Respect Us

Lil Wayne

[Lil' Wayne]
What what what
What what what
What what what
Listen, listen
When.. I come through.. bustin'
Everybody on.. tha block be.. run-nin'
Weezy Wayne, Hot Boy, I.. be.. thug-gin'
Got.. them.. things.. ten up, keep.. hustlin'
Catch me at tha shop, I will.. be.. there
And my prices stay low, I keep.. it.. there
And if you want it raw, I got.. it.. right.. here
And if you want war, I am.. your.. nigh-tmare
This is all I know, it's bang bang
I hustle and slang slang
My block.. I hang hang
Who am I? Lil' Wayne, man
I represent CMB
My cell is ten in heat
I usually get in beef
Was taught that it's him or me
I pop head-bustas quick
I rock here for my brick
I chop that, I'ma (?)
My shop here (????)
I always.. thug in black
And always.. bustin' gats
Your girly's.. fuckin' back
Now how you... lovin' thatChorus: Juvenile (repeat 2X)Hot Boys wodie, respect us
Representin' Team Cash-Money Re-cords
It's warfare, you betta, vest up
But if you ain't scared, they blow, your sets up[Lil' Wayne]
Listen, listen
I give it to 'em how they ask me
Raw and nasty
Tha AK, I pack it
Believe I'm 'bout that action
Slash a busta like a fraction
I'm on that yolla

Standin' on tha corner with one sleeve over my shoulder
Ride on your block, I see a dozen of weak jerks
Now it's time for your momma ta order a dozen of T-shirts
For only half-a brick
I'll blast tha fifty
And I ain't gon' stop shootin' 'til I jam tha clip
Yeah, I'm a small creeper, what
But it's about ta get ugly
Ya'll betta call people up
I'm about ta start shovin' my sawed-off between your guts
Wayne 'bout ta (cugghh-gghh-gghh) ball people up
Ya'll betta duck
When it get real, they hide from me
But, all them bustas 'bout ta get killed, I'm tired of it
Man, I'm thuggin' 'til tha day I.. I die, cousin
Weezy Wee.. let 'em burn, bring tha fire truck in... (whoooo!)(Chorus 2x)Nigga, let it be known
I'll come blow up your home
Take a few blunts to tha dome
And.. show up alone
Just me and my.. flame-torch
Wayne start.. danger
Walked with my head down like a stranger, and banged ya
Burnin' off that Hennesy
Some-a ya'll be feminine
Bounce in with a twitch
Leave 'em crawlin' out a ditch
God damn... son of a shhh!.. Don't speak
I cocked that, and let it go, tssss!.. Give 'em heat
Your cheese, I got.. ta.. get.. paid
I'm goin' all out, no matter what.. it.. takes
I.. was.. raised.. up on.. that.. paper
Kill-for-the-scrill was.. in.. my.. nature
Tote M1's and keep.. tha.. block.. hot
Sell wrong colts to keep.. my.. glock.. hot
Never add taxes to.. my.. price, man
And if a boy play, I ride.. at.. night, man
What!(Chorus 3x)[Juvenile}
Uh, uh, uh
Say Lil' Weezy
You did this one here, ya heard me
They ain't gon' never get weared out from this one
It's like they said, boy
In tha year 2000, it's all about Wayne
It's your chrome, man, run that thang
17th ward to tha 3rd ward downtown

Do that there
Huh, huh, huh, huh

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