

# 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