

# Shooter

Robin Thicke

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Weezy, baby, y'all don't get shot  
Rapid fire, what you know about it?  
I brought my homie along for the ride  
He strapped, he can't wait to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"  
Then even louder, "We got shooters, shooter"  
I turnin' around, I was starin' at chrome  
Shotgun watches door, got security good

Jumped right over counter  
Pointed gun at winkin' teller  
I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South  
But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out  
Bang, die, bitch nigga, die, I hope you bleed a lake  
I'ma play X-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake

I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake  
Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face  
They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen  
Call me Automatic Weezy, bitch, I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and all these riches  
But ain't no loaners around  
They thinkin' about shooters that, shooters that  
Guns, girls, ladies that, gunners that  
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shooter

Yeah, hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

No, no but I'm not  
I just cry, mama, I think they, hey  
I think they want me to surrender, shooter

And to the radio stations, I'm tired of bein' patient  
Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters  
Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers  
It's outrageous

You don't know how sick you make us  
I wanna to throw up like chips in Vegas  
But this is Southern, face it  
If we too simple, then y'all don't get the basics

Lady walks into a shotgun surprise

Dropped to her knees, saw her life before her eyes  
He said, "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon' regret it  
I'm your shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up  
They want me with my hands up  
Oh, shooter

Sock soakin' wet, I been runnin', y'all  
I reload every hundred yards, I'm comin' forward  
Better know me, Lil' Wayne, just call me Lord  
Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw way past par

For I'm some shit you never saw  
I take you to the shootout, baby, win, lose or draw  
Yeah and then they ask who, when, where, how  
And my reply was simply pow

They want me to surrender  
Oh, shooter  
My hands up, my hands up  
They want me to surrender  
Oh, shooter

No, no  
I promise no surrender  
I got my burner  
And I'm your shooter