

What We Need (Feat. G. Malone)

Lil' Wayne

This is what we need, you decided this
What you say..oooo (x4)Glasses malone:
G malone, Still on the block with it,
Just posted, my steel got some rounds in it.
Case haters make a problem and i gotta solve it,
Belly leaned against the curtain like an alcoholic.
Kill bill was still kicking like lucy lu,
And watch my Lil homies hustle like i used to do.
Heard they mad i got crips calling troops with rules.
What they all turning gang y'all be used to ??
here to stay your cake leaves 6 summers
your baby mama already want the dick from em
and your sister calling me her little bust it baby.
While your teenage daughter steals my post for fame
so crazy, haters scared to start me up
you can't fade me, your clippas ain't sharp enough
Ain't another rapper breathing, Its smart and tough
So any dummy tryna learn me better smartin up.Chorus
This is what we need, you decided this
What you say..oooooo (x4)Lil Wayne :
Come on, Call me Weezy baby, (yeah) hands up, tick waven.
Hey now, lay down like a nigga put a bed down.
Sleep tight, die in a dirt cheap life.
Suit, tuck, tie, and the shirt speech nice,
I blump some throats, trucker bloke (go on)
Where we at daddy, guns and coke.
home, the quitter we smoke the rise provoke (bom)
All them busters allow me suffer-in
Show em not to ever fuck around with the fuckers-and
Stop looking up the mountain above ya
HAvE you looking under cars, inspecting mufflers
you know Thats reality baby, check your calendar
Every days a new day and this can be the last one (yeah)
So you better make it pay off
or make a nigga scratch a day off. (Weezy)Chorus (x4)Look baby its g's ova here, Cheese over here.
pass them lames tryna holla at ya.
You come and ride with a thug, i'm fly as a dove
Switching lanes, tossing dollars at ya.
Ain't you tired of them fakes, who lie about the cake

you can tell them dudes probably actors
But me and wayne got an addiction
One of em trippin be the one either ones happenin
Now getting back to the gutter,
Back to the corner
Back to the grimey shit
I mean i'm back at the butter
Back filling quotas
Back tryna find the brick
I heard you 21 again, connects getting hit and want us to make ammends
But really i ain't trippin hommie know i make an end
Cuase my rip game is funny shit don't make a twin nigga. Chorus (X4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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