

Bm J.R.

Lil Wayne

(Baby Talking)

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talkin bout'
I peepin'these niggaz out here they slippin like they ain't bout
money no more man, so what fuck
You know what we gon' do ha?
We gon' do what we been doin nigga
We gon' load up, get alot mo' and alot mo' and say fuck em'
Nigga
Keep buyin' shit
Keep fuckin hoes
Loadin up on mo' bitches
Then you know what I'm sayin, we gon' get greedy too nigga
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind(Lil Wayne)

I GOT IT

I GOT IT

(Lil Wayne)

Murder Capitol, only key to survive is kill.
If the elements don't murder you,
Tha rydahs will... Fa real.
And niggaz know I go hard to the fullest;
Get involved,
And I got em' playin' dodgeball wit bullets.
(YEA)I got the sawed off, fully
in the Sean John hoodie
Get fucked--ya play pussy.
(HA)We hit em' up while dey ain't lookin'
And tha body shots hurt But tha head shots took em'

DAMN!

And if tha red dot spot em'
Then tha hollow-head got em'
Knock his tops to his bottom Jack.
(Yea) Ya see we grind from the bottom
Just to make it to da bottom
At the very bottom o' da map
Louisiana--
Piranhas Every where U at.
U gotta wear a extra condom
And a extra gat.
Ya bitch could get it fa actin' like a man
And niggaz in Pak-istan, Impactin' on ya man
I backed his hand... ya man on command
In fronta niggaz he cool

wit dem boyz on fan.
I'm on hot.
I adjust in different climates
Stuck in a animal--Keep runnin wit my prime mates
U ain't did it til U done it like in fives states
Weezy-hustle, No blubber, I put on weight.
And in a drought
I go on a diet and stretch more
Lose all dat weight, leave a nigga wit stretch marks
You'nt even come up to a nigga chest
Pause Up,
PAW, What tha fuck they play dat in da club fa?
Real Shit
I'm duckin' bombs from a drug war
No religion, but da cops swear dat I'ma drug law
Father forgive em' fa dey know not who dey pushin' Lord
Father forgive me if I have to send em' to you Lord
I'm just tryna dodge tha shots dey send to da god
They ridin' up high way to Heaven boulevard.
DAMN!
Dem niggaz pussy and jive--not even in tha eye exam
They ain't lookin fa I.
Fa A and a K
I'll make ya face crook to tha side
Now when U smilin' everybody gotta look from tha side.
Cuz when U wilin' U ain't lookin'
U jus lookin' High
And when we hungry, U look like pie
Sweet potato-ass nigga
U lemon Meringue--Apple custard
Cherry jelly--Don't make me get tha biscuit busta (YEA)
What up chizzle?
U my distant brotha
Real shit nigga
Same father--different motha (shit)
I skip tha frontin' and stick to keepin it "trill"
U not know me fa nothin' otha
I'm somethin' otha
than people U feel
I'm deeper fa real
I'm deeper than skills
My speeches can kill
Rest In Peace!
(Baby talking)
Yeah, you underdig, shorty its all about one thing nigga,
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us,
if you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us nigga
And whatever you bout we bout it, however you wanna get it we can give it to ya nigga
Order bitch, ya underdig

Put ya prints in nigga
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and lets roll(Weezy-talking)
Let me get it back
HEY... HEY(Lil Wayne)
U sleep in a field fa tryin a dude
I'll bust ya head to da meat.
Turn ya mind 2 food.
Food fa thought
THINK!
I ain't lyin' 2 U
I'll lie his body in grease
Set fire to em'
I'll tie his body in sheets
Put tha tires to em'
Make em' feel tha Escalade
Put his feet in tha blades
DAMN!
I'm tha heat in tha blaze
And niggaz keep they ways
When I'm in tha streets wit Blake.
Watch...
My nigga hungry--he'll eat tha plate
And if I ask tha homeboy
he'll eat ya face(YEA)
And tho' he got me
U can ask
I'm like a pool table
I keep tha 8!
My side pocket--side wayz
When I pop it
leave a nigga side wayz
fa five days
Bird man talk(Baby talking)
Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty
If it ain't about money get all the fuck from round us(Weezy -talking)
Fuck dat... I'm comin' bak gurl!(Lil Wayne)
Check my swag
I travel light--sound dog
U play hard and I gravel like ground dog
I'm under ground call me ground hog
Lay down laws call me ground law
But don't confuse me wit da law
Naw--but just confuse me wit my paw
Because I am the Birdman J-R
I ain't trippin' nigga
I play tha corner like Rip-Kin nigga
Wit tha 40 Cal Rip-kin nigga
Rip a nigga
Flip ya vehicle

Split ya windshield
Whack ya baby mama
But I let tha kid live
And people say that I am a kid still
Cuz tha lil' nigga still ride on big wheels.
U feelin' animal then come on and get killed
This kid peel bandanas like bananas
Say I'm slight bananas
I blow a weekend in Havana
In my Gabana wit my bottom bitch from Savannah
Man a train couldn't stop ya man
I'm man up and U not a man
Stand UP
say I got my land
I'm tha man of my land
Call it Lil' Weezy--ana
That's tha new plan.(Baby talkin)
Yeah nigga, you bout some money get at me nigga
Thats the only way
Dumb shit we bout that get at me
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga

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