

# Hard Body

Lil' Wayne

Hard Body Motherfucker Got The Heart Of A Killer  
Young God In The Building 'Bout To Start A Religion  
'Bout To Call Bin Laden Up And Order Some missiles  
Bring 'Em Straight To Your Block And Go To War With You Bitches  
If you Hit The Head Then The Rest Fall In Position  
Shoot A Nigga On The Porch And Make Him Fall In The Kitchen  
Copped A Big Boy Porsche With All The Specifics  
And I Keep The Torche Baby Call Me Olympics  
Red White Blue Pills Flip My Skills Like Gyminst  
And Never Give A Bitch Money Blood Kidneys  
When The Gun Goes Pow I Be At The Finish  
With A Medal round My Neck Autograph On My Tennis  
The Land Of The Murder Dope Crack And Surenges  
Pull Up On You In The Coupe How Fat Is Your Engine  
Never Talk To Those That Sat On The Benches No  
I Was In The Game On 4th And Inches  
These Niggas Want The Business  
I'm gonna Give These Boys The Business  
See you Fucking With The Boy That Tow Toys Before Christmas  
Got All These Hoes Tripping  
Got All These Hoes Stripping  
No We Ain't Psc But Them Bitches Know We Tipping  
I Just Bought A Pint And Ain't No one Of You all Sipping  
Make My Friends Buy They Own Shit I'm Tired Of Being Friendly  
You Ain't Gotta Lie Just To Try To Be With Me  
Got Bitches Up In Heaven Waiting That Died To Be With Me  
I'm Crazy For Being Wayne Or Is Wayne Just Crazy?  
I Been Around I'm Still Around Like Them Geico Cavemen  
Hairpin Trigger No I Won't Shave It  
I Spot Hip-Hop In The Ocean I'm Gonna Save It  
The South Is So Dirty Bitch you Can Bath It  
Hollygrove Dawg And I Feel Like Mating  
Babygirl Your Pussy Looking So Vacant  
And It's Fuck You And Fuck Georgia Bush Not Making  
Fuck Waste Deep I'm In Over My Head  
But It's Cool I'm gonna Make It I'm Good Like Meagan  
Your Girl Want Me To Come Ron Like Reagan  
Your Boyfriend Is Softer Than A Carton Of Eggs And  
I Don't Fear Nothing But God And Weddings  
At The Top Of My Paper Like I'm Starting A Heading  
My Homie Santana Yeah that's My Ace  
But You May Know Us As I Can't Feel My Face

They Don't Know Where I Came From But They Know Where I'm Going  
And I'm gonna Tell Just How The Top Feels When I'm On  
In The Game I'm No Cheetah I'm a Tiger I'm a Cougar I'm A Panther I'm a Beng  
al  
Ocho Cinco  
I'm Illy Shirt Softer Than Gillie  
In A Pair Of Gucci Flops Feeling freer Than Willie  
When them Niggas Left Eye It Got A Little Bit Chilli  
But I Just Let It Burn Like The End Of A Philly