

## Bars

Lil' Wayne

Yeah

Yeah, gotta be comin' hard on them Havoc beats, you feel me?

My basic outlook, the out crook the man on the side  
'Fore we hit the driveway, got my hand on her thighs  
Touchin' the sky, I could skateboard in the cloud  
Put 'em on some much loud that they won't make sound  
This that body walk nonchalant, don't make sense  
Like a nigga with dreads tryna own his own barber shop  
Heart not hard to stop, take a new whip then karate chop  
Turn the fuckin' top to a halter top  
Concrete jungle, I'll fuck Jane though  
Industry, a bunch of niggas swing on the same rope  
Sit in the same room, fuck on the same ho  
We on different planes if we is in the same boat  
Captivate 'em and creative  
Potato head, turn 'em into mashed potatoes  
My town is greater, downtown Decatur  
Went to Pin Ups to pound, pound a waitress  
Niggas might as well smoke a pound of hatred  
Take a shot of jealousy and use a clown to chase it  
Heard some niggas try to say that my style is basic  
Told 'em sit back with they style adjacent  
Ran up in they crib like my stylist Jason  
Mask on, black card, minds is racist  
Met a girl named Victory, I can taste it  
I got a bigger crib 'cause I replaced it

Uh, got a disease called bars

Bars, yeah

Got a disease called bars

Bars

I, I give it to ya

I, I give it to ya

I give it to ya

I, I give it to ya

Uh, bastard flow, I had to though, I'm natural and practical

Infatuated with the dope, fanatical, banana clip, you're apple though

I got more tools than Apple Store

You're screwed up and now them goons is at your door with ransom notes

And we gon' need some answers though, answer more

Your modern family can suddenly become a canceled show, that's standard though

I have your cousin be the one to cut your throat, my standards low

I'm from New Orleans, you either be man or hoe and now they know

You mash and go and cash it slow, whatever go and that you know

Got more techs than Apple Store, I have more sex than Scorpions

And I don't text or call them hoes, restaurant 'em all them hoes

I slept with foreign hoes that only heard Tha Carter IV

It's all for sure, it's all a hoax, Rebeccas to Rosarios

I'm sorry for the hoes that get portrayed as sorry hoes

I'm sorry, hoes, but that's just how the story goes

Who are these hoes? Who bought these hoes?

I thought these hoes was for us all, my dawg proposed, Lord

His cards exposed, his heart explode, his broads opposed, Lord

His market's closed, he parched, he's cold, she sparked the stove, Lord

She washed the clothes, she fold the clothes, she on her toes, Lord  
He lost control, forgot the bitch was on the pole, Lord!  
And oh, Lord, I bought some bitches from the road home  
Told her, "Watch over them bitches like a fuckin' drone"  
And hold on, I'm so gone, I'm in my more zone  
Cough syrup 'til my cold gone, Tunechi, bitch

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Bars, yeah

Got a disease called bars

Bars

I, I give it to ya

I, I give it to ya

I give it to ya

I, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya (I give it to ya)

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya, I give it to ya

I give it to ya