

Hands Up

Lil' Wayne

Let's get fucked up
On the road to riches you're just a speed bump
Funny how the heater make a nigga freeze up
We smoke a tree down til it's just a tree stump
That Eastside nigga, bang on you bitches
I'm going at your neck strangle you bitches
Got a long-ass list full of bad-ass bitches
And I stay burned out like a bad transmission
I'm on, like the lights I lights up
The kush, knocked out, Mike Tyson fight
I'm talking about ass and titties
Sex and the City
Weezy F Baby and the F is for "forget it"
I'm loving my shine, sipping on fine wine
Up and some fine dime, then she give me Einstein
Young Money motherfucker, yeah we picked the fine time
I'ma 17, nigga. Bitch, I don't mind a dime
And I just ended up on every bitch's sex list
Genie in the bottle, get a muthafuckin dead wish
Thugga in this bitch, he say fuck y'all niggas
Breaking buds down the size of a football nigga
Red beam, gimme the light, no Sean Paul nigga
Let Nino bust in your face like a porn star nigga
Yeah I keep the Brian Pumper, no homo
The shit I'm on got the world moving in slow-mo
Man, I told Mack I was gonna do it
Above the law, but under the influence
Man, I was on my skateboard
Kick push swagger, got my girl to the room
Got behind her like a shadow
I had her ass up in the air
I swear got-I swear I got the largest clip up in the world
Right here in my Gat
And I wish a nigga play
I'mma bust a nigga ass
Hate Young Money? Then fuck you in the ass
187 and a hockey mask, YMCMB gon' ball
Til we fall. And this fuck all y'all
Ball til we fall. And this fuck all y'all
We straight, sorry for the wait