## The Only Reason

## **The Clover Forest**

Lyrics for

THE ONLY REASON by LIL WAYNE ft. SIZZLA & T-STREETS(LIL WAYNE)

Man a Rasta, shata, him oh fire and nobody enter

Them troop shoot them run like them playas oprah

They know me kingdom, make em scream like em see em opera

They smoke em weed, love em green like em grasshopper

Man ah, drink a bottle of crystal, and baby Ana Baka

But dnt think man slip, hima dreadda.. wat the picture wanta

Man a getin money, get tha bread to him bout stoppa

Youngmoney done done fly like em helicopter

U really wanna know wat goes in a nigga fofo

Bulletshot found on the street, im yellow dem voko

The president try and take him buy me, blow me bloco

Who? Rastafarian.. Juky gat them jump jump ( ya ya ya)

Flying uptown and kill tha man wen dey for rumble

Man a murder kid, for they mother, aunty and uncle

Man keeping me eye, in the rope,

we play ay to.. if em playa ay to me, then we go up in the done blow(SIZZLA)

Itz Ana poppin

Dont sulting nobody

No no no stoppin

Boy, yall see me jumpin

No no no yackin

No no no yackin

Actin up with a jumpin yah, im da loafin 4 rockin

Im da verse, up in mere factor words

Boy yall little, make we shoot you off tha face of the earth

Concerned, oh to mah, look how things turn out

Gang firm out, na their house

Them place gon burn out.

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya, Gaaang- star

Me no take no charge bout me ready 4 da run star

Oh really, dont be leaky

Aint no pussies, but them bitches

Aint no movie, aint no comics

And no CNN, dont be greedy

You dare not hear this song posted in a CD

No mess wit a mercy, less you cant steal it

But be pretty..And they actin oh body

See the giving where

The only reason why them bogus living

Aint no way down, please stay down

Let them stay down, put them in a woodbox be laid down..(LIL WAYNE)

Pussy ass nigga dont talk to me

I make this bitch bring your heart to me

Im only 5 8 and yall short to me

And yall movement looks like its important to me

Your girlfriend opens up her part to me

And if she gimme brain, she smart to me

Puppy ass niggas dont bark at me

Itz da big dog, call me Mr. Orkin fleas

Turn your block into a restaurant

Order and leave

What are u havin??? Organs please!!

And we stay strapped like Jordans beat

And we in the center like Brad Daughtery

Ha..And im loken with Marly G.

And we smokin so much, we could hardly breath

This other niggaz flow is so watery

And im concrete wit this Carter 3(SIZZLA)

Gaaaanng-star

Man a take no child from me, Stop lookin at me and stop(T-STREETS)

Yessir, T street, bang bang back in tha building

They call me streets, so call me streets

If u call on reach, im on the streets

And im hungry like a dog on unleash

But im a tiger, and a dog is a feast

And I see through the fog in the trees

Because the nigga makes a logs and leaves

I walk through the jungle with a lion on my sleeve

I need a money donor, cuz im dying to resist

I know mama gat her eyes on her seed

Therefore, I never stop, I just proceed

Their eyes make the peace hard to read

But it says, why im not leave(SIZZLA)

And they actin oh body

See the giving where

The only reason why them bogus living

Aint no way down, please stay down

Let them stay down, put them in a woodbox be laid down..(LIL WAYNE)

We killin em softly,

We killin em softly

And man em hustle like a dog, and have keep police them off me
Pistol in da trunk, and the baby in da car seat
Drive fast lane, with them eyeball glassy
And about the hour, him a heading to the money
Take your coughin baby, give the baby back to mommy
Peer gunshot, shoot him below to him tommy
Bat the man down, boy, im shit around party
Party up, party up, they put the panty up
Sure gat the AK up, him a shoot the building up
We kill them softly, we kill them softly
He make bad girl them for want me, want me in tha storm ay
My girl she need me, my girl she want me
Because me reppin youngmoney, me youngmoney..

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