

## Weakest Link

Chris Brown

Now we can settle this like you got some class or we can get into some gangster shit

Hey, Chris, I don't want no issues, bruh

I don't want no smoke, I don't wanna fight you

I don't wanna do nothin', bruh

Like, please, bruh

Who want smoke with me?

Who want smoke with me?

Who want smoke with me?

Who want smoke with C?

Who want, mm, who want smoke with me?

Who want

Brrah, brrah, brrah, yeah, yeah

Okay, let's get down to the facts, pussy, I'm dripped in red (Okay)

Don't let this R&B shit fool you, niggas get ripped to shreds (Get back)

Quavo talkin' like he a thug, nigga, you a bitch with dreads (You a bitch)

Can't wait to see the day that you back up all of that shit you said (You on )

What's all that boss shit you talkin'? You ain't no huncho, nigga (You ain't no huncho)

You the weakest link out of your clique, let's keep it a hundo, nigga (One hundred)

You fucked my ex-

ho, that's cool, I don't give no fuck, lil' nigga (Still a bitch)

'Cause I fucked your ex when you were still with her, bitch, I'm up, lil' nigga (I'm up)

They say revenge is sweet (Revenge is sweet, yeah), now think about that shit

Don't let that line go over your head, I might just sing about that shit (Crack, crack, crack)

I had her fiendin' 'bout that dick, there's somethin' sweet about that shit (Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh)

I got some tea up out that bitch, but I ain't gon' speak about that shit (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Woah (Fah-fah, brr)

I ain't playin' chess with a checker player

I'm a tickin' bomb on the detonator (Yeah, yeah)

I shit on niggas, I'm a defacator (Yeah, yeah)

I'll put a Migo on a ventilator (Yeah, brr, what?)

Stop talkin' 'bout beatin' girls, you was beatin' bitches on the elevator

We seen the tapes, that's devastatin' (Brr, baow, baow)

You doin' bad, you a bitch and your music trash (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Fashion week, they sat me next to your lame ass, I was truly mad (What?)

All I kept thinkin' 'bout was breakin' your face, but I gave you a pass (Word)

You lucky I ain't wanna fuck the money up, boy, I would've broke you in half (Brrah, baow)

Quit tryin' to be tough, you ain't like that, why you keep showin' off? (Uh)

Quit talkin' 'bout drugs, you the only pack that I've been smokin' on (Woah)

I just hit my plug, told him, "Come back, I'ma need more than one" (Come on)

Your last album was a weed tray, just some bullshit that we roll up on (Brrah, baow, baow, baow)

You know it's on, put you to bed, night, night, that's Sudafed (Yeah)

Show me that I'm tender, bitch, time to prove what you just said (Boy)

R.I.P. Takeoff, he the only real one that got true respect

Crazy how when he died, everybody really wished it was you instead (Oh shit,  
brrah)  
"You trippin', Chris, don't say that, don't lose your head" (Damn)  
You done turned the big bad wolf on, these fuck niggas never knew revenge (W  
oo)  
This what happens when a fuck nigga push a real nigga out to the edge (Yeah)  
This what happens when a dumb nigga get fame and it get to his head (Yeah)  
You gon' kiss this ring, nigga  
Big "fuck you" from my middle finger (Yeah)  
I'll tattoo my trigger finger (Yeah)  
Bring real beef to your dinner table (Brrah, baow)  
My mental state ain't never stable, I know this shit gon' sting, nigga (Grra  
h)  
I'll run your ass through the wringer, nigga  
You just got bodied by a singin' nigga, bitch

Who want smoke with me?  
Who want smoke with me?  
Who want smoke with me?  
Who want smoke with C? (Who want smoke?)  
Who want, mm, who want smoke with me?  
Who want (Brrah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah