

Duck

Lil' Wayne

What's happening? Come on man
What's up with these niggas man?
Yeahhh
Nigga Millz with that New York shit man
One time for my nigga T in this bitch
Yeah
Tired of these niggas

I can make her do tricks
Make the bitch do splits
Write your name on a bullet like a gift
I'm St. Nick
Overdosing off the dope
Comatos'n on the low
Keep my hands on some coke
Like guns n' roses, rock n' roll
The guns we tote is not for show
Welcome to the murder show
Welcome to the murder capital
That's capital N.O
That's New Orleans, it's you or me
If that's so you gotta go
You drop the gun, I drop the world
I drop some cash, you drop the soap
Rep that soo woo dada doe
I just got Bluetooth on my stove
You don't want try me like Dej Loaf
Yeah I know I know I know
My Spanish hoe she love me so
She say, "amo amo amo"
These lil boys don't want no war
Them toy soldiers, G.I. Joe
Mystical
Here I go, here I go
Vehicle, diablo
All black, white seats, piano
Yeah your folks Santiago
You don't want no fiasco
We don't do Donnie Brasco
And tell your crew I said let's go
Tell your crew I said let's go

Oh it's way past midnight
Shadows in them streetlights
Gotta trap for them niggas tryna act like
A bitch ain't got a whole team right
Yeah ahh
He think that he gone take it from me
He said I should give it up cause he got money
Told him I don't think that I can please ya
But I got a bunch of killas wanna meet ya

All of my niggas is real, all of my niggas is silent
All of my money is in rubber bands, I do not carry a wallet
All of my bitches stay ready, soon as I walk in she gone pop it
Everyday I be floating, floating on autopilot
If that nigga ain't got my money though

Wrap him up like a mummy though
Regular wolves howl at the moon
My wolves come out when it's sunny though
My niggas ain't got no words with police
You tell the cops what they wanna know
This right here is my dummy flow
No Ibaka but I bring that thunder though
Your girl a jumpoff, [?] Geronimo
Slam in that pussy like dominos
That boy Millz he got beats and all kinds of flows
What y'all think Weezy signed me for?
Stayed down and I'm still down
True definition of lo-yal
My style timeless, my style vintage] as Crown Ro-yal
From birth to now, heart big like El Notorious and Pun
I want what I deserve, and some
Yeah I'm ballin', And1
All my niggas outside with me
All my niggas down the ride with me
And every freak that that I ever meet
Gotta fuck my girl if she slide with me
That's word

Oh it's way past midnight
Shadows in them streetlights
Gotta trap for them niggas tryna act like
A bitch ain't got a whole team right
Yeah ahh
He think that he gone take it from me
He said I should give it up cause he got money
Told him I don't think that I can please ya
But I got a bunch of killas wanna meet ya

We kick down the door, said it before
We did not come round to play games with you niggas
They say you nobody til somebody kills ya
Well I'm bout to make you a famous lil nigga
No game in this killer, murder he wrote
Can get life behind bars with these murderous quotes
The flow is like meth, it's like crack, it's like heroin
Yes I am spitting this dope
I am the future, I'm seeing right through you
I'm so New Orleans but I do not know voodoo
My piece will come face-to-face with you like Oovoo
Have niggas searching for you like it's Google
I'm brutal
I've been slept on for a long time
Been patient for a minute I want mine
I hear a lot of niggas talking down
I'ma put my mothafuckin foot where the sun don't shine
Can't rhyme in a cypher like this
I've been rockin with the best
They don't put me on the list
I'm an underground king
Underrated in the streets favorite
Every street corner gonna speak bout this
Rest in peace Pimp C
Still got the muddy cup full of Morgan Freeman, yep, lean on me
Like Wootang cash rules everything around me
You know I got the cream on me
Gun barrel smoking like hydro
Middle fingers up fuck five-o
Still repine B's like an H-town nigga

When I'm finished in this bitch call Geico
You looking at a god man, I put that on the Bible
Killin' everything fuck rivals
Hundred round drum on the stick
When I let the bitch off man it sound like pyro

Oh it's way past midnight
Shadows in them streetlights
Gotta trap for them niggas tryna act like
A bitch ain't got a whole team right
Yeah ahh
He think that he gone take it from me
He said I should give it up cause he got money
Told him I don't think that I can please ya
But I got a bunch of killas wanna meet ya