

# Shooter

Robin Thicke

Yea, yea, yea  
Weezy baby y'all, (yeah)  
Don't get shot  
Rapid fire, what you know about it?  
I brought my homie along for the ride  
He strapped, he came here to come out the barrel  
RobI heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"  
Then even louder we got shooters, shooter  
I turn around, I was starin' at chrome  
Shotgun watches door, got security good (check)  
Jumped right over counter  
Pointed gun at, Winky tell her  
I'm gon' shooter, shooter, shooterMy hands up (yeah)  
My hands up (yeah)  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter  
Oh, shooterI think they want me to surrender  
But no, I can't do it  
But no, I can't do itMy hands up (yeah)  
My hands up (yeah)  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooterI think they want me to surrender  
But no, I can't do it  
But no, I can't do itSo 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'm a 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', powWith all these riches and, all these bitches  
But ain't no looters around  
They thinkin' about shooters that shooters that  
Guns Girls Ladies that Gunners that  
Shoot shoot shoot shoot shooterPut my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooterBut I'm not  
I just cry mama, I think they, hey

Me think they want me to surrender (Shooter) And to the radio stations, I'm tired o' being 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 want 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 (yeah)  
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 (yeah)  
They want me with my hands up (yeah)  
Oh, shooter  
Oh, shooter I try tell you what I am baby My hands up, my hands up (yeah)  
They want me with my hands up (yeah)  
(Sorry but me no surrender)  
Oh, shooter  
Oh, shooter Me won't surrender, me no pretender 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, far, I'm some shit you never saw  
I take you to the shootout baby win lose or draw  
And then they ask who when where how  
And, my reply was simply pow! Mama, I tink dey, hey, me tink dey want me to surrenda'  
(Shooter, my hands up, my hands up, they want me to surrender)  
Mama, I tink dey, ey, me tink dey want me to surrenda'  
(Shooter, my hands up, my hands up, they want me to surrender) No, me won't surrenda, no, no  
I promise no surrenda'  
I got my burner  
And I'm your shooter

Songwriters

DWAYNE CARTER, ROBIN THICKE, JAMES GASS, ROBERT KEYES, ROBERT DANIELS Published by  
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>