Way of Life

U.D.O.

[MANNIE FRESH: Talking (Lil' Wayne)]
Look'a here... (Umm-hmm...)
This how we gon' do this...
Hook up the turntables,
Wolfe, get on the keyboard...
And we gon' run it, ya heard...

[MANNIE, BABY, & WAYNE]
[Talking]

[GIRL]
Cash Money..
Cash Money..
Cash Money..
Cash Money..

[LIL' WAYNE & BABY: Verse 1]
[LIL' WAYNE]
Now let me slide in the Benz with the fished out fins,
Hit the mall with my girlfriends, dish out ends.
Cause you know it ain't trickin' if you got it,
Cop baby girl what she desire, it's chump change mama.
Marijuana Scholar... Knowin' what I got up in my styrofoam cup?
That purple stuff. It was givin' to me at birth to stunt.
So that's why I cop the Bentley with the leather and the fur in the guts.

[BABY of Big Tymers]
(Ay, Ay, Ay..)
Hold on, mami! Them whips on dubs.
Cadillac truck, twenty-eights, no rubs.
Slide in the Benz, fins, bubble-eye lens,
Car show in New York, Ya'll know who wins!
It's the birdman, daddy, with the Gucci and Prada,
Slant-back, cut truck. No rims? Can't holla.
It's that Louie/Fendi on Ostrich streets,
It's the tailer-made daddy, Mami, do you love me?

[TQ: Hook (Mannie Fresh)]
Baby, I'ma a stunna.. (Oh! Oh! Oh!)
I ain't gon' change it.. (I told ya'll...)

Don't - you - know,
It's a way of liffeee... (I told ya'll...)
Mama, do you want it?
Cause I'm about to break it, (I told ya'll...)
Oooh, baby.. Can't stop the stuntin',
Nooo, nooo... (Bring back that beat...)

[BABY & LIL' WAYNE: Verse 2]
[BABY of Big Tymers]
Pop one, pop two.. Them new Nike shoes,
Royal blue Jag on them twenty-two's.
Flip white to green, 500 Degreez,
In that Cadillac truck on them twenty-three's.
I'm the boss of the game with the money and fame,
All these naked women that pop champagne.
And these marble floors stay high as Rick James,
If you know my name, then you know my game.

[LIL' WAYNE]
It's lil' whodi from the hot block with ser'ous flow,
Gotta get dough, cause ya'll won't feel me, bro.
But ya'll don't here me tho...
Till I'm rollin' down my window and my grill-ie show.
And you know I'm prolly pumpin' through the hood on the twenty-fo's,
Word! Rims pokin' out the side of the 'ERV,
Glock have ya ribs pokin' out the side of ya shirt.
I'm a seventeenth nigga and I ride for the turf. Whoo!

[TQ: Hook (Mannie Fresh)]
Baby, I'ma a stunna.. (I told ya'll...)
I ain't gon' change it..
Don't - you - know,
It's a way of liffeee... (I told ya'll...)
Mama, do you want it?
Cause I'm about to break it,
Oooh, baby.. Can't stop the stuntin',
Nooo, nooo...

[LIL' WAYNE & BABY: Verse 3]
[LIL' WAYNE]
Ay...
And my pinky glow... Cause my ring is so...
Blingy-blingy, yo... Stop blinkin' though...
We smoke - stinky, stinky dro,
And we don't cop them ency-wency O's,

And we don't stop. Nah! We blow, fuck the peo-ple!
Everywhere we go, we smell like E-yo.
The birdman my paw, so that make me go...
"Fllyy like an eagle!" Fo' sheezo!

[BABY (Lil' Wayne)]
They think cause I stay at English Turn,
That Stunna don't have a O - Z to burn, (Light it up!)
I go in each sto' and ball like a dog,
Me and my nig's, we ball like a dog.
Cars on the streets, all on our lawn.
Ice in my teeths, all on my arm.
Tat's in my face, my back, and my arm. (What?)

[LIL' WAYNE]
Tat's in MY face, my back, and my arm.

[TQ: Hook]
Baby, I'ma a stunna..
I ain't gon' change it..
Don't - you - know,
It's a way of liffeee...
Mama, do you want it?
Cause I'm about to break it,
Oooh, baby.. Can't stop the stuntin',
Nooo, nooo...

[MANNIE FRESH: Talking]
Yep!... There it is!.. ya' lil' low-life...
See, I'm a pro - fessional. You a rookie.
Fuckin' game so serious...
I could sell a hooker some pussy...
Now, that's some serious shit...
Oh, yea! Bel'ieve that!
Who we rollin' wit?
We rollin' wit Cash Money!
Oh, I forgot about "peace"!
PEEACE! I mean... "Piece" of pussy,
"Piece" of land, "Piece" of property...
It's just a mind game...

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