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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