

Line Em Up

Lil' Wayne

M-M-M-Murda
(Hey)

I had a Benz when you had a bike, uh
All this cocaine got me actin' white
You could ask Jada Pinkett, nigga, I'm a legend
You could ask Chrissy Teigen, ask John Legend

She say I got a vanilla aftertaste
Cut his face, let him use his blood for his aftershave
Harrell Park, it ain't nothin' like South Park
Pistol whip you 'til you know the serial number by heart, damn
Sit the chop on top your nose, if you sneeze, I squeeze (Smoke)
Got them extra extendos, call them Eazy-Es
Uzis, .223's, TEC's, semi-automatic, reflex
Bullet ain't got no name, but these no-names ain't got no respect
Put some respect on my name, don't know where I got that from
Mad scientist in this bitch, don't even know what I'm mad for, woo
'Cause it's hard to ignore the bullshit when it can't flush, woo
Tryna dodge and duck, but you can't duck, nigga, blaow

Stunt, stunt, real deal
Had the MAC-11, real, real
Had to send your ass the real deal
Had to send your ass the real deal
Had to line 'em up, yeah, line 'em up
You niggas quack me up, bah, Daffy, Donald Duck (Yeah, yeah)
Stunt, stunt, real deal
Had the MAC-11, real, real
Had to send your ass the real deal
Had to send your ass the real deal
Had to line 'em up, I'ma nine 'em up
These niggas quack me up, brrah, better Donald Duck

Gas 'em up, I'ma fire 'em up, yeah
Pack 'em up, I'ma pile 'em up, yeah
Line 'em up, yeah, sign 'em up, yeah
Line 'em up, I'm anonymous
Leave out this bitch, comin' back with the dawgs
I'm comin' back with the dawgs
Go at my neck, I'm comin' back at your skull (Gone)
I'm comin' back with her drawers
Come back with the bag, the package and all, yeah
I put the stash in the wall
Thirty round dick, I'm jackin' it off, yeah
'Til ain't no more jacks in the cards
Aces and kings, blackest of hearts, yeah
I played the hands I was taught
Family man, your family involved, damn
Family tree, branches gon' fall
Actin' an ass, no actin' at all, no
All of the cameras is off
You fucked up the deal, look back at the mall, huh
We dunk on 'em, back in the form

I had a Benz when you had a bike, uh
All this cocaine got me actin' white

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These niggas quack me up (Quack me up), better Donald Duck (Yeah, yeah)

Line 'em up, sign 'em up
I'ma grind 'em up, I'ma fire 'em up
Smoke, smoke (Gas 'em up), smoke, smoke (Pile 'em up)
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke
Huh, huh, line 'em up, huh, blaow
Smokin' Donald Duck
I see you backin' up
You better Donald Duck
You niggas crack me up
You better Donald Duck, blaow, blaow
Line 'em up, grtt
You better Donald Duck, yeah
Gas 'em up, and I'ma fire 'em up, yeah
Pack 'em up, and I'ma pile 'em up, smoke
Funeral