

# Hot Nigga

## Lil Wayne

I'm sorry for the wait nigga  
I'm tighter than these pussy hoes, I'm chafe, nigga  
Pockets full of crumbs, I'm a breadwinner I'm sorry for the wait nigga  
I'm aiming at your Beats by Dr. Dre, nigga  
I put up some ornaments today, nigga  
'Cause 'round here, every day a holiday, nigga  
This that Sorry 4 The Wait 2  
That AK shoot like K do  
Had to tell myself, 'Tune just stay tuned'  
Swear I got the hardest flow, my shit break brooms  
I been hot since 1998, nigga  
That's 98 degrees, Nick Lachey, nigga  
Hope you know the Feds got Instagram  
They liking every photo that you take nigga  
I was toting a gun before a switchblade  
Cut your head off and put it on display  
Boy we find out where you live and then we invade  
Boy we do not kill no kids, but your bitch dead  
Ooh, shawty like the way that you floss out  
Till I shoot you in the head, now she grossed out  
I'm the boss, you just heard it from the horse mouth  
I told a nigga count on me and niggas lost count  
This world is only preparation for the next  
Money bags under my eyes, money over rest  
Tryna get 100 M's out the alphabets  
Open up my mouth to smile, oooh treasure chest  
Oooh, DJ Stevie J keep the Glock on him  
I just bought a new .44 and I'mma proud owner  
Belfast and Monroe that was our corner  
Fuckin' fast in your ho, oooh cowabunga  
Sip some lean, pop a Xan bar  
My bougie bitch pussy taste like caviar  
Once I fuck a bitch, her pussy is a landmark  
I don't know how you like your steak but I'm in rare form  
Fuck them bitchass niggas, fuck whoever care for 'em  
Momma jumped out a plane, I was airborne  
Gold watches, gold chains, watch for Leprechauns  
Favorite subject was PE, Pablo Escobar  
Kill him when he least expect it at a restaurant

Throw him with the rest of 'em in a reservoir  
I'm the renaissance man, peep my repertoire  
Excuse my French, but it's menage a trois, au revoir  
Oooh, my Nina Ross got a bad mouth  
Yea, I'm consuming grass like a cash cow  
Give a fuck 'bout a police with his badge out  
If you ain't got a warrant, get up out my damn house!  
This that Sorry 4 The Wait 2  
This a all white affair, I brought the yay through  
She said Tunechi skate through, and I'mma skate you  
I'm aimin' at your grapefruit, blaow, grape juice  
Oooh, tell them bitches free dick and blow  
Give me head, can't kiss no more  
I got free jewelry, car keys, and more  
And I just started robbin' like a week ago  
Hundred diamonds on my bitch, I don't bling no more  
200,000 for a show, you gotta speak to Po  
Yeah, got me on my Young Money shit  
No Cash Money, just Young Money shit  
Wooh, got me on my Young Money shit My nigga Chaz Ortiz in this bitch with me  
Mula!

Songwriters

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