

# Shooter

Lil' Wayne

Yea, yea, yea  
Weezy baby y'all, don't get shot  
Rappin' fire, what you know about it  
I brought my homie along for the ride  
He strapped, he came here to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"  
Then even louder we got shooters, shooter  
I turn around, I was starin' at chrome  
Shotgun watches door, got security good  
Jumped right over counter  
Pointed gun at, wink, he tell her  
I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter (2x)

I think they want me to surrender  
But no, I can't do it (2x)

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South  
But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out  
Bang! Die bitch nigga die I hope you bleed a lake  
I'ma play x-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake  
I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake  
Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face  
They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen  
Call me automatic Weezy bitch I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and, all these riches  
But ain't no loaners around  
They thinkin about shooters that-shooters that  
Guns-Girls-Ladies that-Gunners that  
Shoot shoot shoot shoot shooter

Put my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

But I'm not  
I just cry mama, I think they, hey  
Me think they want me to surrender (Shooter)

And to the radio stations, I'm tired o' being patient  
Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters  
Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers  
It's outrageous, you don't know how sick you make us  
I want to throw up like chips in Vegas  
But this is Southern face it  
If we too simple then y'all don't get the basics

Lady walks into a shotgun surprise  
Dropped to her knees saw her life before her eyes  
He said "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon regret it  
I'm your, shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, Shooter (2x)

Me won't surrender, me no pretender

Sock soakin' wet I been runnin' y'all  
I reload, every hundred yards I'm comin' forward  
Better know me, Lil Wayne just call me lord  
Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw  
Way past par, for, I'm some shit you never saw  
I take you to the shootout baby win lose or draw  
And then they ask who when where how  
And, my reply was simply pow!

Mama, I think they, hey, me think they want me to surrender  
(Shooter, my hands up, my hands up, they want me to surrender) (2x)

No, me won't surrender, no, no  
I promise no surrender  
I got my burner  
And I'm your shooter