

## BM J.R.

Lil' Wayne

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talking bout'  
I peep these niggaz out here they slipping like they ain't bout  
money no more man, so what fuck  
You know what we gon' do ha?  
We gon' do what we been doing nigga  
We gon' load up, get a lot mo' and a lot mo' and say fuck em'  
Nigga  
Keep fucking hoes  
Loading up on mo' bitches  
Then you know what I'm saying, we gon' get greedy too nigga  
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind  
I GOT IT  
I GOT IT

Murder capital, only key to survive is kill  
If the elements don't murder you the riders will fo real  
And niggas know I goes hard to the fullest  
Get involved and I got' em' playing dodge ball with bullets  
Yeah  
I got the sawed-off fully, in the sean john hoody,  
Get fucked ya play pussy  
We hit em' up when they ain't looking and them body shots hurt  
but the head shots took him  
Damn  
And if the read dot spot him then the hollow head got him  
Knock his top to his bottom jack  
You see me grind to the bottom just to make it to the bottom  
At the very bottom of the map  
Lou-easy-ana piranhas everywhere you at  
You gotta wear an extra condom and an extra gat  
You bitch could get it for acting like a man  
Them niggaz in Pakistan ain't packin' like ya man  
I backwards hand ya man on command  
In front of niggaz he cool with the boys on fan  
I'm on, I adjust in different climates, ducking the animal keeper, running w  
it  
my primates  
You ain't did it till you done it like in 5 states,  
Weezy hustle no blubber I put on weight  
And in a drought I go on I diet and stretch more  
Loose all that weight, leave a nigga with stretch marks  
You don't even come up to a nigga chest paw, supa,  
what the fuck they play it in the club for ?  
Real shit I'm ducking bombs from a drug war,  
no religion but the cops swear that I'm a drug lord  
Father forgive em' for they no not who they pushing lord  
Father forgive me if I have to send them to ya lord  
I'm just trying to dodge the shots they send to the god  
They riding up highway to heaven boulevard  
Damn, them niggaz pussy and jive, not even in an eye exam they ain't looking  
for "I"  
The A and the K will make ya face crook to the side  
Now when you smiling everybody gotta look from the side  
Cause when you wilding you ain't looking, you just looking high  
and when we hungry you look like pie  
Sweet potato ass nigga, you lemon merangue, apple custard, cherry jelly  
Don't make me get the biscuit buster

What up gizzle you my distant brother  
Real shit nigga same father different mother, yep  
I skip the fronting and sticks to keeping it trill  
You not know me for nothing other than people you feel, I'm deeper for real  
I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill  
Rest in peace

Yeah, you underdig, shorty its all about one thing nigga,  
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us,  
if you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us nigga  
And whatever you bout we bout it, however you wanna get it we can give it to  
ya  
Order bitch, ya underdig  
Put ya prints in nigga  
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and lets roll

Ay, ay  
You sleep in a field for trying the dude  
I bust ya head until the meat turns ya mind to food  
Food for thought, think, I ain't lying to you  
I lie his body in grease set fire to him  
I tie his body in sheets, put the tires to him  
Make him feel the escalade, put his feet in the blade  
Damn  
I'm near heating and blaze a nigga keep they ways when I'm in the streets with blades  
Watch, my nigga hungry, he'll eat the plate  
And if I ask, the homeboy will eat'cha face  
yea  
And though he got me, you can ask, I'm like a pool table  
I keep the eight  
Haha  
My side pocket sideways when I pop it leave a nigga sideways for five days  
Birdman talk to em'

Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty  
If it ain't about money get all the fuck from round us

Ay, ay,  
Check my swag, I travel like sound dog  
You play hard in the gravel like ground dog  
I'm underground call me groundhog  
Lay down lawgs call me ground law  
but Don't confuse me with the law, naw but just confuse me with my paw  
Because I am the Birdman J-R  
I ain't tripping nigga, I play the corner like ripkin nigga  
With the 40 cal ripkin nigga, rip a nigga  
Flip ya vehicle, split ya windshield  
Wack ya Baby momma but I let the kid live  
And people say that I am a kid still, cause the lil nigga still rides on big wheels  
You feeling animal then come on and get killed  
And sig pill bandannas like banana's  
Say I'm slight bananas I blow a weekend in Havana  
In my cabana with my bottom bitch from savanna  
Man a train couldn't stop ya man  
I man up and you not a man  
I stand up, say I got my land  
I'm the man of my land  
Call it lil-weezy-ana  
Thats the new plan

Yeah nigga, you bout some money get at me nigga

Thats the only way  
Dumb shit we bout that get at me  
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga