Bm J.R.

Lil Wayne

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talkin' bout'
I peepin' these niggaz out here they slippin' like they ain't bout
Money no more man, so what fuck, you know what we gon' do ha?
We gon' do what we been doin' nigga, we gon' load up,
Get a lot mo' and a lot mo' and say fuck em', nigga
Keep buyin' shit, keep fuckin' hoes, loading' up on mo' bitches
Then you know what I'm sayin', we gon' get greedy too nigga
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grindI got it
I got itMurder Capitol, only key to survive is kill
If the elements don't murder you, tha Rydahs will, fa real
And niggaz know I go hard to the fullest, get involved
And I got em' playin' dodge ball wit bullets
Yeah, I got the sawed off, fully in the Sean John hoodie
Get fucked ya play pussy
Haa, we hit em' up while dey ain't lookin'
And tha body shots hurt but tha head shots took em'Damn and if tha red dot spot em' then tha hollow-head got em'
Knock his tops to his bottom Jack, yea
Ya see we grind from the bottom just to make it to da bottom
At the very bottom of da map, Louisiana
Piranhas, every where you at, you gotta wear a extra condom and a
Extra gat, ya bitch could get it fa actin' like a man and niggaz in
Pakistan, impactin' on ya man, I backed his hand
Ya man on command in fronta niggaz he cool wit dem boyz on fanI'm on hot, I adjust in different climates
Stuck in a animal, keep runnin' wit my prime mates
You ain't did it 'til you done it like in fives states
Weezy-hustle, no blubber, I put on weight
And in a drought I go on a diet and stretch more
Lose all dat weight, leave a nigga wit stretch marks
You'nt even come up to a nigga chest
Pause-up, paw, what tha fuck they play dat in da club fa?Real Shit I'm duckin' bombs from a drug war
No religion but da cops swear dat I'ma drug law
Father forgive em' fa dey know not who dey pushin' Lord
Father forgive me if I have to send em' to you Lord
I'm just tryna dodge tha shots dey send to da God
They ridin' up high way to Heaven BoulevardDamn, dem niggaz pussy and jive, not even in tha eye exam
They ain't lookin' fa I, fa A and a K
I'll make ya face crook to tha side
Now when you smilin' everybody gotta look from tha side.

'Cuz when you wilin' you ain't lookin' you jus lookin' high
And when we hungry, you look like pie
Sweet potato-ass nigga, you lemon meringue, apple custard
Cherry jelly, don't make me get tha biscuit busta, yeahWhat up chizzle? You my distant brotha
Real shit nigga, same father different motha, shit
I skip tha frontin' and stick to keepin' it trill
You not know me fa nothin' otha
I'm somethin' otha than people you feel
I'm deeper fa real
I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill
Rest in peaceYeah, you underdig, shorty it's all about one thing nigga
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us
If you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us nigga
And whatever you bout we bout it
However you wanna get it we can give it to ya nigga
Order bitch, ya underdig, put ya prints in nigga
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and let's roll
Let me get it back, hey, heyYou sleep in a field fa tryin' a dude
I'll bust ya head to da meat
Turn ya mind 2 food, food fa thought
Think, I ain't lyin' to you
I'll lie his body in grease, set fire to em'
I'll tie his body in sheets, put tha tires to em'
Make em' feel tha escalade
Put his feet in tha bladesDamn, I'm tha heat in tha blaze and niggaz keep they ways
When I'm in tha streets wit Blake, watch
My nigga hungry, he'll eat tha plate
And if I ask tha homeboy, he'll eat ya face, yeah
And tho' he got me, you can ask
I'm like a pool table, I keep tha 8
My side pocket, side wayz, when I pop it
Leave a nigga side wayz, fa five days, bird man talkYeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty
If it ain't about money
Get all the fuck from round us
Fuck dat, I'm comin' bak gurlCheck my swag, I travel light, sound dog, you play hard
And I gravel like ground dog, I'm under ground call me ground hog
Lay down laws call me ground law but don't confuse me wit da law
Naw, but just confuse me wit my paw because I am the Birdman J.R.
I ain't trippin' nigga, I play tha corner like Rip-Kin nigga
Wit tha 40 Cal Rip-kin nigga, rip a nigga, flip ya vehicle
Split ya windshield, whack ya baby mama
But I let tha kid liveAnd people say that I am a kid still, 'cuz tha lil' nigga
Still ride on big wheels, you feelin' animal then
Come on and get killed, this kid peel bandannas like bananas
Say I'm slight bananas, I blow a weekend in Havana

In my Gabana wit my bottom bitch from Savannah
Man a train couldn't stop ya man, I'm man up and you not a man
I stand up, say I got my land, I'm tha man of my land
Call it Lil' Weezyana, that's tha new planYeah nigga, you 'bout some money get at me nigga
Thats the only way
Dumb shit we bout that get at me
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga

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