

Russian Roulette

Lil' Wayne

Yeah, Mula, uh

I pray so hard for my enemies
I wish them well with no other intent (Amen)
Life is not promised, no guarantee
No guarantee, but you get what you get
It's like Russian roulette (Yeah)
It's like Russian roulette (Baow)
It's like Russian roulette (Yeah, baow)
No guarantees, but you get what you get

Yeah nigga, pistol to your ear nigga
Have my big homie kill your lil' nigga
We heard the bricks comin' on the boat
We at the dock, we at the pier nigga
You won't even spot or hear niggas
But when they get here nigga, we gon' pop up and appear nigga
On some DMX shit, we gon' be like, "We right here, nigga"
Even though we right here, we far away, we light years nigga
And my AK got diarrhea nigga
I'm Promethazine, mixed with gasoline, mixed with antifreeze
And you just some light beer nigga
Sig Sauer spit a wig for ya, sip oil better than an oil rig, dig?
All your bust downs sparklin' like foil
And the coke got me sweatin', keep a towel on my shoulder
Like I used to coach the Georgetown Hoyas
I would walk down and draw down on you
Tell your woadies pray for you
And your shooters better be some fuckin' Golden State Warriors
I'm gettin' older, other day I told my soldiers
Spare nothin' except the strollers, but my heart used to be colder
Never sober so a nigga prolly higher when he sober
I be higher than the Solar System, get rich and control the system
I was servin' it like, Anna Kournikova
From a Nissan Pathfinder, now I have to find a chauffeur
I got alphabet bitches, I do numbers, I do digits
I hear gunshots at my door, hold on, who is it?

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It's like Russian roulette (Hold on, right)
No guarantees, but you get what you get (Uh, look)

You niggas do anything for fame and clout
What would you do for your freedom? Might give a statement out
I'm from a city nobody think they'd make it out
Got a key and a Glock, I took the paper route
Gave my people the block, straightened out
And I'll be back by mornin'
Whip the bricks until your back side's soarin'
I just bust the AP, that's a fact, mind's water for my bracelet
Dropped twenty like Jordan on a bad night, scorin'
'Gnac pourin', I just pulled up in a matte white foreign

Stick got a drum in the beam and the flashlight on it, yikes
Yeah, my shit's bad like Lauryn, I ran into her
On my last night tourin', I'm a mack, like, hol' up

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It's like Russian roulette (Butcher comin', nigga)
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Bust it down 'til the scale break, did a buck thirty on the beltway
Caught a bomb, Travis Kelce, 'fore we touch down, it's a tailgate
Piece lookin' like a milkshake, had to back up, give myself space
Fake statements and my health straight
I can't give a fuck what no one else say
So deep, it's like a jailbreak when the coupe slide down MLK
That's a bulletproof CLK, fire lands on the shelf case
Turned felons into executives, made a half a mil' and it felt great
Y'all niggas just a lil' late, got a big house on a lil' lake
And we both know how the smoke go
Shots peel straight through a steel plate
Never throw stones when you know
You livin' in a glass house like you Bill Gates
Good on both coasts like I'm LJ, Bape store out in LA
Bougie nigga even when I'm dead
Cause I'ma die and get to hell late, ugh

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