

## Go DJ

Lil' Wayne

Yea, yea, yea  
Grown ups in between, children and babies  
Right about now its yo boy, ya heard, back again  
DJ Mannie  
Fre Fresh Err Fresh  
Fre Fresh Err Fresh  
Fre Fresh Err Fresh  
Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, yea  
Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do, ya heard

Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought to you  
Courtesy of the young man young Carter and the great man Mannie Fresh  
So what I want yall out there to do for me is say this

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

Murder one on one, the hottest nigga under the sun  
I come from under the tummy, busting a tommy  
Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your arm hit  
Pow, one to the head now you know he dead  
Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game  
Naw better yet a veteran a hall of fame  
I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names  
Ay its Cash Money Records man a lawless gang  
Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his flame  
Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo brain  
Cuz the flow is spasmodic what they call insane  
That aint even a muthafuckin aim I get dough boy  
And you already know that pimping  
18 how I'm living young'n show that Bentley  
Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me  
Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me

And I move like the Coupe thru traffic  
Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent  
Ya bitch present wit the music blasting  
And she keep asking how it shoot if its plastic  
I tell her you see if ya boy run up, she sat back and cut the Carter back  
up, oh fa sho  
Ay Big Mike they betta step they authority up  
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns  
You niggas never harming young, fly wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talkin  
g  
And I ain't just begun, I been running my city like Diddy ya chump

I fly by ya in a foreign whip, on the throttle wit a model bony bitch  
Pair of phony tits, her hair is long and shit, to her thong and shit  
Well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets go

Hold on let me hit the blunt  
So go, so go  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the Carter

Birdman put them niggas in a trash can  
Leave em outside of your door I'm your trash man  
I'm steady lighting another hash and riding in my jag  
You will need a gas mask man  
You snakes, stop hiding in the grass  
Sooner or later I'll cut it knock the blades in yo ass  
You homo niggas getting Aids in the ass  
While the homie here tryna get paid in advance  
I'm staying on my grizzy I'ma bonafide hustler  
Play me or play wit me then I'm going find your mother  
Niggas wanna eat cuz they ain't ate nothing  
But niggas wanna leave when you say you out of mustard  
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leaving out  
Leaving behind just residue and bones  
In your residents with Rugers to your dome  
Like where the fuck you holding the coke, holding your throat, choke

This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this  
This is the Carter

Go DJ, DJ, DJ