

# Two Shots

## Lil' Wayne

[Verse 1:]

2 shots of whatever

2 shots of whatever

It's like tug-of-war, tryna pull myself together

I could probably do better, but probably's like never

I'm a pimp under pressure, leave my money on the dresser

Goons in this bitch, leave a nigga on a stretcher

It's all there, papa, you ain't even got to measure

Laughing at how my old bitches look jealous

Well what goes around comes around: propellers

Money Over Bitches - MOB, goodfellas

Cut her ears off, ain't shit she could tell us

Write your name on the bullet, that's a fuckin love letter

If I ain't a trending topic, I'm a fucking trend-setter[Hook: Lil Wayne]

I'm on 2 shots of whatever

2 shots of whatever

It's like tug-of-war, tryna pull myself together

I could probably do better, but probably's like never

I'm a pimp under pressure, leave my money on the dresser[Verse 2:]

If you're scared, go to church, Mason Betha

Sometimes the paper chase could be like chasing a leopard

The pussy wetter, wetter than it's ever been

But she gone probably try to cross the line like a Mexican

I ain't on that bullshit

Shawty fine as fuck though, now she kiss me on my neck

I hope she ain't cut-throat

Cut down on the syrup cause it made me fuck slow

Shoot so many times I'm a choke off the gunsmoke

Life, death, love, hate, pleasure, pain

Pay me no mind but I don't have change

I cock back and aim at your membrane

Broad day, no mask, close range You can get 2 shots from wherever

You can get 2 shots from whoever

It be like a puzzle tryna put you back together

I should probably do better but probably, whatever...[Verse 3:]

Your bullshit is stinking up the place

Me no tick Braddah me adon da place

Can't let these bitch niggas slide and touch base

I make her cum so many times, call her "nutcase"

It's Young Money baby, take your clothes off  
Give me them three holes: bowling ball  
2 shots of whatever  
Keep them bitches coming and she can get whatever I'm on 2 shots of whatever  
2 shots of whatever  
It's like tug-of-war, tryna pull myself together  
I could probably do better, but probably's like never  
I'm a pimp under pressure, leave my money on the dresser 2 shots of whatever  
2 shots of whatever

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