

Shooter (feat. Robin Thicke)

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Weezy baby y'all, don't get shy
Rapid fire, what you know about it
I brought my homie along for the ride
He strapped, he came here to come out the barrel, ride I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"
Then even louder we got shooters, shooter
I turn around, I was starin' at chrome
Shotgun watches door, got security good
Jumped right over counter
Pointed gun at, wink, he tell her
I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter I think they want me to surrender
But no, no-no, I can't do it
Come on, they want me to surrender
But no, I can't do it
Get 'em, yeah
So many doubt 'cause I come from the South
But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out
Bang! die bitch nigga die, I hope you bleed a lake
I'mma play x-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake
I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake
Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face
They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen
Call me automatic Weezy bitch I keep spittin', pow
With all these bitches and, all these bitches
But ain't no loaners around
They thinkin' about shooters that-shooters that
Guns-girls-ladies that-gunners that
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shooter Put my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter But I'm not
I just cry mama, I think they
Me think they want me to surrender (Shooter)
Hey, and to the radio stations, I'm tired of being patient

Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters
Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers
It's outrageous, you don't know how sick you make us
I want to throw up like chips in Vegas
But this is Southern face it
If we too simple then y'all don't get the basics
Lady walks into a shotgun surprise
Dropped to her knees saw her life before her eyes
He said "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon' regret it
I'm your, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
Sock soakin' wet I been runnin' y'all
I reload, every hundred yards I'm comin' forward
Better know me, Lil Wayne just call me Lord
Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw
Way past par, for, I'm some shit you never saw
I take you to the shootout baby win, lose or draw
And then they ask who, when, where, how
And, my reply was simply pow!
Mama, I think they, hey, me think they want me to surrender, no, no
I'm singing mama, I think they, hey,
me think they want me to surrender, no, no, no
No, me won't surrender, no, no
I promise no surrender
I got my burner
And I'm your shooter
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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