Back On My Grizzy

Lil' Wayne

Bitch im back on my grizzy,
Young money where ya at?,
Two tables and a mic,
Tell the Dj run it back,
Bitch im back on my grizzy,
Young money where ya at?,
If you fuck wit Young Money,
Young Money where you at?,
Like the energizer bunny wit a battery pack,
Boy that drummer keep drummin, like B-r-r-at-at-at-tat,
Or B-r-r-rump-bum-bum-bum,And
Im so young but im a Giant like Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum,
Just bought a new crib, inside so dumb,
Got some money put away, in case the hurricane come,
Im a fuckin shame huh? yea i know yea i know,
I go out the country to get all my clothes and my hoes,
i go out my way just to get my dro and my doe,
Cause, I love it more than i love my hoes yes i doess,
I got gasoline comin out my pores,
Imma torch,
I got glasses like that white boy Scott Storch,
And a porsche,
I got license for tha scortch,
Snipers at your porch,
Rifles by the forts,
And we shoot up courts,
The judge juss a bitch,
The jury suck dick,
Im a eastside blood,
And i dont smoke that crip,
I smoke that kush,
First name Bubba,
First name Young,
Last name Stunna,
Carter in the office,
Take notes when im talkin,
Smooth as a cruise boat floats when im walkin,
I boast cause im ballin,

I boast to be ballin,

When im on the phone wit bitches man the money keep callin,
You aint satisfied till ya son'll be callin,
Tellin you where to leave the money in the mornin,
Ok you wanna zombie move instead,
Thats when you walk in ya house and everybody dead,
I can take a shit where i stand,
Where i stand...and watch you pussies piss in ya pants,
You aint a man your a hoe,
I can kill him with the flow,
And then play the guitar at the fuckin funeral,
Big guns so they drinkin big shots,
And my game go Saddam Hussein and missile launch,
The Corrain call me Wayne Chain,
Listen ma, i dont know karate, but after the brain, i kick you out,
You niggas suck like tony romo, no homo,
And im all about my money, i get paid for promo yeaa,
Im the man in this bitch, they say money talks well
Im tha ventriloquist,
And if i ever jump, il prolly land in ya bitch,
Boy that hoe colder than my hand and my wrist,
Boy im more cooler than a fan and a mint,
And when im done this track will need a couple bandages,
I be wit savages and im above average,
Im a crazy ass star like a fuckin asterick,
You niggas cant see me, im on my casper shit,
Runnin so much game, i fuck around and lap a bitch,
The club like a grocery, i juss bag a bitch,
And you kno im gonna score like Deion after picks,
Im rollin on a pill, she get that mornin after dick,
And when my robe came down guess whut i did after it,
I popped and took some patron shots,
I pop popped and took some Grey goose shots,
I pop popped...yea..
Young Money bitch, and if you niggas wan' do it , we chop chop,
Leave ya back on tha block,
We pop cops,
And there aint no rights on my block,
I got shop,
I got that dro, i got them pills, i got that yay,
Give it to them hoes and watch them bitches freak away...

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