

# Hit Em Up

Lil' Wayne

I tried to talk to him  
Quit talkin, I'ma hang ya by your tongue, Yea  
Any motormouth could get hung high  
We don't fuck wit niggaz like fungi  
We don't even hear ya  
Hollerin bullshit nigga quit the diahera  
Pistol lie inside of the armrest, um yes  
Lay a nigga down in his own mess, don't mess  
Playa fuck around wit the homeless, charmless  
You can leave out here armless, no homies  
Honest, you niggaz is harmless  
I'm calm as a Don is supposed to (be)  
Costa Nostra, don't ever approach him  
Don't get close to him  
Shootouts and nothin but rock n roll to him  
Leave your blood on the dash, call it rose wood  
'Nother murder, 'Nother page out the notebook  
It ain't nothin it don't make it if you no good  
I tried to talk to him, but then a nigga had to

Hit 'em up, Hit 'em up  
I ain't even wanna hit 'em up really, I was tryna be calm  
But, uh, that chopper Rrrot, put his head in his arms  
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit 'em up, Hit 'em up  
I ain't even wanna hit 'em up, fuck it make a nigga get loose  
He had too much talkin, not enough Deuce'  
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

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Y'all take them shoes off your teeth  
Stop runnin your mouth  
No shoes, no feet, I'll run in your mouth  
I'll come to your house, me and my goons  
Loadin up bangers, ridin under the moon  
Throwin up fingers sayin "My side rule"  
If a nigga disagree, that's when my side prove  
That Maybach coupe a cock-eyed fool  
And I'm "in it like Bennet" hoe, aren't I cool  
But if that thermostat switch and that needle move  
Then the attitude switch and the heat'll move  
I got that, Shakita banana, clip for the tool  
Me the disaster, pity the fool, eat a catastrophe  
Swallow the truth, belch reality  
How does it taste, Pie to your face, You a bitch nigga  
All pussy, stop comin out your lips nigga  
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Real talk boy, chill wit the talk boy  
That tommy gun'll tear your neighborhood apart boy  
Yeah, leave your feelings in your heart boy  
Start with the wrong boy, you end wit a stone boy  
Wit your friends, to carry you alone  
To a concrete mattress and a fluffy tombstone  
Fuck discussion, I ain't in to it boy  
I just get to it, let's do it, rip through a boy  
Big uzi, tissue the boy  
I'm inside lookin out, you just an intruder boy  
You need sooches on your smooches boy  
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