

# 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