

## About All That

Lil' Wayne

Young desperado straight out the grotto  
I'm so bad my shadow chooses not to follow  
Little nigga but see me as a fuckin' rhino  
Lil Weezy hit this bitch like Rocky Marciano  
It's a drought ain't it? How the fuck would I know?  
Nigga I been gettin' my Cher in (share in) like Sonny Bono  
I ran the streets... check my bio  
I started high wit' two O's just like Ohio  
I'm fuckin' nuts... cashews  
But I'm so DC like fat shoes  
I skate away... like later dudes!  
Never get caught baby I'm mashed potato smooth  
And just when it stopped... I made it move  
Respect me nigga I'm a dog... no Asian food  
I wet up the party so have a bathin' suit  
And daisy dukes you bitch ass nigga

Keep talkin' that shit that you talkin'  
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta shit  
My nigga... keep talkin' that shit that you talkin'  
And we gon' have to get into some gangsta shit  
My nigga... 'Cause you aint really even 'bout all that  
You ain't really even 'bout all that  
And don't 'cha forget.. I know ya you ain't 'bout all that  
You ain't never been about all that... fall back

Niggaz must want Joey to lean on 'em  
Flash the binky splash his dreams on 'em  
Let 'em sleep on it it's nothin' to Crack  
Lay the murder game down back to hustlin' packs  
Yeah Weezy homie's got yo' back whether raps or macks  
Either way they both spit like BRRRRAT!  
Nigga... them muhfuckas is broke like them levies  
And we done sold so much dope ain't shit you tell me  
Nigga... how you want it ?? coke or dog food?  
My shit'll have you runnin' naked like an old school  
And yeah we 'bout it 'bout it and you ain't ridin' on me  
Unless ya got a whole fuckin' suicidal warmin'  
And I'm a rider homie and you can find it on me  
That 40 cal'll get your shirt picture ironed on it  
This shit is funny to me  
All these niggaz frontin' war but they runnin' from me... Crack!

I had 'em as lil' niggaz raised 'em 'round real niggaz  
Poppin' bottles fuckin' wit' them bitches nigga  
Made money to the ceilin' me and my young nigga  
Chillin' I'm in the streets hustlin' gettin' money nigga  
Changed all my new shoes nigga got some new tools  
Nigga got some mo' jewels we was gettin' money  
And ain't nothin' ever changed still doin' the thang  
Still gettin' money still spendin' change  
We hustlin' from Sunday to Sunday  
And we grindin' everyday like the money ain't comin'  
Nigga... yeah we ridin' woodgrains and minks  
Got the dope in the Hummer cold case for that thang  
I hate the law for what they done did they broke in niggaz cribs

Wish I woulda caught 'em I'dda split they fuckin' wig  
3rd Ward let me claim my fame  
I put it down Uptown I'ma do my thang believe dat