

Ain't Worried Bout Shit

Lil' Wayne

Ha.. I'm.. so cool

Yeah nigga, stand one, blow one nigga

Bird.. man

I promise you, we gon' give 'em what they want 'til they come get us nigga

Bird.. man, J-R, ya know

You feel me?

When gon' chase it 'til we can't chase it no more

So y'all might as well eat this food nigga

And it got to be the best of the best

One, come one shorty, get with me nigga

See I, ride when I gotta, grind cuz I gotta

Milk this game 'til it's sour

Why I gotta do the backstreets when it's hotter

Even though the boy smooth sellin' like Prada, speak up

The tool yellin' like, holla, y'heard me?

Got the fools bailin' like Jackie, Kersee

You try join him, I can help you with that

I'm important in rap but I'm special with gats

You know the young god bless you in fact, like you sneezed or somethin'

Even with a stack of money in they hand, they ain't squeezin' nothin'

I'm Weezy fuck it

Leave a motherfucker wheezin' when I asthma pump him, yeah

And I don't ask for nothin' boy, I only ask them buggy boy

And as for money, watch the young god turn cash to money

Cuz that's him

Yea, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit

We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich

The cops on my trail so my track I switch

See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, pimpin', there's some fraud 'round here

Nigga better stop hatin' before they disappear

I see the same ol' shit

and pop the same ol' shit 'til your neighborhood hit, bitch

Disrespect that Nolia dogg

Them third world Hot Boy soldiers dogg

And make a nigga understand

when you fuckin' with a soldier with the grandmaster plan nigga

I'm tryin' to make a few million

buy a few buildings, one day stop dealin'

And go and raise my children

Got it on my mind, that's the way a nigga livin'

I bring ya back '84

Dope game jumpin' when the water hit the flo' nigga

Cuz we was doin' it dogg

Everybody gettin' money, we was doin' it dogg

Weezy, and I ride to the end of the road

and I'm hotter than a fire on the end of the fo'

and plenty times I had to get it from the flo'

But I made it to the ceilin' and every wall could hear me
And if these walls could talk, they probably cry
Like the strings on the guitar
And see you, you with that bullshit that's leighway to the do'
Only to cut off the lights, g'night

Look, it's Sunday, we in the hood gettin' our groove on
Every nigga uptown gotta have they tool on
Yeah, and they Birdman'd down
Nigga represent the bling cuz I hold my own crown nigga
Shit, a hood rich high clique
That come from the slums where they pack extra clips, I love 'em nigga
the only way that we know is how to flip and rescore 'em
and go and get some more dough, nigga

Yeah, this grindin' to another linin' nigga
Know what I'm sayin'?
If you in the way, you'll get moved over nigga
Think I'ma let one of you bitch niggaz stop me from gettin' a billion dollar
s nigga?
Fuck ya and what ya made of nigga
Y'understand? Nigga got a problem with this shit
That's your shit nigga
Suck a nigga dick a die nigga
Birdman, made man nigga
Yeah, that's how it's goin' diggity nigga
Fuck anything in between
If you in the line of duty nigga you got your issue, feel me?
One