

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

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Turn it up, turn it up