

Go DJ (Feat. Mannie Fresh)

Lil' Wayne

Yea, yea, yea

Grown ups in between, children and babies
Right about now its yo boy, ya heard, back again

DJ MannieFre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err FreshGo DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, yea

Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do, ya heardLadies and gentlemen, what you have here is
brought to you

Courtesy of the young man young Carter and the great man Mannie Fresh

So what I want yall out there to do for me is say this

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

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Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's myMurder one on one, the hottest nigga under the sun

I come from under the tummy, bustin a tommy

Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your arm hit

Pow, one to the head now you know he dead

Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game

Naw better yet a veteran a hall of fame

I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names

Ay its Cash Money Records man a lawless gang

Put some water on the track, Fresh for all this flame

Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo brain

Cuz the flow is spasmatic what they call insane

That aint even a muthafuckin aim I get dough boy

And you already know that pimpin

18 how I'm livin young'n show that Bentley

Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me

Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me

Oh!

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

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Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJLet's go
And I move like the Coupe thru traffic
Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent
Ya bitch present wit the music blastinAnd she keep askin how it shoot if its plastic
I tell her you see if ya boy run up, she sat back and cut the Carter back
up, oh fa sho
Ay Big Mike they betta step theys authority up
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns
You niggas never harmin young, fly wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talkingAnd I aint just begun, I been
runnin my city like Diddy ya chumpI fly by ya in a foreign whip, on the throttle wit a model bony bitch
Pair of phony tits, her hair is long and shit, to her thong and shit
Well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets goHold on let me hit the blunt
So go, so go
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the CarterSay go DJ, cuz that's my D
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's myBirdman put them niggas in a trash canLeave em outside of your door
I'm your trash man
I'm steady lightin up the hash and ridin in my jagYou will need a gas mask manYou snakes, stop hidin in the
grass
Sooner or later I'll cut it now the blades in yo ass
You homo niggas getting Aids in the ass
While the homie here tryna get paid in advance
I'm stayin on my grizzly I'ma bonafide hustler
Play me or play wit me then I'm gonna find your mother
Niggas wanna eat cuz they aint ate nothin
But niggas wanna leave when you say you out of mustard
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leavin out
Leavin behind just residue and bones
In your residence with Rugers to your dome
Like where the fuck you holdin the coke, holdin your throat, chokeThis, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this,
this, this, this, this
This is the CarterSay go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ
Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my
Go DJ, DJ, DJ

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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