

# Tha Blues

Lil' Wayne

Come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Ain't nothin' nice or sweet (Huh?)  
They don't even much understand this (Uh-uh)  
Look-  
Now when I crawl up out the Rove' I got quarters and O's  
Forty-fours under my clothes - I'm drunk and blow  
And I done told them boys if they play I dump their mothers  
Now they findin' niggas everyday slumped in gutters  
I come through on the block strapped, bumpin' Bubba  
for the summer in a bright orange pumpkin Hummer  
... from the Courvoisier, and lots of hay  
And make me run in your place and take your pops away  
See, they got niggas in my hood who can't cop the yay  
So I can get it understood and have you chopped today  
And not to say I could even hit your block and spray  
And try to knock all the bone structure out your face  
Stick a potato on the head of my nine - it's deadly quiet  
Leave a nigga redder than swine, you damn pig  
The plan is to take everything and kill 'em all  
Young or old, nigga, big or small  
Ain't nothin' nice

Ain't nothin' nice around here, stupid  
Keep playin', you won't see next year, stupid  
And in the van there's a box in the back full of plenty of tools  
And when you see me on the block, I come to give 'em the blues

Look-  
Now we all do dumb things  
Playin' with Wayne doesn't have to be one of 'em  
I'll murder his father right in front of him  
None of 'em are ready for the trouble I'm 'bout  
Pull up in a bubble, hop out, then let a couple pop out  
I got two double Desert Eagles, bustin' at your peoples  
Cussin' at polices, and roughin' up your nieces  
... off the meters  
Don't leave without the heaters  
Believe this, my nina's got more shelves than Adidas  
You see the slick jackin', believe it's glocks and millimeters  
Run up on your family and pop your senioritas  
A lot of Hennessy - just twist that lil' baby  
Damn, them hollow tips just missed that lil' baby  
This is definitely, step to me, get a hysterectomy  
Technically I'll murder anyone who disrespectin' me  
Seventeen Carrollton - mess with me, I bury one  
Three-eighty - I carry one  
Come to kill up everyone  
What!

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Everybody freeze and drop when Lil Wheezy cop  
And niggas be like Q-tip 'cause they breathin' stop

Believe or not, the ki's ten G's ...  
Until I die I pullin' ego that be's the block  
And he's so hot that four hundred degrees the spot  
And weed and vodk' got me wanna beat a cop  
I grease the glock, the scope with the beam and dot  
And I'm hangin' out the Beamer top releasin' shots  
Follow me - everybody in the family die sourly  
Niggas drop hourly - ruinin' your economy  
Liquor power me, now there's nothin' that can bother me  
Creep up in your window while you're sleepin', take your child with me  
I'm wild, and Wheezy more violent than Dennis Rodman  
Slide up in a blue truck and shoot-up a whole lot of men  
A lot of heat, a lot of fire, a blazer like Stoudamire  
Ride around your neighborhood and you wake up with bodies by your house

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