

1 Arm

Lil' Wayne

What is this!
(Mic check)
I can't feel my fucking face!
(I can't feel my face, bitch)
Ohhhhhh!

Louisiana live wire, New Orleans nightmare
Got these niggas scared, they growin' white hair
I'm from the swamp lil mud on my Nike airs
Stomp in your face lil blood on my Nike airs
Stomp in your face till your face says Nike air
I'm with my pack and we attack like bears
And we can go anywhere like air
Motherfuckin' temper shiftin like bike
Head high, I got the world on my back they told me I can turn around, but ne
ver look down
They told me if I shoot the AK I better aim down
They say even a train collision produces the same sound
I said, wow!
And I went and got two two
So you better be listenin' for that choo choo
Soowoo!

I ain't really the nigga you gon really wanna front on
I put your whole life on your front lawn, come on
Stunt on some shit that none on, gun on
I can drive the whip and work the tooly whop with one arm
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Big city terrorizers, you can bet some dollars (boy)
My guns touch kids like pedafilers
I stretch your mouth I'm the excersizor
Gun in his mouth like a breathalizer
Swallow lead saliva, you ain't straight I'm a 12 o'clock ya
Niggas pour cement on your body and cinder block ya
But I really think they shocked at how clear my rocks are
Why my neck look like shots of vodka (damn)
Them boys don't want it with me, (nope)
I'm on that rah rah, uh huh, they sweet like peach, cobla
My bills gotta be paid, my kid gotta get fed
So if a nigga gotta lay down I'm making his bed
So I hope he like his sheets red, (red)
Medium rare I hope he like his meat red, braaap!
You see my homies dressed in deep red (red)
They scramble niggas hope you eat eggs
Onefiftyfirst bitch!

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They say God protect fools and babies
I'm a G, so I depend on my tool for safety
I roll on niggas like skate key
Skate broads, Tony Hawk on a skateboard
Who fucking with me?
With arm on the wheel, with arm on the steel
Could it be I'm crazy, Gnarls Barkley forreal
You play dumb and you lay numb
Face [?] like when the [?] demo tapes come

The world is so happy and my gun is too
So how I can take a life when it's dark in the room
When that means it's nighttime so I talk to the moon
And it tells me that I'm flier than the stars on a broom
Yes I'm wicked [?]
And I don't care what niggas say nor what bitches said
We like green all got a different bread
Push my eraser and I will give you [lead]

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