

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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