

500 Degreeez

Lil' Wayne

It's the real shit, yeah
500 degreeez this time bitch
You already know
You see me? I eat, sleep, shit and talk snaps so fuck rap
Man I got weed, pills, pistols, or crack
Bitch niggas, "Where ya hearts at?"
Ya'll ain't stuntin' like us bitch niggas, "Where ya cars at?"
They like
Wayne why the fuck you dressed in all black?
I'm 'bout to bring CMR back
And all the lames, we done lost that
Now all we got is weezy, weezy, and lil' weezy to fall back
I'm 'bout to lock it from the summer to the fall and back
"It's weezy baby!" the boy is back
And the wheels on my car you got a order that
Stop playing, I've been balling jack
You don't want my glock spraying I hit all them cats
You don't want my stomach ache I shit on them cats
I get on them cats fresh and "B" it's all a rap
If I'm the only hot boy then what do you call that?
You don't want to fuck with weezy
You don't want to fuck with weezy
Bitch what? I'll bust ya ass up
Don't even go that round niggas get your cash up
We probably need to clash up, this shit got me 'bout to ass up
They finding niggas in they shit with they ass up
It ain't October thirty first but we gone mask up
And guess what aye, you know I heard they got some nice chains
And for the right price I'll bust the right brain
And mommy hot 'cause I pull up in that white thang
Oh, but ya nigga might be fly but I still get trifling
Riding through the city just me and my flame
Friday night special professional tight thang

A gangsta is who you hearing
I'm in my building with twenty bricks in the ceiling
I'm more real than, I got more scrill than
Got more skill than them there, I'm a cash money millionaire, bitch
You don't want to fuck with weezy

You don't want to fuck with weezy
Hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy
Hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy
Baby, let me get the keys to the rover
No, let me get the keys to the house in eastover
So I can throw a 500 degreez platinum party
Than the after party my squad stomping in this bitch
Fuck a kappa party
Don't go to rapper parties, I'm no rapper man
But when the homies come home we throw a monster jam
And all my people tote chrome we some monsters man
We gone mob to the promise land
I ball big, I'm a tymer man
Son of a stunna steady girl fuck with a hustler
Weezy keep it gutter for ya baby bubba
Baby blue mercedes coupe got it bullet proof
Make me shoot my eighty duke at your fucking roof
You're barkin' with a big dog, nigga fucking roof
Mr. S fuckin' Q I'm the fuckin' truth
Three stripes, baby nice, lot of ice bucket ooohf
That's 500 degreez
You don't want to fuck with weezy
You don't want to fuck with weezy
500, 500, 500, 500 degreez
Bitch get your mind right
Bitch get your mind right
Bitch get your mind right

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