

Hittas

Lil' Wayne

Is it true you performed with Willie Nelson at the Country Music Awards?
I don't know, but I know I did perform at this bad ass bitch birthday party
recently. She was crazy stupid thick
Mack in here
Pooh in here
Scoob in here with me

Tell them hoes get they mind right, tell them niggas back up
Man, I heard the truth is hard to swallow, do you have cups?
Used the rope to hang myself to tie a money bag up
Tell 'em get they iron right before Iron-Man come
Tell 'em bring my car around, tell 'em bitches lap up
I'ma cut this music down, tell 'em put they APs up
Tell 'em throw they pride out, roll them windows back up
Money in the air, who say white men can't jump?
Catch that nigga late night on the phone at a gas pump
Let me get the phone and the car once it's gassed up
AK-47 make a sittin' duck stand up
I could let it blast, but I much rather have one
Tell 'em bring my car around, tell 'em bitches lap up
Then them hoes get passed down, then them hoes get passed up
Sittin' on this money to me feel like a cactus
I'm stickin' to this shit, you woulda been done hop yo' ass up

Tell 'em, I got hittas woadie (hittas woadie)
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie
I got hittas woadie (hittas woadie)
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie (plenty woadie)

I got hittas woadie, yeah I got plenty woadie
And they just wait for the word, this shit like Wheel of Fortune
Goddamn, these snitches nosy, goddamn, these snitches nosy
Nigga, I'm a ass with that semi, call me semicolon
Yeah I got hittas woadie, yeah I got plenty woadie
They kick the door and kill yo' ass and leave the children snorin'
I'm sippin' lean out a glass, make me feel important
I made some green in the past and now it's good as golden
Yeah

Clearly, Lil Wayne answers to no one

I got hittas woadie
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie (plenty woadie)
I got hittas woadie (hittas woadie)
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie

I'm so lifted, I'm so lifted
I wrote my will in hieroglyphics (in hieroglyphics)
Weezy, where you been? The people miss you
Crickets
I got hittas and they not kidders, that's my niggas
You got niggas but they not hittas, they got jitters
They get hit up, I'm placin' figures on your niggas
Takin' bidders, yo' bae, yo' niggas, don't make a difference
I got shooters, on pharmaceuticals, they armed and brutal
Armed intruders, 'cause we don't doodle, we draw conclusions
I got sprayers, all type of sprayers, we gon' need Google

I got paper, on top of paper, we gon' need rulers
I'm effective, been doin' numbers since Roman numerals
Strong as sumo, we armed as usual, my hittas hungry
Charleston Chew you, bazookas chew you, just like bazookas
Don't confuse 'em, we only hittas, y'all only humans
Don't get hit up, woadie (hit up, woadie, hit up, woadie)
'Cause I got hittas woadie

He's a very smart child. And I just said he was a genius, you know what I'm sayin'? Which I used to pray, and ask the Lord to send me one. You know, he did. He's so smart, I can't teach him nothin'. He's done been here before