Let's Go (feat. Big Tymers)

Lil Wayne

It's gravy nigga. Believe it.
You hot? Fuck it. Hot as a firecracker.
(It's gravy too.) I got a mac in this bag.
(click clock) What you got? Glock. (Look)[Baby]
Nigga I'ma tell ya straight off the bat
I got a mac in this bag with 20 grams of crack
And I'ma sit in the back seat of yo' 'Lac
Just in case I gotta snap, a firette to the chest
If I don't know shit, I know cars and broads
I done ordered plenty hits and watched heads come off
And I done saw my nigga get life behind them bars
To them dog hoes, nigga, we scream "fuck 'em all!"
I hustle hard in these city streets
I got my block on fire with my HB's
Spinnin' Benz in these drop tops double r
Cook a brick, flip 'em up, now I got 'em hard
And you can find me
Right up in them hallways, holdin' and totin'
Got the whole motherfuckin block loaded and smokin'
Nigga know one thang: its some uptown shit
If a nigga get it fucked, then we killin' a bitch[Chorus]
Nigga I'ma tell ya this, straight off the bat
I got a mac in this bag, with 20 grams of crack
Well let's go nigga, see we can slide nigga
'cause if you hot, then I'm hot, let's ride nigga
Look, I'ma tell you this, straight off the top
I got a blunt, and a glock, and a bag of rocks
Let's go nigga, let's slide nigga
If you hot, then I'm hot, let's ride nigga[Lil Wayne]
Better pay attention now so you don't forget later
I run the damn block, I oversee all of the paper
Don't make me take ya, play ya
I cock the glock and spray ya
Call it a caper, won't be no as-salama-laka
And J, he got the gauges, they cocked and ready
Make me run up in ya places and pop ya daddy
Got them bricks rocked and heavy, let it be known
I cook it hard and cut 'em in zones and the money be gone
Then I hit a blunt to the dome, and ride when night falls

Supply the white raw, if there's a problem, knock ya wife off
Lock the spot down
Respect it young nigga, I'm creepin' over
Now cut it with just a little bakin' soda, breakin' boulders
I take it out my holster and bakin' soldiers whenever
Nigga it's whatever, tell ya ma to call the reverend
You see me on the block with crack, gats, and weed
Rats, plats, and ki's, that's practically meChorus[Lil Wayne]
See I'm a hustler, cut-throat, put rhymes in mom's muffler
You can't even count how many times the 9's bust at ya
Some of the, niggas that you run with are, suckas bruh
None of ya, won't leave, without some bullets up in ya
Niggas can't hold me down, wodie wild
'cause all that they can hear is loud screamin' and explosive sounds
They show me how to cook that brown and rock that white
No school, put that book back down, pick up that knife
See that's the real reason I hate to be on tour
I'd rather be back on the block with a bird of that pure
Niggas got it all wrong, thinkin' I'm all song
But yall gon' twist it and end up all gone
Dog-gone cocksuckers, you not thuggers
I pop dozens of glocks, cousins, in my struggle
So stop frontin', it ain't gon' get ya everywhere
I'ma start bustin', and bullets hit ya everywhereChorus x 2[Baby talks till end]

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