Get Bizzy

Lil' Wayne

(DJ Drama)
see you niggas killin' me man
did you think i don't hear you talkin'?
like "why wayne and dram' workin'?
didn't wayne dis dram'?
didn't dram' dis wayne?" (Gangsta grillz you bastards!)
see ya'll niggas just wait til i turn around then talk about me
Fool-ass niggas
but i'll do this for ya'll
ya'll ain't learned that? HAHAHAHA
(lil wayne)
uhh Young young young young young young yooouuunnng young mula baby
young mula baby young young mulah baby you ready?
Weezy f bitch, im tired of yall hatin
I know ya head hurtin' you tylenol takin mafuckers im the man
just ask your ol' lady, like a true gentleman im after yo lady
Im a massacre waitin' to happen fuck all this rappin boy
I get to cappin and leave you with holes like a napkin man
He gon need napkin no a band aid no a damn grave
I am rampage jackson on a rampage step in my cage
Picture on my page printed in a best book
Come up out my left pocket with a left hook
Mamma said knock ya out, money made me block ya out
I got the game on lock and i lock ya out
My jewelery singin' like a oprah house, i bought that drop top phantom of the oprah yea, get silly not stupid man
Never save a hoe she better ask soulja boy to superman
You can bet when i sleep im poloed down head to feet, polo horses on my sheets, i get that from pimp c
Tall cup of dj screw, sittin on a pint of big moe
Sharper than a tack hoe, you can keep the tick toe
Yea, red scarf on my neck, red diamonds lookin like red barf on my neck
EHH
Tell my bass, nigga sue woo cause i be with more B's than ju ju
Big Boss im a big dog, and i dont mean fleas when i say im ticked off
HAHAHA
Nigga i dont eva scratch, and if she throw that pussy, big dog fetch type of soldier on some sketch that shit
imma draw that pistol make your chest a tablet you are just a tad bit and imma whole lot young money
motherfucka but the money so not

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/