

# Oh No

Lil' Wayne

Oh No, No, Oh No, No  
Oh No, No, Oh No, No, Oh No, No

I play the bullshit from the backseat champ  
Yea I'm in the backseat still got the seat back  
Feet back stay from where the fake be at  
Niggas snitch for the shine where the patience at  
Nigga make his own brother face his back  
Give love and take it back  
Good grief man this world is quite heavy on my aching back  
Cops killing for crack you know the story snakes eat rats  
Face the facts you can't change him can't shoot it if you can't aim it  
Can't miss him if he kill you then you can't blame him  
That's just how the dice roll when you can't fade him  
Get too deep up in that water and they can't save ya  
Me I come out of that water like I was just bathing  
And watch my step on a wet pavement  
Yea I'm from the hood so I rep 'em where I can't take em  
Holly Grove Holly Grove was his last statement  
So nigga get that look off your face  
And recognize you got a crook in the place  
They call me W-E-E crooked letter Y I'm so high  
I skeet skeet in any nigga dime like she's mine  
Street sweeper in the back of the hatch make me pop the latch  
Leave you bloody with the cops to match  
Bullet holes in ya speakers from the chopper blast  
Like... Ha ha  
That's bullet holes in your sneakers got you hopping back  
It all stop when they hit you in ya top and back  
No cocking back silly motherfucker you ain't heard bout this  
The clip sink down to the dick  
That's a automatic shotty from a drum they call tommy  
Guaranteed to get you bitches from by me  
When I hit every piece of ya visible body he leakin'  
Mortimer is no longer leapin' he sleepin'  
While you pussy niggas is sleeping he thinking  
Deep in thought the boy ain't even winkin'  
Bob Marley got me stinking  
Stacking figures I'm standing firm life's a slinky  
Pipes is filled with crack cocaine  
And the dope go inside of the veins from where I came  
Though I bear a name only one call live with  
Coach they won't knock me off my pivot forget it  
I'm sicker with it  
Pick a city buy a condo find a fine hoe let some time go chill  
What you know about a bongo having her mind go  
Over a convo about dough  
Nothing! Man the four wheelers look so good on the sand  
Tee or tanktop pocket fan  
No pocket knife, no handgun in sight  
Just that rat tat tat tat tat tat tat BOOM!  
Ha ha tonight I might just boost my feature price  
Cause to each its own and the lights is bright  
And I'm feeling like Mike at a Tyson fight  
I'm from Cita house big momma's house  
She told me to shoot ya right after I knock ya out  
And he ain't getting up after them shots if you hit him in the right spot

Hold up the beat might drop

Oh No, No, Oh No, No