John

Lil' Wayne

.44 bulldog, my motherfucking pet
I point it at you and tell that motherfucker, fetch
I'm fucking her good, she got her legs on my neck
I get pussy, mouth and ass, call that bitch triple threatWhen I was in jail she let me call her collect
But if she get greedy, I'ma starve her to death
Top down, it's upset
Been fucking the world and nigga, and I ain't cum yetYou fuck with me wrong, I knock your head off your neck
The flight too long, I got a bed on the jet
The guns are drawn and I ain't talking about a sketch
I pay these niggas with a reality checkPrepare for the worst but still praying for the best
This game is a bitch, I got my hand up her dress
The money don't sleep, so Weezy can't rest
And AK47 is my fucking addressI'm not a star, somebody lied
I got a chopper in the car
I got a chopper in the car
I got a chopper in the carYeah, load up the choppers like it's December 31st
Roll up and cock it, and hit them niggas where it hurts
If I die today, remember me like John Lennon
Buried in Louis, I'm talking all brown linen, huhBig black nigga and an icy watch
Shoes on the coupe, bitch, I got a Nike shop
Count the profits, you could bring them in a Nike box
Grinding in my Jordans, kick them off they might be hot, swishI'm swimming in the yellow bitch
In the red, 9-11 looking devilish
Red beam make a bitch nigga sit down
Thought he were bulletproof 'til he got hit the fifth timeDrop Palmolive in a nigga dope
Make it come back even harder than before
Baby, I'm the only one that paid your car notes
Well connected, got killers off in ChicagoI'm not a star, somebody lied
I got a chopper in the car
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I got a chopper in the carYeah, load up the choppers like it's December 31st
Roll up and cock it, and hit them niggas where it hurts
If I die today, remember me like John Lennon
Buried in Louis, I'm talking all brown linen, huhTalk stupid get your head popped
I got that Esther, bitch, I'm Red Fox
Big B's, Red Sox
I get money to kill time, dead clocksYou're fucking with a nigga who don't give a fuck
Empty the clip, then roll the window up
Pussy niggas sweet, you niggas Cinnabon

I'm in a red bitch, she say she finnin' cumTwo hundred thou' on a chain, I don't need a piece
That banana clip, let Chiquita speak
Dark shades, Eazy E
Five letters, Y-M-C-M-BBitch ass nigga, pussy ass nigga
I see you looking with your looking ass nigga
You don't know the rules, kill them all and keep moving
If I die today, it'd be a holidayI'm not a star, somebody lied, I got a chopper in the car
So don't make it come alive
Rip your ass apart, then I put myself together
Y-M-C-M-B, Double M, we rich foreverThe bigger the bullet, the more that bitch going to bang
Red on the wall, Basquiat when I paint
Red Lamborghini 'til I gave it to my bitch
My first home invasion, papa gave me forty bricksSon of a bitch, then I made a great escape
Ain't it funny, mama? Only son be baking cakes
Pull up in the sleigh, hop out like I'm Santa Claus
Niggas gather around, got gifts for each and all of y'allTake it home and let it bubble, that's the double up
If you get in trouble that just mean you fucking up
It's a cold world, I need a bird to cuddle up
I call the plays, motherfucker huddle upI'm not a star, somebody lied
I got a chopper in the car, yeah

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