

Shooter

Tony Igy

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Weezy, baby, y'all don't get shot

Rapid fire, what you know about it?

I brought my homie along for the ride

He strapped, he can't wait to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"

Then even louder, "We got shooters, shooter"

I turnin' around, I was starin' at chrome

Shotgun watches door, got security good

Jumped right over counter

Pointed gun at winkin' teller

I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South

But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out

Bang, die, bitch nigga, die, I hope you bleed a lake

I'ma play X-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake

I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake

Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face

They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen

Call me Automatic Weezy, bitch, I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and all these riches

But ain't no loaners around

They thinkin' about shooters that, shooters that

Guns, girls, ladies that, gunners that

Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shooter

Yeah, hands up

They want me with my hands up

Oh, shooter

No, no but I'm not

I just cry, mama, I think they, hey

I think they want me to surrender, shooter

And to the radio stations, I'm tired of bein' patient

Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters

Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers

It's outrageous
You don't know how sick you make us
I wanna to throw up like chips in Vegas
But this is Southern, face it
If we too simple, then y'all don't get the basics
Lady walks into a shotgun surprise
Dropped to her knees, saw her life before her eyes
He said, "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon' regret it
I'm your shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter
Sock soakin' wet, I been runnin', y'all
I reload every hundred yards, I'm comin' forward
Better know me, Lil' Wayne, just call me Lord
Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw way past par
For I'm some shit you never saw
I take you to the shootout, baby, win, lose or draw
Yeah and then they ask who, when, where, how
And my reply was simply pow
They want me to surrender
Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me to surrender
Oh, shooter
No, no
I promise no surrender
I got my burner
And I'm your shooter

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