

You Want War

Lil' Wayne

Aw aw
Aw aw!
Aw aw!!
Peep me out, look!
Head bustin', black fatigues
So blunted, 400 degreez, it's sweet
Nigga, respect me
When you see tha left hand buggin', nigga, respect it
But if you see tha left hand bustin', nigga, your disrespectin'
Took one to tha chest, I never die, I'm tha same brotha
Jump out and shoot K's, let 'em fly, I'm tha same brotha
It's a must they recognize that I'm untamed, brotha
Disconnect a boy like a damn change number
Uhhh, hang up and try again
I kill ya, wake ya up, and make you die again
Spark it up, and make a nigga block fry again
Go ta jail, and do life, not five ta ten
Me, Lil' Mario, and Toolie, that's my man, fam
My niggas don't give a Jean-Claude VanDamme
About'chu, 'cause we don't play around
Bring tha K around, spray tha town, take tha ground
Take tha ground that you walk on
Tap tha phones that you talk on
Jam ya up and take your arms off
I hit you twice with tha sawed-off
And your nigga just watch your head fall off... fall off
You think ya love me, I shoot anybody that look suspicious (what)
I bust tha three-six until tha damn drum bust (what)
I hit tha hood, (I hit tha hood) be up in all black, (be in all black)
numb-nut
I run up in your house with a tommy gun, what
I'm standin' there like all mine
Run through your click like a weak defensive line
Doggy fresh

You want war, nigga, let's beef... beef
We can do it how ya want, or take it to tha streets... streets
I'll be dressed in camouflage, Ree's on my feet
Through your air (through your air) leave ya burnin' like heat
What ya.. know, I'm tha one from tha T.C.
Chopper shooter, block bruiser, I'll bet any G (any G)
On fire, nigga, label, that's a HB
And if I can't kill you.. killin' your family (family)
Think it's a game, 'rilla, test my nuts, you'll see
How fast I send shots through your 6V (6V)
Heads bust if ya really think it's CMB
And I know you all know about Slim and B
We get our ball on, nigga, drink Cristy
Me and Buck get head from meekos in Tennessee
Betta ask somebody, nigga, I been a G
And the Baby still servin' niggas for ten a key... nigga

Aw, aw, aw, look
Call me big baller, Big Tymer, big pockets
Call me big stunter, big stick, or big body
Call me that lil' nigga with tha Role... fulla diamonds
Call me tha number one Hot Boy on fire

Fire, when you shoot outta town, then I'ma holler
With a crate of Crystile, couple of blunts, and a condom
Let him know if (let him know if) he down bad, that ain't my problem
Ler him know if he come at me bad, then I'ma chop him
Ch-uh.. chop him
Put tha flame to him
All of a sudden tha thing hits straight through him
'Cause I'm tha same nigga, pimper boy, Lil' Wayne
Thugged out, pants fall to my shoe strings
But since I use ta be.. doin' tha best at thangs
That mean I gotta wear a vest that day
I really think them niggas jealous... of tha sparkle in my necklace
He ain't ready.. he ain't ready