p-ssy for me
My homie got that yopper
He'll bang it at a copper
Hey Gangsta party, gangsta party, gangsta party!
Stove on my waist
Cook your ass up gourmet
All-black .44 do you want foreplay?
I'm going at your face like Oil of Olay
No champagne, but you know my flag rose
Swagger on steroids: Canseco, Jose
No Limit Records: We so 'bout it 'bout it
I'm higher than a bitch
Feel like a climbed a f-cking mountain
Illest nigga you know, my accountants still counting
Shots hit him a minute ago
But his body's still bouncing
Beam on the hammer, beam on your forehead
Gotta kill the witnesses cause Birdman car red
Hollygrove Monster, Eagle Street preacher
Come to your funeral, kill everybody but the preacher!
I live in Miami, nigga
I'll South Beach ya
Robin Leach, uh that's how we ballin
You know that I'm loaded but please don't take a sweeter
Beat one of you bitch niggas up like John Cena
Them hoes on your money
Tell them hoes we coming
Before we get it popping
We ain't saving hoes, we swapping
Yea Gangsta party, gangsta party, gangsta party!
Big head Desert Eagle, call it "shotty"
How'd you get that money?
Stunna taught me that
The zan took me under
Patron brought me back
I'm leaning on you muthaf-ckers
Like I caught a flat

And that Glock snap back like a old Starter hat
What the lick read? I'm in the big league
I'm a breath of fresh air
Let the bitch breathe!
I'm trying to chillax
But I had to do it, dev
I'm at the funeral like
"I had to do it, rev!"
Mack you my big brother
I split a wig for you
Put that on the repeat
Until they bury me
Moment of clarity: yeah
That's my diamond game
I keep a fine bitch
Cause I like the finer things
F-ck with me slime
No brain on the whip
I've got nothing in mind
Carter 4, they ain't f-cking with mine
I drop that Sorry 4 The Wait
To make up for the time[Verse 2 - Lil B]
Yeah I do my thang, bitch wassup?
Young BasedGod, came in with the ballers
Iced out chain, bitch
I'm rich off that same shit
See 5 hoes on my dick, bitch, it's Christmas
Straight Westside, Bay Area
Bitch, I'll graze em
Gritty boy shit, BasedGod from the angles
On like a cradle and you niggas can't stop me
Shouts out to Mack Maine getting rich and cocky.
Bitches still Westside
Shouts out to Weezy
Young BasedGod with that .55 heater
187 bitch, I put it to 11 bitch
With that tiny shirt mane
And the tiny pants mane
I'm on BasedWorld and I f-ck with cash Money my niggas.
Don't understand man
The game like a chain
Woo woo! Swag, bitch, Brang-dang-dang man
Bra off the top, I'm a Wolfpack hitter
My life just a painting
And I paint you a picture, mane

Thing about it: a young paid-ass nigga
This that stunt music: bitch, I just do's it
It's Lil B and I'll muthaf-ckin prove it
We runnin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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