

Way of Life (feat. Big Tymers & TQ)

Lil Wayne

Look'a here
This how we gon' do this
Hook up the turntables
Wolfe, get on the keyboard
And we gon' run it, ya heardCash money
Cash money
Cash money
Cash moneyNow let me slide in the Benz with the fished out fins
Hit the mall with my girlfriends, dish out ends
'Cause you know it ain't trickin' if you got it
Cop baby girl what she desire, it's chump change mama
Marijuana Scholar, knowin' what I got up in my Styrofoam cup?
That purple stuff, it was givin' to me at birth to stunt
So that's why I cop the Bentley with the leather and the fur in the gutsHold on, Mami! Them whips on dubs
Cadillac truck, twenty-eights, no rubs
Slide in the Benz, fins, bubble-eye lens
Car show in New York, y'all know who wins
It's the Birdman, daddy, with the Gucci and Prada
Slant-back, cut truck, no rims, can't holla
It's that Louie on Ostrich streets
It's the tailer-made daddy, Mami, do you love me?Baby, I'ma a stunna
I ain't gon' change it
(I told y'all)
Don't you know
It's a way of life
(I told y'all)Mama, do you want it?
'Cause I'm about to break it
(I told y'all)
Ooh, baby
Can't stop the stuntin'
No, no
(Bring back that beat)Pop one, pop two
Them new Nike shoes
Royal blue Jag on them twenty-two's
Flip white to green, 500 Degreez
In that Cadillac truck on them twenty-three's
I'm the boss of the game with the money and fame
All these naked women that pop champagne
And these marble floors stay high as Rick James

If you know my name, then you know my game
It's lil' Whodi from the hot block with ser'ous flow
Gotta get dough 'cause y'all won't feel me, bro
But y'all don't here me though
Till I'm rollin' down my window and my grillie show
And you know I'm prolly pumpin' through the hood on the twenty-fo's
Word! Rims pokin' out the side of the 'ERV
Glock have ya ribs pokin' out the side of ya shirt
I'm a seventeenth nigga and I ride for the turf, whoo
Baby, I'ma a stunna
(I told y'all)
I ain't gon' change it
Don't you know
It's a way of life
(I told y'all) Mama, do you want it?
'Cause I'm about to break it
Ooh, baby
Can't stop the stuntin'
No, no Aye, and my pinky glow 'cause my ring is so
Blingy-blingy, yo, stop blinkin' though
We smoke stinky, stinky dro
And we don't cop them ency-wency O's
And we don't stop
Nah! We blow, fuck the people
Everywhere we go, we smell like E-yo
The Birdman my paw, so that make me go
"Fly like an eagle!"
Fo' sure They think 'cause I stay at English Turn
That stunna don't have a O - Z to burn
(Light it up!)
I go in each sto' and ball like a dog
Me and my nig's, we ball like a dog
Cars on the streets, all on our lawn
Ice in my teeths, all on my arm
Tat's in my face, my back, and my arm
(What?)
That's in my face, my back, and my arm
Baby, I'ma a stunna
I ain't gon' change it
Don't you know
It's a way of life
Mama, do you want it?
'Cause I'm about to break it
Ooh, baby
Can't stop the stuntin'
No, no Yep! There it is! Ya' lil' low-life
See, I'm a professional
You a rookie

Fuckin' game so serious
I could sell a hooker some pussy
Now, that's some serious shit
Oh yeah, believe that Who we rollin' wit'?
We rollin' wit' cash money
Oh, I forgot about "Peace"
Peace, I mean, "Piece" of pussy
"Piece" of land, "Piece" of property
It's just a mind game

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