500 Degreez

Lil Wayne

[Mannie Fresh talking]
Yea, yea, yea
Grown ups in between, children and babies
Right about now it's yo boy, ya heard, back again
DJ Mannie
Fre Fresh Err Fresh
Fre Fresh Err Fresh
Fre Fresh Err Fresh
Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Go DJ, that's my DJ
Go DJ, that's my DJ
Go DJ, that's my DJ
Go DJ, yea
Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do, ya heard

[Lil Wayne talking]
Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought to you
Courtesy of the young man young Carter and the great man Mannie Fresh
So what I want y'all out there to do for me is say this

[Hook]
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my 'cause that's my

[Lil Wayne]
Murder one on one, the hottest nigga under the sun
I come from under the tummy, bustin a Tommy
Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your arm hit
Pow, one to the head now you know he dead
Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game
Naw better yet a veteran a hall of fame
I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names
Ay it's Cash Money Records man a lawless gang
Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his flame
Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo brain
'Cause the flow is spasmatic what they call insane
That aint even a muthafuckin aim I get dough boy

And you already know that pimpin
18 how I'm livin young 'n show that Bentley
Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me
Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me

[Hook]
[Repeat X2]

And I move like the Coupe thru traffic
Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent
Ya bitch present wit the music blastin
And she keep askin how it shoot if it's plastic
I tell her you see if ya boy run up, she said back and cut the Carter back
Up, oh fa sho
Ay Big Mike they betta step thangs it's already up
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns
You niggas never harmin young, fly wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talking, shut up
And I aint just begun, I been runnin my city like Diddy ya chump
I fly by ya in a foreign whip, on the throttle wit a model bony bitch
Pair a phony tits, her hair is long and shit, to her thong and shit
Well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets go

[Lil Wayne talking]
Hold on let me hit the blunt
So go, so go
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the Carter

[Hook X1]

[Lil Wayne]
Birdman put them niggas in a trash can
Leave em outside of your door I'm your trash man
I'm steady lightin up the hash and ridin in my jag
You will need a gas mask man
Use it, stop hidin in the grass
Sooner or later I'll cut it knock the blades in yo ass
You homo niggas getting Aids in the ass
While the homie here tryna get paid in advance
I'm stayin on my grizzy I'ma bonafide hustler
Play me or play wit me then I'm goin find your mother
Niggas wanna eat 'cause they aint ate nothin
But niggas wanna leave when you say you out of mustard
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leavin out

Leavin behind just residue and bones
And your residents with Rugers to your dome
Like where the fuck you holdin the coke, holdin your throat, choke

This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this
This is the Carter

[Hook X1]

Go DJ, DJ, DJ

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/