

Get High Rule The World

Lil' Wayne

Yeah
Drought 3
Hear my chains? Haha
That mean I'm balling, bitch!
Haha
If you didn't know
If you wasn't informed, or something like that
This is Da Drought 3
And um... Check this out

Yeah, imagine waking up out your sleep to them pistols blasting
And if the witness is dead, there's no trial
If you didn't know then, ho, well, you know now
And I don't mean basketball when I say, "I don't know y'all"
Money, money, money, money boost my morale
Play with my money, money, money: O.K. Corral
I like a bitch with a apple-bottom like Vokal
The top is at my fingertips like I ain't got no nails
I got blood brothers, bitch; I ain't got no pals
I make a girl get low, like I ain't got no Ls
I'm a paper-chasing dog, check my toenails
And I never miss a game, no Shaq O'Neal
More like Brett Favre, just like Brett Favre
I been shot two times; just wipe that off
But I thank you for putting me right back, Lord
And to you, Father, I would give my life back for it
That knife, that sword; that gun, that war
Make your so-called "soldiers" just run like Gore
Yeah-Frank, that is, from San Francis'
And I got more banana clips than chimpanzees
Ten addresses, and I dresses
Like I thinks I'm the motherfucking best there is
And I'm about to bubble, and she catch that fizz
And I'm straight from Claiborne, nigga; just ask Liz
Check your neck-there ain't a crook like this
From the city where the judge throw the book at kids
Burner in school, in my book bag, hid
Talk stupid at lunch, and we're having your ribs
If you are not home, then we're having your kids
And if you can't come up with half, I'll send you half of your kid
Back to the balling-extravagant crib
I'm on the toilet watching Martin, just laughing and shit
Don't know why I get high, but I get high
I get high, like, every single day
You do shit that them other women can't
Mary Jane, what is it you done to me? Yeah
I pop a beat and start rolling
And then I smoke it like a motherfucking stogie
Peep how I wrote it-
I was rapping to the "ding-ding-ding-ding..." Fuck it

Get high, screw the world
And that's that, hahaha
I need all my funds, yeah
All my money, baby, haha
Black diamonds and pearls
Believe that, hm

I made "Bling Bling," and my chest look like a mural
I'm nuts—just call me "Squirrel"

My fetish is the girls
But the women—not the girls
Act your age, not your shoe size
Maybe we can do the twirl
I'll be the Prince of her pearl-tongue
Earring in her pearl-tongue
If she come, let her girl come
Give her a pill, give her girl one

"Party time, excellent"—yup, Wayne's World
Campbell's Soup on the wrist, just call me Earl
Lil' Marl, don't shoot 'em, you heard?
I get high, my words slur, I start calling 'em "Merl"
"Hey, Merl', light that 'fire'"
And I know this' old, but I'm really "Hot in Herre"
I went with the Phantom, my niggas copping the Spurs
My hand's in the pot—I'd rather eat and stir

It's I against the world
And I'm strapped! Yeah
I bring all my guns
Shoot mothers, fathers, babies—damn!
Black handguns to serve
We could see, but we are so blind to the signs
They're trying to lose the world

And we will walk right up with our guns, yup
Hand in hand, yeah
We'll march right after the drum
But I don't mean no band

Nigga, Drought 3!