

# You Want War

Lil' Wayne

Aw aw  
Aw aw!  
Aw aw!!  
Peep me out, look!  
Head bustin', black fatigues  
So blunted, 400 degreez, it's sweet  
Nigga, respect me  
When you see tha left hand buggin', nigga, respect it  
But if you see tha left hand bustin', nigga, your disrespectin'  
Took one to tha chest, I never die, I'm tha same brotha  
Jump out and shoot K's, let 'em fly, I'm tha same brotha  
It's a must they recognize that I'm untamed, brotha  
Disconnect a boy like a damn change number  
Uhhh, hang up and try again  
I kill ya, wake ya up, and make you die again  
Spark it up, and make a nigga block fry again  
Go ta jail, and do life, not five ta ten  
Me, Lil' Mario, and Toolie, that's my man, fam  
My niggas don't give a Jean-Claude VanDamme  
About'chu, 'cause we don't play around  
Bring tha K around, spray tha town, take tha ground  
Take tha ground that you walk on  
Tap tha phones that you talk on  
Jam ya up and take your arms off  
I hit you twice with tha sawed-off  
And your nigga just watch your head fall off... fall off  
You think ya love me, I shoot anybody that look suspicious (what)  
I bust tha three-six until tha damn drum bust (what)  
I hit tha hood, (I hit tha hood) be up in all black, (be in all black)  
numb-nut  
I run up in your house with a tommy gun, what  
I'm standin' there like all mine  
Run through your click like a weak defensive line  
Doggy fresh

You want war, nigga, let's beef... beef  
We can do it how ya want, or take it to tha streets... streets  
I'll be dressed in camouflage, Ree's on my feet  
Through your air (through your air) leave ya burnin' like heat  
What ya.. know, I'm tha one from tha T.C.  
Chopper shooter, block bruiser, I'll bet any G (any G)  
On fire, nigga, label, that's a HB  
And if I can't kill you.. killin' your family (family)  
Think it's a game, 'rilla, test my nuts, you'll see  
How fast I send shots through your 6V (6V)  
Heads bust if ya really think it's CMB  
And I know you all know about Slim and B  
We get our ball on, nigga, drink Cristy  
Me and Buck get head from meekos in Tennessee  
Betta ask somebody, nigga, I been a G  
And the Baby still servin' niggas for ten a key... nigga

Aw, aw, aw, look  
Call me big baller, Big Tymer, big pockets  
Call me big stunter, big stick, or big body  
Call me that lil' nigga with tha Role... fulla diamonds  
Call me tha number one Hot Boy on fire

Fire, when you shoot outta town, then I'ma holler  
With a crate of Crystile, couple of blunts, and a condom  
Let him know if (let him know if) he down bad, that ain't my problem  
Ler him know if he come at me bad, then I'ma chop him  
Ch-uh.. chop him  
Put tha flame to him  
All of a sudden tha thing hits straight through him  
'Cause I'm tha same nigga, pimper boy, Lil' Wayne  
Thugged out, pants fall to my shoe strings  
But since I use ta be.. doin' tha best at thangs  
That mean I gotta wear a vest that day  
I really think them niggas jealous... of tha sparkle in my necklace  
He ain't ready.. he ain't ready