

Realized

Lil' Wayne

What?!

What?!!

Look-

Okay, let's cut the crap

I'm straight gangsta - forget the rap

I only stick with that 'cause my ma don't wan' see me flip the crack

And I'm quick to click and spit the gat

I be dipped in black

Sip the Coke mixed with Jack - Calico, clip to match

Like: where them cats who trippin' at? - Point niggas out

'cause right now I'm full of that spinach that'll knock Lennox out

The Mack-10 is out, as well as the gauge and the pump

You turn the page on the newspaper, see my face in the front

I lock it down for all my niggas that still caged in the dump

So if I come, nigga, just save me a blade and a pump

I'm raised in the slum where the bad grow

Unlike no other, I'm real ... like bag 'Bauds

I stash O's in the drawers of my trash hoes

I flash dough at the laws when they pass slow

I mash low in a stolen hot RAV-4

The Macks blow bullet holes for my cash flow

Is that so?

I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog

That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all

If you don't get the hell when he swervin' by

That's your issue - God bless ya - you deserve to die

Look,

Which one of these niggas playin' with me?

I'ma strap up and slam his parent's street

When I blast, bullets spit faster than MC Hammer beats

I be damned if he get a chance to sleep

I clamp the magazine in my gun and cut his family tree

I flash the piece at your lil' woman and make her dance for me

Then jam the freak with a broom - blood leak from her panty crease

There has to be some explanation for this insanity

Yeah, y'all niggas faker than that boy (fill in the blank)

Now give me the dank

Niggas claim they want war when I suggest you live in a tank

What's your kid gonna think?

Come home and find your wig in the sink

I dig in the bank, and pull out eighty, then cruise to Haiti

For fifty G's I get ten ki's and straight out weight it

I lock my area down - you can ask these boys

They know Wheezy got more white than the Backstreet Boys

Never catch me ... without them plastic toys

It get drastic, boy

Niggas that's askin' for it

Wheezy, nigga

It's Wheezy, nigga

Who? Wheezy, nigga

It's Wheezy, nigga

I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog

That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all

And if you don't get the hell when he swervin' by

That's your issue - God bless ya - you deserve to die

I hope y'all niggas understand that I ain't playin' or jokin'
Bust shots, make you think the Grand Canyon open
Leave a busta bandana smokin' from hot hollows
Me and my niggas flip your coke, then cop hot hoes
Two pistols, desperado gun busta
Pump one under your chest and knock a lung from ya
Hung under them killers and duck the pigs
And all of our diamonds shine, and our trucks are big
And, nigga, I don't really care if I don't sell a million quick
'cause right now I'll quit and go and sell a million bricks
I sticks to what I love, and that's the street
And stay away from what I hate, and that's police
And I keep a trigga somewhere on me to start blowin'
And leave a nigga somewhere lonely with his heart showin'
When we all knowin' that Wheezy have never been fake
The metal will spray and let the bullets tear up your face
Who is Wheezy, nigga?
Who is Wheezy, nigga?
Wheezy, nigga
Lil Wheezy, nigga

Say, I don't think you realize what's happenin', dog
That lil' boy's 'bout to come 'round here blastin' at y'all
(2x)

It's Wheezy, nigga - Lil Wheezy, nigga
Don't tangle it, nigga
It's time to step down, ya hears me