

# Over Here

Lil' Wayne

We pimpin' over here  
Ya'll simpin' over there  
Ya'll bitches over here  
Ya'll trippin over there

Better keep that over there  
Better keep that over there  
Better keep that over there  
Better keep that over there  
You  
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Better keep that, better keep that  
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Hey, hey, because

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Well, I'm young Weezy F. Baby  
Fuck a ho, cut a ho  
Only if she can cut the coke  
Let's fucking go, it's Hollygrove  
Bussin' straight through the fucking do'  
You fucking know them calicoes  
They go blucka blucka  
You better have a vest baby  
Only if I don't shoot to low  
Make your chest do the Tootsee Roll  
Turn your face to a pussy hole  
Turn my bullets to dicks  
And I'm making love to your shit, like a bitch  
And I bet that you gone love my sex baby  
Now say my name like Beyonce  
They ain't fuckin' with me, I say  
Holla at ya boy, bitch holla at yo' nigga  
Now show love, don't be shady  
And please say the...

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Young Money mothafucka  
Black 'Lac, hopping out me and Spitta  
He puffing on that dro, I'm sipping that hard liquor  
Stop thinking you hard nigga  
Cause I'll show you different  
Keep, running your mouth  
Boo will have your ass missing  
I got your bitch kissing right under my waistline  
Got a lot of dreams, but pimping I never chase mine  
This G strolling, heck to the cops, loaded  
Pushing that new Rover, still copping the cola  
Whipping that with soda  
You looking at a Young Money soldier  
Chi high roller  
Big dough folder, big lead holder  
Shampoo bullets that hit heads and shoulders

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