

# Used 2

## Lil Wayne

I used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get vibes  
I used to tote the semis, I still tote the semi  
I used to walk a thin line now I'm walking jet high  
I used to fuck and get tired now I fuck her ten times  
She used to make my dick rise now she make me ribeyes  
She used to make me six-nine now she make her french fry  
She used to make me love her now she made me realize  
It's money over bitches 'till the day I dizz-ie  
Keep it on the East Side, keep it on the beast side  
I feel like Ivan Drago, if he dies, he dies  
Find out where you reside and find out where he hide  
Run up in that bitch like "hey pop-pop-pop" peace sign  
Percocet, promethazyme, you can call me P-Rock  
Taking shots at my team, you must be getting senile  
You goin' at my swamp then you're going at me slime  
Your blood all over the sink, it look like red cheap wine  
I'm smoking on a key lime, you look like tee time  
Look like honey to my beehive, I close your sweet eyes  
Shoot ya in ya head give ya ass three eyes  
And ya still ain't seen a fucking thing until ya C5  
I remember you I was never into you  
I tell my shooters, shoot you and whoever resemble you  
And every member who had been a friend of you or kin to you  
They in it too, and bitches too, they mention you, they dead  
Run up in a nigga house, pistol in that nigga mouth  
Safe code now nigga, cough it up or spit it out  
Oh my god I'm flipping out  
Flipping out then dipping out  
I tried to turn the page, oh my god, I ripped it out  
I used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get vibes  
I used to tote the semis, I still tote the semi  
Keep it on the East Side, keep it on the B-side  
I feel like Ivan Drago lil bitch, and if he dies, he dies  
Yeah, run up in that nigga house, pistol in that nigga mouth  
But he be talking out his ass, what is all that shit about? I used to know you niggas, I don't know  
you niggas  
I just ignore you niggas, I don't bro you niggas  
With my bros, smoke them niggas, like we dro you niggas  
Kill your hoe too nigga and your go-to niggas

I've been riding 'round the city with the safety off  
Glock nine and it's pretty like a baby doll  
You niggas bitches and it's pissing all the ladies off  
My finger sitting on the trigger like a La-Z-Boy  
There was beef, I'm in the kitchen with the apron on  
Put his words on the plate, that nigga ate 'em all  
And I ain't wit' the talking, but damn now he talking  
Nigga spilled the beans, damn now it's coffee  
Looking for your pussy ass like I got a warrant  
I don't own a ski mask, that's a private party  
Willies jumping off your ass like they shock absorbing  
Rock your bells, LL, nigga locked and loaded I used to smoke to get high now I smoke to get  
vibes

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If he dies, he dies

Yeah, run up in that nigga house, pistol in that nigga mouth  
But he be talking out his ass, what is all that shit about? Young Mula baby  
And you still ain't seen a fucking thing until you C5I still don't know today  
Was he playing with the gun or was it an accident  
I still... I just don't... I...  
I be wanting to ask him but I never asked him after all these years  
Was that a accident or did he... or was he playing with the gun  
So I never really found out about what...  
You know what happ-... what really happened with him and that shooting

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