Ay Wayne
I know this bullshit that I'm hearing ain't true right
Ya feel me
These niggaz out here picking bullshit over money nigga
But you know what fuck a nigga
We gone keep grinding this shoe box is full

The only way we get it only way we know to get it Off the block, off the clip, off the cain nigga The only way we live it only way we know to live it On the grind tote a nine do yo thang nigga The only way we get it only way we know to get it Off the block, off the clip, off the cain nigga The way we live it is the only way we know to live it On the grind tote a nine do yo thang nigga

Well I'm a 17 nigga got that hollygrove in me It ain't coming to me so I gotta go get it You ain't fucking with me I got the hottest flow nigga There ain't nothing to see because I'm not in yo vision Well I'm gone get fed up one day Put lead up in the K Come and hit up where ya stay so Baby momma betta get up out the way Cause the bullet got no heart And the trigger man crazy Little man if a bigger man jumps through Then I'm in the hood with the pump in the truck looking But if you ain't in them cuts or on them benches Im a park the fucking truck and knock yo door off the henges Yes weezy baby flow off the henges So off the tempo no pad or pencil Well let me go back to what men do Throwback Benz purple, Throw back 22's Bitch

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Weezy F. Baby hand cocked

Demand my cheese

Fuck you pay me

And I can't stop

Please, what you crazy?

Man I'm a get it like the man on the chorus

Got my hand on a fortune

Bang at ya porches, Bang at ya window

Kidnapp ya neighbors, torture ya kinfolk

And tell the cops I murder the infoer

Leave him on the precinct steps in a pillow

Niggaz wanna keep they breath then tell 'em get low

I got ten left in the tech so what they here fo

Nigga you ain't scaring nothin weezy been a tiger in the jungle since a cub With my paws in the mud, yeah me and my paw in the mud Interior mayback like what, Bitch nigga! Its the Birdman and Birdman Jr And he ain't got to his son a shoot ya blah

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Homeboy you gotta know that avenue To get off a bag or two or you just passin through True true, and we just passed the truth Passin through the streets of the murder capital Where you think ya own brothers after you So you ain't got no other brother after you Dont let the boys in blue capture you Cause they got pictures of me at it too Its all fucked up Bossman weezy get y'all touched up Gat blacked ya face like ya run into a wall or something Its cash money all or nothing Its Lil Wayne the reverand call it Sunday The congregation know I come with nothing But leave with everything, I ain't come for nothing And the choir know I come with money And y'all know I'm Stunnas youngin like dat bitch

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