Rappapompom (feat. Junior Reid)

Lil' Wayne

[Junior Reid:]
You only got a few days more
To get the guns you want at the gun store
On the first day of christmas guess what santa bring for me
A glock a magnum & a rusty m 3
Rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom pom pom pom[Lil Wayne:]
Welcome to hell I let em burn
Momma told me don't play with them choppas I never learn
I hold the tube tight & firm I don't squirm
Killas hold court in the street court is ajerned
These n-ggas sleepin hope they keep it in they napsack
Watch me while I'm creepin leave em leakin like a flap jack
Hustle all day like we eatin on the last stack
We play with ak's boy you need to bring that mac back
Hand gun they don't want no hand gun
Tote a shotty with a bass drum
Say somethin I'm from where them n-ggas can't come
We die rich & young
We die handsome and
Me I never ran from another man son
I take alot a shots xxxxx n-gga and one
So throw away them glocks
I hope they prayin for ya
You hear that chop now you sayin somethin[Junior Reid:]
That's that rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom pom pom pom[Lil Wayne:]
Murda she wrote n-gga we loke
You can get smoked like brand new dope
Brand new scopes on old xxx guns from brand new beef
If he play you cold you give him heat
Play that roll get in them streets
You pay that toll life ain't cheap
The streets is watchin
The streets can see what you can't see
You ain't safe you ain't free
You jus a target with teeth
Ya'll n-ggas don't hear me
Shoot him in the eye make the n-gga see clearly
Now he only got one eye like the pyramid
b-tch I'm in the game like the beer man, hear me

They on my crash shootin down like a deer man
Down down baby goin down like airtran
Yeah & you don't wanna take it there man
Because I'm already there man
I'm sayin[Junior Reid:]
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To get the guns you want at the gun store
On the first day of christmas guess what santa bring for me
A glock a magnum & a rusty m 3
Rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom pom pom pom[Lil Wayne:]
Survival of the fittest it is well known there's no water like my city's
Some of us are killers some of them are jus swimmers
n-ggas got choppas n-ggas got trimmers
n-ggas got problems n-ggas got business
n-ggas got children n-ggas got b-tches
b-tches got b-tches
I know xxxxxxx realer then you
n-gga I done seen keys bigger then you
Yeah n-gga you ain't on sh-t
Cut off a n-gga head make him xxxx his own d-ck
No he don't want that & he don't want this
I shoot a hundred times I be blind if I miss
You know I gotta put the dollar sign before the b-tch
Every movie gotta end but I'm just stickin to the script
Addicted to the chips commited to my clique
Cash money mother f-cker get the pistol to your lips[Junior Reid:]
That's that rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom pom pom pom
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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