Realized

Lil' Wayne

What? What? Look, okay, let's cut the crap
I'm straight gangsta forget the rap
I only stick with that 'cause my ma don't wanna see me flip the crack
And I'm quick to click and spit the gat, I be dipped in blackSip the Coke mixed with Jack, Calico, clip to match
Like where them cats who trippin' at? Point niggas out
'Cause right now I'm full of that spinach that'll knock Lennox out
The Mack-10 is out, as well as the gauge and the pumpYou turn the page on the newspaper, see my face in the front
I lock it down for all my niggas that still caged in the dump
So if I come, nigga, just save me a blade and a pump
I'm raised in the slum where the bad growUnlike no other, I'm real gutta like bag 'Bauds
I stash O's in the drawers of my trash hoes
I flash dough at the laws when they pass slow
I mash low in a stolen hot RAV-4
The Mack's blow bullet holes for my cash flow
Is that so?I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog
That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all
If you don't get the hell when he swervin' by
That's your issue, God bless ya, you deserve to dieLook, which one of these niggas playin' with me?
I'ma strap up and slam his parent's street
When I blast, bullets spit faster than MC Hammer beats
I be damned if he get a chance to sleepI clamp the magazine in my gun and cut his family tree
I flash the piece at your lil' woman and make her dance for me
Then jam the freak with a broom blood leak from her panty crease
There has to be some explanation for this insanityYeah, y'all niggas faker than that boy, now give me the dank (Fill in the blank)
Niggas claim they want war when I suggest you live in a tank
What's your kid gonna think?
Come home and find your wig in the sinkI dig in the bank and pull out eighty, then cruise to Haiti
For fifty G's I get ten keys and straight out weight it
I lock my area down you can ask these boys
They know Wheezy got more white than the Backstreet BoysNever catch me unpack without them plastic toys
It get drastic, boy, niggas that's askin' for it
Wheezy, nigga it's Wheezy, nigga
Who? Wheezy, nigga, it's Wheezy, niggaI don't think you realize what's happenin', dog
That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all
And if you don't get the hell when he swervin' by
That's your issue, God bless ya, you deserve to dieI hope y'all niggas understand that I ain't playin' or jokin'
Bust shots, make you think the Grand Canyon open

Leave a busta bandanna smokin' from hot hollows
Me and my niggas flip your coke, then cop hot hoesTwo pistols, desperado gun busta
Pump one under your chest and knock a lung from ya
Hung under them killers and duck the pigs
And all of our diamonds shine and our trucks are bigAnd nigga, I don't really care if I don't sell a million quick
'Cause right now I'll quit and go and sell a million bricks
I sticks to what I love and that's the street
And stay away from what I hate and that's policeAnd I keep a trigga somewhere on me to start blowin'
And leave a nigga somewhere lonely with his heart showin'
When we all knowin' that Wheezy have never been fake
The metal will spray and let the bullets tear up your faceWho is Wheezy, nigga?
Who is Wheezy, nigga?
Wheezy, nigga
Lil' Wheezy, niggaSay, I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog
That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all
Say, I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog
That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'allIt's Wheezy, nigga, Lil' Wheezy, nigga
Don't tangle it, nigga
It's time to step down, ya heard me

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