

# Grove St. Party

## Lil' Wayne

[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne] I got a whole lot of money  
Pop that p-ssy for me  
My homie got that yopper  
He'll bang it at a copper  
Hey Gangsta party, gangsta party, gangsta party!  
Stove on my waist  
Cook your ass up gourmet  
All-black .44 ? do you want foreplay?  
I'm going at your face like Oil of Olay  
No champagne, but you know my flag rose  
Swagger on steroids: Canseco, Jose  
No Limit Records: We so 'bout it 'bout it  
I'm higher than a bitch  
Feel like a climbed a f-cking mountain  
Illest nigga you know, my accountants still counting  
Shots hit him a minute ago  
But his body's still bouncing  
Beam on the hammer, beam on your forehead  
Gotta kill the witnesses cause Birdman car red  
Hollygrove Monster, Eagle Street preacher  
Come to your funeral, kill everybody but the preacher!  
I live in Miami, nigga  
I'll South Beach ya  
Robin Leach, uh ? that's how we ballin  
You know that I'm loaded but please don't take a sweeter  
Beat one of you bitch niggas up like John Cena  
Them hoes on your money  
Tell them hoes we coming  
Before we get it popping  
We ain't saving hoes, we swapping  
Yea Gangsta party, gangsta party, gangsta party!  
Big head Desert Eagle, call it "shotty"  
How'd you get that money?  
Stunna taught me that  
The zan took me under  
Patron brought me back  
I'm leaning on you muthaf-ckers  
Like I caught a flat  
And that Glock snap back like a old Starter hat

What the lick read? I'm in the big league  
I'm a breath of fresh air  
Let the bitch breathe!  
I'm trying to chillax  
But I had to do it, dev

I'm at the funeral like  
"I had to do it, rev!"  
Mack you my big brother  
I split a wig for you  
Put that on the repeat  
Until they bury me  
Moment of clarity: yeah  
That's my diamond game  
I keep a fine bitch  
Cause I like the finer things  
F-ck with me slime  
No brain on the whip  
I've got nothing in mind  
Carter 4, they ain't f-cking with mine  
I drop that Sorry 4 The Wait  
To make up for the time

[Verse 2 - Lil B] Yeah I do my thang, bitch wassup?  
Young BasedGod, came in with the ballers  
Iced out chain, bitch  
I'm rich off that same shit  
See 5 hoes on my dick, bitch, it's Christmas  
Straight Westside, Bay Area  
Bitch, I'll graze em  
Gritty boy shit, BasedGod from the angles  
On like a cradle and you niggas can't stop me  
Shouts out to Mack Maine getting rich and cocky.  
Bitches still Westside  
Shouts out to Weezy  
Young BasedGod with that .55 heater  
187 bitch, I put it to 11 bitch  
With that tiny shirt mane  
And the tiny pants mane  
I'm on BasedWorld and I f-ck with cash Money my niggas.  
Don't understand man  
The game like a chain  
Woo woo! Swag, bitch, Brang-dang-dang man  
Bra off the top, I'm a Wolfpack hitter  
My life just a painting  
And I paint you a picture, mane

Thing about it: a young paid-ass nigga  
This that stunt music: bitch, I just do's it  
It's Lil B and I'll muthaf-ckin prove it  
We runnin'

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