Lock And Load

Rockethouse

[Lil' Wayne Intro]
Yeah, vibe wit me sweetheart it aint hard,
Ah fuck dem niggaz I aint worried bout dem
This Cash Money baby ya no what im takin bout
its the Carter II, Kurupt holla at dem niggaz (nigga)

[Chorus (Kurupt)]
We won, we won and then we shot that BB gun
they lost, they lost we took they shit now its time to floss (Lock & Load) [2x]

[Verse 1 (Lil'Wayne)]
22 year old 17 war vet life in the fast lane little red corvette little red handkerchief hangin out the right side back pocket jeans fallin
cover my Evisu sign
yep we do shine and they gon hate but they hated G's is baby we wont break
so we ride like four perrelli's so s-cary no security, no protectin, no conparin lokin heavy , Oceans 11 , aviators, both taker, so fakers, no players im
hollygrove to the heart hollygrove from the start dont cross airheart boluvard or the war i come from 1-7 one shot never that blum, blum, blrrr, blrrr,
pop, pop, clap, clap what the fuck hollygrove stand up nigga duck.

[Chorus (Kurupt)]

[Verse 2 (Lil' Wayne)]
get em get em weezy hit em where you kill em easy sit em in the river leave em they find em tomorrow evenin sinkin im prolly drinkin that
syrup thinkin I wont slip even tho im leanin like a broke hip. he aint know I got the nina with the full clip thats a sommersault, backspin full flip for
ya. push this button ill flip out and hit sumthin miss nuthin im just bustin until the scene clean. twelve hundred for the jeans stop playin a hundred
dollars for the glock in my pants who the man I am when I stand with it pointed right at your face knock your brains from the back of your neck for lack
of respect I strap a jet black gat to the death tell my momma to bury me with that no bullshit my hood gettin kinda crazy where I be so rony's wit me
cause he's the O.G.

[Chorus (Kurupt)]

[Verse 3 (Lil' Wayne)]
Fresh out the backseat of the figgity Phantom the hater I make em madder when I wave at em like "what up" if

it aint bout money I keep goin
im tryin to get that green im tryin to mow my lawn but fuck. dem boyz (?) shoty on my armor dem boyz run up I leave they bodies on the lawn and duck the
fuck outta there cause baby its hotter there if this was a movie its time to roll the credits "CUT" its all over all of your brains are all over the
mother fuckin block im a mother fuckin rock hard body Eagle street 17 shots night vision double clip hot steady beam glock pop, drop little man drop this
is not for little bitches your man all (?) im layin in the drop thinkin of more money, Cash Money, young money, take money, your money

[Chorus (Kurupt)]

[Lil' Wayne Outro]
hahaha, yeah, lock & load, ya know, I thought they knew it was really real daddy, yeah, homeboy, my mother fuckin wristband was 300
dollars no lie, Dolce & Gabbana, they should pay me for sayin that shit, so is my jeans they wasnt 300 but they Dolce too, yeah, we won mother fucker, we
winnin over here, thats right, hey, somebody call gordon tell him pull up front open the doors suicide, lets ride out, you got money you know what the
fuck im takin bout, if ya dont, keep thinkin, if you can do that, your losin streak is goin up, why?, cause we here (?) straight up

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