

Blowing Up Fast

Lil' Wayne

What up, bitch, I'm Mack Maine
And this Young Money
Lil brotha get 'em

Straight out the hood, a young hoodlum
Done what I shouldn't, did what they say I couldn't
Hid where all the killers hid at
Hung where the other hustlers slung at
Waiting on the get back
Get that
Flip that
Debating on the mix match
Switch that from dope to coke, I'm blowin' up fast
Now you niggas is slowing up fast
(Secret weapons) ("I can hear myself but I can't feel myself, I wanna feel myself like tweet! ")
Now my niggas is blowin' up aves
If I tell 'em you niggas is holding up cash
Rollin' up, stepping outta the Phantom's ass
Put your lighters away, you're talking to a can of gas
There's nothing to say no matter who comes to ask
And murder ain't funny but we do love to laugh
Shit, we just living, take money take baths
Take a nigga bitch and fuck her
And send her back wit' nothing
Now isn't that disgusting?
Give him back his sister, give him back his cousin
Yeah, go make a stack or something
Go and buy yourself a spine and give back the frontin'
Yeah and to end that discussion
I been had strength, I just got the muscle
Fuck ya, this that 'n' the other
I see my people struggle, wish that they wasn't
The government try to put us in a muzzle
But your two fingers ain't the pieces to the puzzle
Shit, say to each his own hustle
And I hustle all night and then go home to the fussin'
Then wake up to the fuckin'
Breakfast in bed, don't forget my English muffin
Hawaiian punch tastes like Robitussin
A nigga just livin', just breathin', just puffin'
Come on, mama, drop down and curl up
Dick millimeter, cock back and murder
Aye señorita, we cannot go any further
If my girl catch us both in the spot she will murk us
Pussy niggas talkin' all that slop we will murk 'cause
Hungry ass niggas, I tote two hamburgers
Who want beef? Who want beef?
I bring it to your front door and now you seem nervous
Two seater swervin'
Traffic to hell wit' it
Shit, you can't die with it, can't go to jail with it
Might as well wild in it, passin' and feelin' it
Me, I excel, fishtail and tail whip it
Give them niggas somethin' to tell them bitches
Smellin' like money at a full court scrimmage
The fam at the table got a four course dinner

Young Money, Cash Money, dump confetti on the winner
And yet he understood us so when we told 'em break it off
'Cause gangstas don't talk, one word'll be a war
And yo' platoon can't handle the destruction
Hard body baby, killin' sound like seduction
Them niggas chase dope, bitches follow the instructions
Sometimes you gotta put the whole rooster in the oven
So tell the public I'ma do my thing
Just as soon as I hear dat bing
Gotta come in
Comin' up
You niggas just runner ups
And runnin' up'll get you in that wheelchair forever
It's whatever
I'm still here forever
'Cause the lil' nigga better than all you niggas together
I'm gone