

## Drive Bys

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, I'm off a bar, they want me out of here (Boom)  
My heater gon' air out the opposite (Boom)  
On the block with my ice, still rockin' it (Yes)  
While she silenced, the girl put a sock in it (Whoa)  
I got hitters and killers, they arsonists  
I got drugs, I'm a street pharmacist  
He a rat, the Glock must be arsenic  
Whip the pot, I put my whole arm in it, damn  
I keep the fuego, they know the style (Yeah)  
Corrupt, so they want me to break down (Boom)  
If the mafia house a stakeout  
Why don't you take out his family and head count  
Why would I fuck with these niggas who don't keep it G?  
Why I need friends? All my partners deceased  
Been a hot boy, this the demon in me  
Back to the block, I got used to the streets

Pull up, pull out, cut loose, run through  
One clip, unclip, new clip, action, part two  
Fuck you, who you? You new, you too new to me  
I don't do you, do you, D-E-U-C-E  
Doom, doom, do shrooms, smoke ooh-la-la, oui, oui, oui  
High AF, got a PHD in THC  
Don't stunt, don't stunt 'less you got one, not one  
I pop one, not one  
Look up and thank God 'cause I'm one  
Amen, and I've been a man since I can pray, man  
And say amen, okay, can I get an amen?  
I shake land, never shake hands  
No fingerprints, that's stinky stench  
Got me thinkin', bitch  
What it mean when my trigger finger itch?  
Put a ring on it (Whoa)  
Chopper ring, like freedom, yeah  
Put you in the sky, you will never land  
Like Peter Pan, you gon' see the man  
You gon' need 'em, yeah, huh  
I got demons, yeah, blonde, blonde dreads  
Black thoughts under this beanie, man  
No Beenie Man I'm a thinkin' man  
And I've been thinkin', man, what you thinkin', man?

I'm thinkin' drive by, huh (Drive by)  
Walk down, curb side, head shot (Yeah)  
I'm thinkin' big racks (Big racks)  
Saw it off, chest shot, Mad Max  
I'm gon' big dope, I don't need to stress (Whoa)  
Run it up, I'm 'bout to make it stretch (Whoa)  
In the trap, I should've never left (Whoa)  
Watch yourself before we make you next  
I'm thinkin' drive by

I'm thinkin' drive by, yeah  
I'm thinkin' fireflies, yeah  
I'm thinkin' dragons, young nigga head on fire  
Hot head, yeah, gassin', matches, ashes  
I'm thinkin' out of the box

Passenger side, I'm hangin' out with a chop  
I'ma pull up, like what up?  
Baow, baow, baow, what up now, nigga? Baow, baow, huh  
I wish a pussy motherfucker would  
I let this cookie cutter cut 'em good  
I make his cookie crumble 'till I'm full  
I chop a nigga family tree to wood, ow  
I'm thinkin' Sammy the Bull now  
I'm thinkin' family reunions, I'm thinkin' picnics, I'm thinkin' cookouts  
Thinkin' full clips for a full house  
Piped up on a full tank  
Air the whole neighborhood out  
My dawgs turn into a wolf gang  
Better take off or get took out  
AR with a clip on  
Hit a nigga dead in the chest, like Saquon with the stiff arm  
Damn, I'm thinkin' drive bys (Yeah, yeah), yeah  
Walk ups, run downs, kick doors and lay down, yeah  
Big guns, no noise, small guns, but they loud, yeah  
AK's, MK's, SK's, okay  
Pin drop, locate your place, drive by

I'm thinkin' drive by, huh (Drive by)  
Walk down, curb side, head shot (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm thinkin' big racks (Yeah, yeah)  
Saw it off, chest shot, Mad Max (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm gon' big dope, I don't need to stress (Yeah, yeah)  
Run it up, I'm 'bout to make it stretch (Yeah, yeah)  
In the trap, I should've never left (Yeah, yeah)  
Watch yourself before we make you next (Yeah)  
I'm thinkin' drive by

Walk down, curb side, head shot  
Pull ups, pull up, pull out  
Sawed off, chest shot, Mad Max  
I'm thinkin' drive by  
Walk down, curb side, head shot  
Pull ups, pull up, pull out  
Sawed off, chest shot, Mad Max  
I'm thinkin' drive by

Ayy yo', this record right here is called "FL4M3\$" by Lil Tune, Lil Wayne's  
son  
The future, young king  
Bless up, let's get it  
Young Money