Get Smoked (Feat. Lil Mouse)

Lil' Wayne

Intro: '09 We Tote, My Ni**as ain't no joke.
And We keep them blows, so please don't get smoked,
Fuck around with them fuck around, and you fuck around and get smoked. Fuck around with them fuck arounds and you fuck around and get smoked.(Lil Wayne)
Im Rollin, All my Ni**as Rollin.
Keep that fuckin' red bandana, Holk Hogan.
Im cuttin' up like scissors, Comin' down hard like Blizzards,
Im getting head while giving head, Thats a head on Collision.
Im all up on pill, I keep this shit Trill,
These Niggas aint forreal,...Like a Fire Drill.
Yo Hoe on my back like a fuckin' Feel fleel.
That bitch make her pu**y open and close like fish gills,
I Put all my niggas on, But some of them niggas gone,
Them niggas callin my phone. Leave me alone.
Im lightin up that strong, then pass it to my bro.
Numbers dont lie. Except 5-0.
Different color trucks for shirts, You ni**as pull down your skirts,
If i die off these purps, But a bad bitch in my hearse.
My hoes lift up their skirts, Im high as captain kirk, If we run out of work,
We Rob.Like Burke
(Chorus)
'09 We Tote, My Ni**as ain't no joke.
And We keep them blows, so please don't get smoked,
Fuck around with them fuck around, and you fuck around and get smoked. Fuck around with them fuck arounds and you fuck around and get smoked. [[x2]][Verse 2 - Lil Mouse]
Corlay RIP him, Darnell RIP him
If you disrespect them, then you gone meet them
My niggas rollin for seetah, that bitch going, she a eater
She was a good girl, I turned her to a eater
his squad move burbons, yea nigga on feedback
.30 clip and them hollow tips make him do the running man
Go for them, fuck man; I'm rolling with my hitters
I'll send my hitters out to go get you
Hella bands, hella bands, hit the club throwing hella bands
Heavy load, throwing hella bands, in the club doing the money dance
Hella bands, hella bands, hit the club throwing hella bands
Heavy load, throwing hella bands, in the club doing the money dance
Niggas talking shit in the club, he better watch his self
Melly got the .30 on his hip, he gone need some help

I'm a gangster, nigga, and I could do this shit my fucking self
Pistol to his melon; it ain't gone be nothing left[Hook x2 - Lil Mouse]
09, we tote - my niggas ain't no joke
And we keep them blows, so please don't get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked[Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]
Runnin' up with my gangstas, runnin' up in this yella hoes
Everybody wanna fuck my bitch
Her pussy lips like heaven doors
It's pussy money and kush
Skateboards and shroom
These niggas think they the shit
These niggas perfume
Highly grove, so highly grove
On my road so highly grove
I'm sick with it, I've been diagnosed
We don't cut the coke, that's diet coke
These niggas broke, I'm paid in full
Blood game, Redbull
My tongue like a serve board
Her pussy like a way pool[Hook x2 - Lil Mouse]
09, we tote - my niggas ain't no joke
And we keep them blows, so please don't get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked
Fuck around with them fuck-arounds, and you fuck around and get smoked
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/