

# Weezy Baby (Feat. Nikki)

## Lil' Wayne

Yeah, my girl get in at 1:15 am  
The guitar's crying right now  
Just a couple things going on in my life, you know  
Brim leaning, cup tilted, blunt flicking  
Get money, fuck bitches  
Young Weezy, young pimping, she love it  
I keep going, she keep cumin, what you know 'bout it  
So 'bout it, like Master P, but no coward  
No I am no Howard the duck, duck  
Lead showers, black flowers  
Black dresses, two hours, closed casket  
Ma dough tactics is so crafty  
No laughter, I do that after I get the dough bastards  
I get the dough faster, what if I flowed faster  
Like, oh Nancy the flows plastic, automatic, I'm  
More drastic, ain't no names compared to me  
Who are you, where are ya, I can't see, ya air to me  
Ya not there to me, I ain't fucking with you bitch niggas  
I'm fucking ya sis' nigga, it's Weezy [Chorus]  
If you gon' call him Weezy  
Then you must say the baby  
If you don't say the baby  
Then just don't say it at all I'm, slick as an old mac, I'm, sick as a Prozac  
And, the Carter one was the, dick for you hoes trapped  
And, this is Tha Carter two and, this is the bozack  
Digging you hoes back, quick if I blow back  
Got it, gone Rabbit  
Fast ma daddy's Rabbit at home  
What up pa (what up), what up Pac (what up), what up Pun (what up)  
What up Big (what up), what up Solja  
As the streets get colder I get chillier  
What up Left Eye (what up), what up Aaliyah (what up)  
Teck 9 close by touch 'em up  
I shoot niggas in the mouth boy pucker up  
Sweet sucker tash gee golly what the fuck  
Where the hell all these new pussy rappers come from  
I chew 'em up like bubble gum, yum yum  
Young Weezy so troublesome, what what [Chorus] I ain't talking fast you just listening too slow  
I'm, getting them Benjamin's  
Can serve like the Wimbledon

If I'm in any predicament, nervous never that  
Got a gat to knock whoever back, back, very flat  
Chest, caved in, mess on the pavement  
Splat, cherry wax, rah, bury that  
Rats, scary cat, rat carry that  
Hollygrove trigga man guns in a knapsack  
Area code five zero four, I ain't Nino fucking Brown  
And, this is Tha Carter hoe, this is a quarter stick  
This in ya garter ho, leave out the back and go straight to the corner store  
Return with the cake, come wit all ma dough  
And if not they find you in a lake in the morning ho  
Weezy Baby please say the baby  
If not, don't ya motherfucking say it at all, bitch[Chorus]Its real pimpin'  
Its real pimpin 'goin' on like bitch  
You can be my bitch  
Its real pimpin'  
Real nigga

Songwriters

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