

Worry Me

Lil' Wayne

You gotta walk like a (soldier)
Talk like a (stunna)
Move like a (player)
And get it like a (hustler)
You gotta walk like a (soldier)
Talk like a (stunna)
Move like a (player)
And get it like a (hustler)
Because I won't let y'all worry me
I got something chrome that I carry with me
It's Young Weezy Wee y'all ain't scaring me
I'm the seventeen don till they bury me

Eh, it go whoa oh me oh my ay ay
I'm H-O-T-B-O-Y ay ay
I'm so fly I'm the Birdman Jaya
Stunting in the gray uh
Shortie play your player
Slick clean hey ya
Fifteen riding with me spray ya
You don't want no drama with me play fa
Keep low or it's murda she wrote pussy nigga
I gotta keep it cooking cuz the streets still hot for a shaking
Plus my late pops still looking
Bust my tray quick if ya hate the pimp
Think it's all big fish I don ate the shrimp
Roll out with the hood cuz I'm so damn street
I rep Hollygrove and Hollygrove rep me
And that's how Weezy Wee be
And y'all gon R-E-S-P-E-C-T me

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I'm riding and I'm dolo on my way to the stizzo
Knowing on my waist is the sizzo
Wheezy so hot glock ten and a pistol
Big rims with the tires thin as a pencil
Mami want me cuz I got pimping potential
I stick to my mental
Don't make me stick my fifth to your temple
Forget I'm getting rich for a cent
Bitch I'm coming get you for my baby mama's rent I will flip you
90 on the highway seeing what the whip do
Cops get behind me they want see the whip too
S-Q professor C-M-B alumni
Everybody else fails except the young guy

Don't worry bout Weezy for real nigga I done mine
Got the biggest nuts up in here nigga I swung mine
The streets taught me never to fear nigga I run mine
I can't lose cuz I won mine
Now run yourself

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I got five drinks with me
And there be four chunks of dro up in my lung pipe
Three guns
Two bitches
And all I need is one knife
And I bet you don't like
C'mon we only get one life
And if it's done right
Freak a nigga might wife her
You know S-Q galore low chop three striper
I'm just trying to keep paper
Please, don't be a hater cuz he'll take ya Weeze
Don't be a major cuz he greater
Cheese gon feed Nate
Brother it's keys or emceeing
And I'm a C-O-A cuz I can move yay
Like you never thought hard or soft like a duck
And y'all don't starve me
That shit could be bad for your heartbeat
Cash'll get you snatched in a heartbeat
Mash in a mad dash in a Cadillac with the alligator dashboard
Damn whore
Yeah I know

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