Ym Salute

Lil' Wayne

Better strap up your boots
Before they start to shoot
Let's do it for the troops
It's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute
Yeah, uh, so sick wit' the flow
Yeah, ya cowboys know that Lil' Twist
Been a pro way before Romo no T.O.
No wetting cowboys to a piston
A.I., no Wallace, your kids getting demolished
I'm booking on your suckers like I'm just leaving college
But smart, very smart, too smart for ya knowledge
Too smart once more, Wayne called me a genius
It's YME nothin' gets in between us
Tell Wayne I'm going in like somebody 'bout to bury me
In this rap game nobody could ever bury me
That's why you see me on stage rocking wit' Young Money
I told my team I got us man it's all on me
Like volume two, B.G., I got my crew with me
Twist, Mack, Millz, Gudda and my baby, Nicki
Every time I'm on the track it's ransom
Can't find 'em like us anymore, it's random
When Young Money come through you better salute us
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
The salute, the salute
Hey yo, I solemnly swear if it ever go down
You ain't never gotta call me 'cause I'ma be there
Let's get to the point like elbows
My crew harder than Shelltoes
Strapped like Velcro and this we running, hell, no
And truthfully, aiming for number one oh do we
You ask why I reply 'cause nobody remember two or three
Cross YM and the hem will make a movie
We all that we can be, respect the army and salute we
Yeah, Young Money army, we marching
We coming forward, no warning

We got these boys running like Forest
So salute me like a general, first place, never last
Always on top and I'm a chief like a Seminole
Got the game in a strangle hold no letting up
You can get the top, ya can pop like 7 Up
Knock, knock, let us up, Young Money applaud me
And we'll take the game out your hands like a joystick
I'ma need my badges and my ribbons
Maybe it will make up for everything that I wasn't given
Everything that I've given, I swear I'll never give in
Just look at what I've been in and this is just the beginning
I d-d-do it 'cause I did it for my ballerina girls
Blowing kisses to the soldiers I am Marilyn Monroe
But we shoot, shoot, shoot 'em up, camouflage me
'Cause Young Money is the navy, better yet the army
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
The salute, the salute
Commander-in-chief
One hand on the world, one hand on the brief
I stand on the world, bitch, I stand on the peak
Of the game and the girls, and the guap, now that's G
Don't ask me about shit but money
Fucking right, my money long, I got that 10 foot money
I get it fast when I get to the money
When I walk, it sound like 10 foots running
I meant feet, I'm in deep like wet pussy
I'm a purple heart proven war vet' rookie
You can't even sit next to me
Now bring money or death to me, or don't step to me
Now don't step nigga, march with me
To the steps of the court building like ain't we God's children?
I know at all times gods feel me
So I play my part until the war, kill me, salute or shoot, nigga
Better strap up your boots before they start to shoot
Let's do it for the troops, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
It's Young Money salute, it's Young Money salute
The salute, the salute

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