

# Shooter

MLO

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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