

## He A "G"

Lil' Wayne

My swag is in order, nigga, image is a must  
Six digits on the car, nigga, that's a plus  
Six hundred for the jeans, I never pull my pants up  
Already there, why you tryna get your grams up  
I put your hoe in handcuffs, I take her hostage  
I see you walking round, short arms, deep pockets  
I live to see a profit, you're down to break even  
I'm really in the clear, you niggas stay leaking  
You niggas just ain't eating  
Pick another lane  
Rap game, crack game, you should pick another game  
I'm headed for the jeweler, 'bout to pick another chain  
Then I go to the pad, 'bout to stick another dame

I rock, I roll  
I'm fly, I know  
You're broke, you're mad  
Turn your swag, turn it up  
Turn it up, turn it up

See I'm a rock-and-roll all-star, a hip-hop legend  
I eat the track up, now where is my beverage  
I belch bars, excuse my presents  
And I charge for every letter, like a fucking text message  
Chrome on, shades on, game on  
And my V-Neck is pushed like Mason  
You can't fuck with me, man  
You're like Weak Man to me, man  
What up, blood  
What up, blood  
What up, gangster  
Belt game banging, chain game slanging  
Weezy F Baby, the shit still stankin

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Fat boy go hard, you're not like I  
You're dope-man fresh, I'm kingpin fly  
My team on point, my swag on ten  
My doe don't fold, my cash don't bend  
My doors go up, my sound's up loud  
You are nothing but another face in the crowd  
Corner-store John Doe looking for a name  
The shit you provide me is nothing to the game  
I'm the leader of the pack, you can tell by the talk  
I'm a bona fide star, you can tell by the walk  
One hand on my nuts, the other on a stack  
You're looking for doe, I can show you where it's at

I rock, I roll  
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Turn your swag, turn it up

Turn it up, turn it up