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
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 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
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 cuz that's my
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

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 grizzy 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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