

D-Boyz

Lil' Wayne

I got Spitta hot Spitta in the building with me mane
Who ever thought he'd be chilling with me mane
And since he make millions with me mane
Come on make millions with me

Cause I tote, and I bang
Police try to stop but they can't
So fuck the law, nigga and fuck the po'
I thug vicious bitch I'm from Hollygrove
Who that is? Weezy F. Baby
Please say the baby
Please, baby, please say the baby
Please, baby, please say the baby
Please say the baby

I'm a Hollygrove nigga got the 17th in me
Pussy ass niggas bring the 17th out me
If ever he doubt me, he could do better
Prolly leaping off a mountain
Turning the gun around and skeet-skeeting in your mouth and
South man, outstanding flow
Ready for the drama like Knots Landing hoe
Bada-bam-bing hoe
Weezy do his thing hoe
You don't need Websters to know what the bling-bling for
Checking in the Four Seasons gotta have a neat hoe
Cause I'm a neat freak and mama she freak me
Mama a freaknik like 1993
And like she probably be the wife that you go to sleep with
Holla at me on some creep shit
I be like, I don't feel like fucking but I could do ya sweet lips
I'm running through my box of Sweets I need some more Tez
Cash Money, Young Money that's more cash

Chyea, chyea, this is a dedication to the streets
The gangstas, the hood, the fallen soldiers
To the down ass chicks that keep it in the slums
You smell that?

Big shouts to Hollygrove
Can't forget Magnolia Projects

It's Gangsta Grillz you bastards