

Bm J.R

Lil' Wayne

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talking bout'
I peep these niggas out here they slipping like they ain't bout
Money no more man, so what fuck
You know what we goin' do ha?
We goin' do what we been doing nigga
We goin' load up, get a lot mo' and a lot mo' and say fuck em'
Nigga
Keep fucking hoes
Loading up on mo' bitches
Then you know what I'm saying, we goin' get greedy too nigga
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind I got it, I got it,
Murder capital, only key to survive is kill
If the elements don't murder you the riders will for real
And niggas know I goes hard to the fullest
Get involved and I got' em' playing dodge ball with bullets, Yeah
I got the sawed off fully, in the Sean John hoody
Get fucked ya play pussy
We hit em' up when they ain't looking and them body shots hurt
And the head shots took him
Damn
And if the read dot spot him then the hollow head got him
Knock his top to his bottom jack
You see me grind from the bottom just to make it to the bottom
At the very bottom of the map
Lou-easy-ana piranhas everywhere you at
You gotta weigh an extra condom and an extra gat
You bitch could get it for acting like a man
Them niggas in Pakistan ain't packin' like ya man
I back his hand ya man on command
In front of niggas he cool with the boys on fam
I'm on, I am just in different climates,
Ducking the animal keep on running wit my primates
You ain't did it till you done it like in 5 states,
Weezy hustle no blubber I put on weight
And in a drought I go on I diet and stretch more
Loose all that weight, leave a nigga with stretch marks
You don't even come up to a nigga chest paw, super,
What the fuck they play it in the club for
Real shit I'm ducking bombs from a drug war,

No religion but the cops swear that I'm a drug lord
Father forgive em' for they no not who they pushing lord
Father forgive me if I have to send them to ya lord
I'm just trying to dodge the shots they send to the god
They riding up highway to heaven boulevard
Damn, them niggas pussy and jive,
Not even in an eye exam they ain't looking for "I"
The A and the K will make ya face crook to the side
Now when you smiling everybody gotta look from the side
Cause when you wilding you ain't looking, you just looking high
And when we hungry you look like pie
Sweet potato ass nigga, you lemon meringue, apple custard, cherry jelly
Don't make me get the biscuit buster
What up gizzle you my distant brother
Real shit nigga same father different mother, yep
I skip the fronting and sticks to keeping it trill
You not know me for nothing other than people you feel, I'm deeper for real
I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill
Rest in peace Yeah, you under-dig, shorty its all about one thing nigga,
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us,
If you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us nigga
And whatever you bout we bout it,
However you wanna get it we can give it to ya
Order bitch, ya under-dig
Put ya prints in nigga
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and lets roll Hey, hey
You sleep in a field for trying the dude
I bust ya head until the meat turns ya mind to food
Foot for thought, think I ain't lying to you
I lie his body in grease set fire to him
I tie his body in sheets, put the tires to him
Make him feel the escalade, put his feet in the blades, damn!
I'm near heating and blaze a nigga keep
They ways when I'm in the streets with blades
Watch, my nigga hungry, he'll eat the plate
And if I ask, the homeboy will eat'cha face, yea
And though he got me, you can ask, I'm like a pool table
I keep the eight
My side pocket sideways
When I pop it leave a nigga sideways
For five days
Birdman talk to em' Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty
If it ain't about money get all the fuck from round us Hey, hey
Check my swag, I travel like sound dog
You play hard in the gravel like ground dog

I'm underground call me groundhog
Lay down logs call me ground law
Don't confuse me with the law, nah but just confuse me with my paw
Because I am the Birdman J-R
I ain't tripping nigga, I play the corner like Ripkin nigga
With the 40 cal Ripkin nigga, rip a nigga
Flip ya vehicle, split ya windshield
Wack ya baby momma but I let the kid live
And people say that I am a kid still, cause the lil' nigga still rides on big wheels
You feeling animal then come on and get killed
And sig pill bandannas like banana's
Say I'm slight bananas I blow a weekend in Havana
In my cabana,
With my bottom bitch from savanna
Man a train couldn't stop ya man
I man up and you not a man
I stand up, say I got my land
I'm the man of my land
Call it Lil-Weezy-ana
That's the new plan Yeah nigga, you bout some money get at me nigga
That's the only way
Dumb shit we bout that get at me
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga

Songwriters

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