

Shooter (feat. Lil Wayne)

Robin Thicke

Yea, yea, yea
Weezy baby y'all, (yeah)
Don't get shot
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
RobI 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 (check)
Jumped right over counter
Pointed gun at, Winky tell her
I'm gon' shooter, shooter, shooterMy hands up (yeah)
My hands up (yeah)
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
Oh, shooterI think they want me to surrender
But no, I can't do it
But no, I can't do itMy hands up (yeah)
My hands up (yeah)
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooterI think they want me to surrender
But no, I can't do it
But no, I can't do itSo 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'm a 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', powWith all these riches and, all these bitches
But ain't no looters around
They thinkin' about shooters that shooters that
Guns Girls Ladies that Gunners that
Shoot shoot shoot shoot shooterPut my hands up
They want me with my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooterBut I'm not
I just cry mama, I think they, hey

Me think they want me to surrender (Shooter) And to the radio stations, I'm tired o' 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 (yeah)

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 (yeah)

They want me with my hands up (yeah)

Oh, shooter

Oh, shooter I try tell you what I am baby My hands up, my hands up (yeah)

They want me with my hands up (yeah)

(Sorry but me no surrender)

Oh, shooter

Oh, shooter Me won't surrender, me no pretender 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, far, 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 tink dey, hey, me tink dey want me to surrenda'

(Shooter, my hands up, my hands up, they want me to surrender)

Mama, I tink dey, ey, me tink dey want me to surrenda'

(Shooter, my hands up, my hands up, they want me to surrender) No, me won't surrenda, no, no

I promise no surrenda'

I got my burner

And I'm your shooter

Songwriters

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