

High Beamin' (Feat. B.G.)

Lil' Wayne

[BG]

Niggas be hatin
'Cause BG got it
Every top of the line car they got
Look I ride it
From the Hummer to the Rover
To the drop jag
B and C lex truck
Nothin' my click ain't had
Everybody head was fucked
When they heard bout the deal
Cash Money hotboys climbed for 30-mill
Already was straight now we livin larger
Already was ballin now we ballin harder
bitches can't take me
Cause my wrist stay flossed out
Niggas hate me cause all day i'm flossed out
Ghetto made me
My dog, Baby, saved me
Niggas find out they hoe got fucked,?
That's how it go
It ain't my fault I got mega cheese
Walk that walk
Talk that talk i'm BG
Paperchaser to the fullest get my grind on
Gotta do it cause I made that song Get Yo' Shine On
[Chorus 3x]
Me and my click be sizzlin hot steamin
Bouncin' through diamonds high beamin'[Wayne]
Wha
I'ma flosser baby, baller baby
A fifteen year old shot caller baby
And I'm racin through
In the all black chrome
A Mercedes Coupe
Got yo' wife at my house
And she naked too
And all my niggas all around
Sayin 'Shake it Boo, go ahead to what you do'

It's Weezy dog and off the heezy dog
And I'm surrounded by the ice
It got me freezin' dog
And it's plain and simple
Won't change 'cause it's natural
Lil' Wayne a pimp y'all
Got the game from Beatris
I'm tryin to see six numbers
Pull up at the Grammy awards in six Hummers
Leave the Grammy awards with six womens
And make a stop at the gas station for six rubbers
Put it together
This is the life when you get full of the cheddar
Don't try to end it or you would'nt get better, what
[Chorus 4x][Wayne]
La, la, la, la
Here I come star rapper
I get the fast money
Short, cute hot boy that rapper Cash Money
Standin out the roof of my car
And flash hundreds
Take your girl to the mall
Spend a G like that's nothin
She lay on the floor
Open up the spot
Take off her draws
Let me see the cunt
Don't stop Lil' Weezy
We's ain't nothin nice
But gats in my Jesus Christ
Nothin but ice
When they see me at night
Behind I stay high
Snatch yo' wife
Run up in her with the K-Y
But it's on man
Ever since I was born Wayne
Nigga get out of line
I get dirty like John Wayne
I'm bout stuntin', flossin'
Whatever come wit it
And I don't shoot guns
Unless they have a drum wit it
At first they wasn't wit it
Thought that I was jokin

Now I got 'em all payin attention like they owe it[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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