

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

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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 Scorpios
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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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