Uproar (feat. Swizz Beatz)

Lil Wayne

Y'all know his name
Ayo Mac
Ladies and gentlemen, C5 (Oh) (crowd cheering)
Wayne time (Oh)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Woo)
Zone, zone, zone, zone, zone
Let me see your shoulders work
I mean, I don't know what y'all came here to do, but uhh
If you don't ain't a lighter, what the fuck you smoking forWhat the fuck though? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, I let one go
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo
You a roughneck, I'm a cutthroat
You're a tough guy, that's enough jokes
Then the sun die, the night is young though
The diamonds still shine, get it rough hoe
What the fuck though? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, where the ones go?
It's a shit show, put you front row
Talkin' shit, bro? Let your tongue show
Money over bitches, and above hoes
That is still my favorite love quote
Put the gun inside, what the fuck for?
I sleep with the gun, then she don't snoreWhat the fuck yo? Where the love go?
Trade the ski mask, for the muzzle
It's a blood bath, where the Suns go?
It's a Swizz beat, down the drums go?
If she's iffy, down the drugs go
If she sip lean, double cup toast
Gotta duffle full of hundos
Down the love go, where's the uproar?
What the fuck tho? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, I let one go
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo
What the fuck though? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, I let one go
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro
Aimin' at your head like a buffaloGet the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro'

I come out the scuffle without a scuff, bro
Puff, puff, bro, I don't huff though
Yellow diamonds up close, catch a sunstroke
At your front door with a gun stowed
"Knock-knock, who's there" is how it won't goThis the jungle so have the utmost
For the nutzos, and we nuts, so
What the fuck, bro? It's where I'm from, bro
We grew up fast, we rolled up slow
We throw up gang signs, she throw up dope
Dreadlock hang down like a bundle
Put the green in the bag, like a lawnmower
Hair trigger pulled back like a cornrowExtra clip in the stash like a console
Listenin' to Bono, you listen to Don O
What the fuck though? Where the love go?
Swizzy, you a chef, I like my lunch gross
Just look up,
bro there the stars goI see the shovel, but where the drugs go? Mm
To the unknown
Only way he comin' is through his unborns
If you see what's in my bag, think I'm a drug lord
It's empty when I give it back, now where's the uproar?What the fuck though? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, I let one go
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro
Aimin' at your head like a buffaloWhat the fuck though? Where the love go?
Five, four, three, two, I let one go
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