

# Right Above It

Lil' Wayne

Now tell me how ya love it  
You know you at the top and all of heaven's right above it, we on.. 'cause we on..

Who else really tryin' to fuck with Hollywood Co.?  
I'm with Marley G. bro  
Flyin' Hollygrove chicks to my Hollywood shows  
And I wanna tell you somethin' that you probably should know  
This that "Slumdog millionaire" Bollywood flow and uh..  
My real friends never hear it from me  
Fake friends write the wrong answers on the mirror for me  
That's why I pick and choose  
I don't get shit confused  
I got a small circle  
I'm not with different crews  
We walk the same path, but got on different shoes  
Live in the same buildin', but we got different views  
I got a couple cars, I never get to use  
Don't like my women single  
I like my chicks in twos  
And these days all the girls is down to roll  
I hit the strip club and all them bitches find a pole  
Plus I've been sippin' so this shit is movin' kinda slow  
Just tell my girl to tell her friend that it's time to go

Now tell me how you love it  
You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it  
We on, it's Young Money, motherfucker  
If you ain't runnin' with it run from it, motherfucker  
Alright, now somebody show some money in this bitch  
And I got my bees with me like some honey in this bitch, ya dig  
I got my gun in my boo purse  
And I don't bust back, because I shoot first..

Meet me on the fresh train  
Yes I'm in the buildin'  
You just on the list of guest names  
And all my riders do not give a fuck: X-Games  
Guns turn you boys into pussies: sex change..  
And I smoke til' I got chest pains  
And you niggas know I rep my gang like Jesse James  
Women are possessive, and they wanna possess Wayne  
I been flyin' so long I fell asleep on the fucking plane  
Skinny pants and some vans  
Call me Triple-A, get my advance in advance, Amen  
As the world spin and dance in my hands  
Life is a beach, I'm just playin' in the sand  
Ugh. Wake up and smell a pussy  
You niggas can't see me, but never overlook me  
I'm on the paper trail, there ain't no tellin' where it took me, yeah  
And I ain't a killer, but don't push me

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Ugh. How do he say what's never said?  
Beautiful black woman  
I bet that bitch look better red  
Limpin' off tour 'cause I made more on my second leg  
Motherfuckin' Birdman junior, eleventh grade  
Ball on automatic start  
I can hand it to Drake or do a quarterback draw  
Wildcat offense.. Check the paw prints..  
We in the buildin', you niggas in apartments  
Ugh. N-now c'mon be my blood donor  
Flow so nice you ain't even gotta put a rug on her  
Do it big and let the small fall under that  
Damn where you stumbled at?  
From where did they gumbo at?  
Kane got the fucking beat jumpin' like a jumpin' jack  
And you know me  
I get on this bitch and have a heart attack  
Hip-Hop I'm the heart of that  
Nigga nothin' short of that  
President Carter, Young Money Democrat. Ugh.

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Yeah... We on... Young moola baby!