

Da Drought

Lil' Wayne

Weezy F Baby, F ya lady so quick so fast
No lines, no laughs, just wine and grass
And sometimes they like grams and grass
Whatchu know bout getting coke sucked off your dick then put it in her ass?
I'm nasty huh? But she like that shit though
So I like that trick ho, but never wife that bitch, no
But never mind that bitch though, got plenty more
Hen' and Mo', women know... Weezy Deuce Bigalow
So tell ya crew hello
The game come with the boy, the boy come with the game bitch I'm a Game Boy
Shoot from across the club, I got range boy
DJ let them know I came and she came
White as cane in the Range, drop-
drop on the thangs like stop, pop, chop and swang (spinners)
Yeah mayne I cop, pop, chop and slang where mayne? (flippers)
Where the cops not bopping a thang, yeah man
Fi, told me to milk it, I did and he said I killed it, so now we both filfth
y, brother ya gotta feel me?
And brother you gotta kill me if you want me to ever stop drillin this real
shit in ya ears bitch
And here's this new thang, SQ Wayne, SQ Gang
Say something lay bloody man
They hustlin', they thuggin' man
Come around the way buggin, they bustin them weight cutters man
M-10 barrel, slim, trimmin' your frame
Him and his mayne, him and his kids, him and his dame so
Who gives a flying fuck, this is the game
And it ain't shit without misery, pain
You learn that later
Get the purple from the A we burn that playa
Grab a J up in the air, J up in the air
Me and Fi speaking private in the air
Talkin about how we gon squad it out later
Fuck later do it now, wizzle
And I got the uzi in the ground
Fresh crew cap fit to the ground
Tech put a pig dick to the ground
His face in the dirt, he was scared
He had a picture of Mase on his shirt, go to church
Had a picture of cherry cool-aid to your feet
I clap the itchy at whoever else say shit
Make me show you what that is by my ribs
Nigga weezy blow better than momma ribs
Who you know better, get your ho, mo wetter
I'm up in lil momma rib
Now she tells me there where I should live
But I gotta bounce baby
Gotta get that money in political amounts baby
If not it's critical for politics I'm robbin bricks
I'm in the middle of the squad with clips poppin shit like
Which nigga want it cause I got it to borrow, yeah
And round here they call me lil carter
I feel harder with the steel folder
And I'm real, but I know niggas is real opposite
So I walk with it, I talk with it, perform with it
That's how I be so calm and shit, smooth gangsta
Straight from the arm with, palmin it

Leave a permanent scar burning your dome and shit
Burning it off and shit, offin' shit
Homie you should learn I'm the don and shit
Often shit, burner on me off then off me quick
Pop that nigga, yeah bitch I'm super thugged out
And I ain't trying bring Pac back nigga
But I am the cash money Makaveli
Pack a heavy mac eleven, spaghetti and meatball and creep off
Better you than me dog, now sleep dog
Street talk, this is the carter drought, y'all welcome