

# 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!