

Go DJ

Lil' Wayne

Yea, yea, yea
Grown ups in between, children and babies
Right about now it's yo boy, ya heard, back again
DJ MannieFresh, Fresh
Fresh, FreshGo 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 heardLadies 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 thisSay 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,'cause that's myMurder 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 deadNow, 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 gangPut some water on the track, Fresh for all his frame
Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo brain
'Cause the flow is spasmodic what they call insane
That ain't even a muthafuckin' aim I get dough boyAnd 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 meSay go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
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Say go DJ, 'cause that's my 'cause that's mySay go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
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Say go DJ, 'cause that's my DJ
Say go DJ, 'cause that's my,'cause that's my,'cause that's myAnd I move like the Coupe through 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 plasticI 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 and I ain't 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, paraphony tips, her hair is long and shit, to her thong
 And shit, well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets go 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 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, 'cause that's my Birdman put them niggas in a trash can
 Leave 'em outside of your door I'm your trash man
 I'm steady lightin' another hash and ridin' in my Jag
 You will need a gas mask man You snakes, 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 grizzly I'ma bona fide hustler
 Play me or play wit me then I'm goin' find your mother
 Niggas wanna eat 'cause they ain't 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
 In 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 is the Carter 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 Go DJ, DJ, DJ

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