

# Uproar

Lil' Wayne

Y'all know his name  
Ayo, Mack, let the beat drop  
Ladies and gentlemen, C5, Wayne time  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Zone, zone, zone, zone, zone  
Let me see your shoulders work  
I mean, I don't know what y'all came here to do, but uhh fuck  
If you ain't got a lighter, what the fuck you smoking for?  
We hot! (haaa)

What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, I let one go  
Bow, get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro  
Aimin' at your head like a buffalo  
You a roughneck, I'm a cutthroat  
You're a tough guy, that's enough jokes  
Then the sun die, the night is young though  
The diamonds still shine, in the rough, ho  
What the fuck though? Where the love go?  
Five, four, three, two, where the ones go?  
It's a shit show, put you front row  
Talkin' shit, bro? Let your tongue show  
Money over bitches, and above hoes  
That is still my favorite love quote  
Put the gun inside, what the fuck for?  
I sleep with the gun, and she don't snore  
What the fuck, yo? Where the love go?  
Trade the ski mask, for the muzzle  
It's a blood bath, where the Suds go?  
It's a Swizz beat, down the drums go  
If she's iffy, down the drugs go  
If she sip lean, double cup toast  
I gotta duffle full of hundos  
Down the love go, where's the uproar?

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Get the fuck though, I don't bluff, bro'  
I come out the scuffle without a scuff, woah  
Puff, puff, bro, I don't huff though  
Yellow diamonds up close, catch a sunstroke  
At your front door with a gun stowed  
"Knock-knock, who's there" is how it won't go  
This the jungle so have the utmost  
For the nutzoz, and we nuts, so  
What the fuck, bro? It's where I'm from, bro  
We grew up fast, we rolled up slow  
We throw up gang signs, she throw up dope  
Dreadlock hang down like you dun know  
Put the green in the bag, like a lawnmower

Hair trigger pulled back like a cornrow  
Extra clip in the stash like a console  
Listenin' to Bono, you listen to Don O  
What the fuck, bro? Where the love go?  
Swizzy, you a chef, I like my lunch gross  
Just look up, bro, there the Scuds go  
I see the shovel, but where the drugs go?  
Hmm, to the unknown  
Only way he comin' back is through his unborns  
If you see what's in my bag, think I'm a drug lord  
It's empty when I give it back, now where's the uproar?

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