

Live From The Gutter

Lil' Wayne

You at home broke as fuck doing the milly rock
I'm in Hollywood with millions, check my Diddy bop
Sipping Actavis, I put that on my double cup
Pushing work, man, we got the whole city hot
Raised up on Jeezy, Jay'd up on Yeezys
Young Money millionaires, me, T and Weezy
Sixteen in the peezy
Another sixteen, that's a PT
36 that's a keyzee
Push button start, bitches thought I lost my keys, please
Trappin' out my haunted house of ghosts, there's some scares there
And I got that work, homie yeah, yeah
Finessing all these niggas, I need air fare
All these diamonds dancing on me, baby very
I might call them Michael Jordans, I need every pair
Tell your homie hit my line, I got fishscale

Certified hustler, yeah, real street nigga
It took me 31 years to make my first million
But I ain't trippin', this the beginnin'
Lost deposits at Chase, no time for chasing women
All black Porsche slammed on them red mags
I peel her top back and watch the haters get mad
They need to stop it, niggas don't like when you
Ballin' on them bitches, they just mad 'cause they ain't got shit
And niggas with the gossip, ol' Dr. Phil ass nigga
You might as well go 'head on and start a talk show
Me and Hoody making big moves off in this Tahoe
Your bitch travel hundred feet, work off in that rental
Backstabber smile in my face, showing the dentals
But you know me, I chunk the deuces at them bitches
Never stop the chat, I keep it moving on them bitches
In and out of town and yeah I do it for my city
East side New Orleans is where a nigga get it
So have your money right or else I ain't fucking with ya
And I ain't posing twice so I hope you got the picture
Ya dig?

Reporting live from the mother ship
And I ain't talking nothin' but Young Money shit
Yeah, I ain't talking no more Cash Money shit
Yeah, I ain't talking no more, now I'm coming, bitch
Distorting guys with the cutter
I'll rob a motherfucker talking all that big money shit
Got me hustling like I never had shit
I'm restarting from the bottom, now ain't that a bitch
But watch me turn this pen into a Brad Pitt
Yeah, watch me turn this world into a hand print
The money made me hungry like I'm fastin'
I see the stars line up, I feel like NASA
I see my homies give up on me like I'm average
I went back and counted up and no more stunting like my daddy, ah
Then my bitches hit me up and said she love me like a daddy, ah
Cuban bitch walking 'round my house like she live there
Wake up in the mall, she dribble like Sebastian Telfair
I see y'all ain't playin' fair, I see you, you layin' there
You see bitches everywhere, you might see them in Vanity Fair

My homie got that Danity Kane
Them shots like planes they landing here
Oh yeah, and we got them bitches on that wifi
It's a bird, it's a plane, them bitches sky high
Back up off me motherfucker, whoa yeah yeah
Me, T and Hoody feel like Dame, Hov and Tata
Me, Mack and Po feel like Leon, Hov and Tata
My bitch don't own panty hoes nor a bra top
Roll up the windows in the Rolls, nigga hotbox
Cut on some Drizzy in this bitch, we don't cha cha
Whole time I was ready, ain't no cotton mouths in my fetti
Ain't no Toms, ain't no Jerry
Ain't it really ain't no thang, you niggas really don't gang bang
I'm with that mob smoking gas, ain't no limit on my tank
Up, up, up and away, cup, cup, cuppin' all day
We sipping that oil, we sipping that oil, more oil than Olive Olay
You killas don't play, kill 'em on sight in the middle of the day
Shoot a nigga right in the middle of his face
Bullet be vile like the venom in a snake
Pussy be tighter than traffic, LA
We got that white, we traffic all day
I went from Kool Aid and PBJ
Now it's champagne and caviar steak
But still reporting live from the gutter, bitch
Before I fade away I hit 'em with the stutter step
Yeah, now before I fade away I gotta stutter step
Before I fade away I hit 'em with the stutter step
I hustle like it's nothin', left my woman in her underwear
My youngin don't wear underwear, I love my -
Yeah I love my baby mother, your little hoody ain't no huggy bear
I represent that grizzly bear, my neck look like a city fair
Page out the Jungle Book, amazed is how your woman look
When she see me and all my niggas coming
Afraid is how your gunners look, we take a finger, tongue or foot
And mail it to your people, we mean business, get that understood
[?] go back, I'm fucking good, a little bad, a ton of good
I'm pretty like Blair Underwood, she insecure, my gun secure, okay
I'm pretty like Blair Underwood, she insecure, my gun secure, okay
No ceilings