

Street Chains

Lil' Wayne

Straight from the East side
Blood gang we heavy, fuck nigga dare me
I turn into Freddy, my fingers machetes
Trap house jumpin' like Monta Ellis
We trap out the teli when we outta town
Uzi on deck, phone ringin' off the hook
Bitch that's the plug
Ocean view bedroom baby
See through showers and I just put some fish in my tub
Hold up I ain't playin', niggas say they rich I say eh
Same old song I ain't dance
Heater on my waist hotter than a frying pan
If you don't see what I'm saying I give your ass a fuckin' eye exam
I ain't playin'
Guns in my hands, I ain't prayin'
Fireman, spittin' venom, Spiderman
I'm enhanced
I'm at peace, joggin' pants
Cost at least about a grand
I'm advanced like Japan
Got more sand than Sudan, lord

And life ain't nothin' but a long day
And tomorrow ain't nothin' but a long way, away
You know the haters come in all sizes, all shapes (okay)
That's why I had to get a little more trunk space
Got insurance on the trap house, Allstate
Got the trap house pumpin' like a heart rate
Got the trap house pumpin' like an 808
Boom like an 808

I could fly around that bitch, need a tarmac
I just landed in Cuba, need a straw hat
I gotta get the raw back, I need a format
I put the shit on horseback and start my own ranch
From where they don't talk smack, they just snort smack
I turn your head to an open hot sauce pack
I tell the bitch some true lies and some false facts
Boy I'm drownin' in the syrup like a short stack
Ooh, 187, 211, hockey mask on, Wayne Gretzky
Stunt my ass off, chain heavy
Your bitch get passed on, chain letter
Train smoker, smoke plain never
Had a date with the devil, then I changed schedule
I'm a trained killer, like a paid killer
Better yet Saddam Hussein nephew
Nigga no love
That's from the bottom of my heart
I pull up and paint yo' whole fucking block red
And get out of my car and admire my art
Then smile at my thoughts
My bitch from Atlanta got eyes like a Hawk
She see why I'm a boss
I just got another speeding ticket on the Bugatti
While it was parked
Now I don't wanna talk, bitch I don't wanna talk
Lean in my punch, I decided to spar

Anybody want war?
I'm excited to start
Get indicted tomorrow
I be out by the morn
Before I even yawn
Stay in ya' lane, I remind these little boys
This is victory lane, now do I need a horn?
The struggle is real, and the Bible too long
I'm writing my will, and I'm typing my won't's
Lord, please
Kilos, OZs
Cause my bitch act like she like Pinot and cheese
I dropped out of class, so I'm zero degrees
I can out-think a shrink, she can deep throat a tree
I can hijack a brinckle, my sweet soda pink
I'm a freakshow to freaks
I'm spitting these bars, hope my bartab is cheap
I'm a hard man to reach
I'm newborn and deceased
I'm too hard for this beat
I'm the heart and the beat
The Chong and the Cheech
My blunt long as a speech
Roach look like a leech
I'm too long for the brief
I'm too wrong for the priest
With this chrome on your teeth
That get blown out yo' cheek
Like my bitch mixed, like Long Island Tea
She don't hide her figure, she don't hide her feet
I'm the head nigga, like prodigy
And bitch I'mma shine, like Connery

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