

Suffix

Lil' Wayne

Yeah
Suffix, people
Chyeah
You know
You, you, you already
Yeah
C'mon

Kicking rocks on the block, telling all the OGs:
"I be coming for your spot when you're not looking"
Hot cooking, mama got it on the kitchen table
I thank God we were always able to
Get the leather couch, big screen, cable, too
Nintendo when them good grades came through
Then the cooked Ks came through
Some soft, some stepped-on, but we kept on
And I slept with the work plenty nights
Thought I heard niggas coming, thought I saw the cop lights, but
I was dreaming, then I woke
The junkies was still fiending, and I had coke so
I had hope; you may say that its wrong
But I ain't talking to your child, I'm talking to this song
I'm just doing a buck down memory lane
If I crash, just pick up my brain
And yes, my niggas the same, but they quicker to bang
And if they do, then I'm the nigga you blame
So I shoot first anyway, and I would do the honors any day
And tell your honor he a bitch to his face
And whip through the stage like I whip through the yay
Show your ass how to take four and get eight
And it don't take four niggas to get straight
The only Hot Boy eating off this plate: Young
Weezy Baby, that's what your bitch say
Give her ass a location and a temp plate
Show her how to work the interstate
Stop working with that thinner weight, get your brakes fixed
Stop playing, 'cause all we know is gunplay
Trip while you full and my clip gon' be empty
When the stomachs get empty, anything's tempting
Ain't nobody safe when it's for the kids' sake
Hurricane wiped us out like a earthquake
We tryna save face, but we ain't got a place
To stay, so they made us evacuate
We on our way, pussies, relocate
Y'all know us, when you see us, put your jewels up
Put your cars, put your clothes, put your shoes up
It's that serious, homie, pick the news up
It wasn't good, nigga, think about the hood, nigga
The people who ain't never had shit, ain't gon' never have shit
Bullshit, 'cause they still gon' try to manage
Niggas doing anything, like, God gon' understand 'em
But please understand this: niggas with money lost mansions
Niggas with nothing lost families, lives lost in traffic
Water up to the attic, there goes the stashes
But a nigga got passion
Even though the bounce-back seeming like magic
Shit... Well, call me Siegfried

Watch how I turn one key to a hundred Gs
Yeah, dear summer, summer breeze:
Summer, please, know I live for you
Throw on the wife-beater, let back the lid for you
A few years I probably hear from you, but now I'm here for you
I know niggas that shed a tear for you
Behind bars, tryna get to you, and probably never see you
This that real talk if you ever heard it, homie
Shit hurts so much, might have to hurt you, homie
No commercial, no fronting, no curve on it
No cut; tell life, "So what?"
The drought's here; not only white's slowed up
The weed's slowed up, we can't even roll up
Fuck it, put a dent in the money too
But that's the last thing 'cause hustle is what we do
Hustle with what? How we getting on?
Where he sitting at? What he sitting on?
Stand up if you know it's true
The end of the world coming, and my city the proof, damn
Shit... And this is after disaster
This ain't rap, this a recap
Stepping off the G4, still strapped
Bust your head in the air, that's a sky-cap
Have my car pick me up where I arrive at
Drop the work off, 'cause it don't go where I reside at
Garbage bags filled up with dollars
Dead presidents, gotta dump the bodies
Birdman, as long as we gon' eat
Then everybody eat off me
Feet off ground, fingers to the stars, reaching
And I'ma get there through these bars, believe me
I'm down for the cause, even
When everything pause, I'm proceeding
I'm a leader, meet the son of Jacida
Fuck the world, not the people, damn!