

Triggaman

Lil' Wayne

Fuck that nigga
Pussy ass nigga
Straight murder that boy and every pussy that's with em
Sit em in the trunk, tell him let's have fun
No noise fat potato on the end of the gun
My boy's get that paper just as quick as it come
And if you're standing in the way then mama missing her son
I remember back in the day it was me and Brandon
Cut school, smoke weed, I was strapped, he had one too
Rest in piece from the Hollygrove crew
Tell ya momma I will do whatever she needs me to do

Lil Beezy we use to get ready,
Can't believe my nigga dead ah

I'm an apple street killer, a eagle street soldier
Lil Spitter I'm a ropa
Silver duck tape her
I'm a kidnapper
If ya bitch look good bet I'm a get at her
She see me in the coupe I put the petal to the metal
If ya boy wanna trip I put the ratta to the tatta
Everybody scatter tryna get the fuck away
Sparks fly, glass shatter, situation gets sadder
Daddy I'm a pitcher, who's the next batter
I whip it like gadda and I throw it right at em
Junior high school, high school when I had em
Had 10 dollar bags 25 dollar package
We ain't even in the same lane, stop lacking
Damn even Mack Maine tell me I'm macking
Nigga stop trippin, bitch shake ya laffy taffy
This is New Orleans classic, young Wayne the main attraction

I got that goose in my system, somebody gone be my victim

Talkin with ya bitch, meeting with ya bitch, creeping with ya bitch
Now I'm sleepin with ya bitch
You can keep her, she a bitch
I don't love her, I don't trust her
Nigga own mother told me the bitch loves to hustle
Gotta get that paper baby, gotta get that cake
Cop a black lamborghini, put gold on the plates
Gone to the beach, sand at my feet
R1 one wheel hanging off the seat
My nigga Lil Naughty was down town g
We use to blow 2 or 3, tell him all about the streets
My nigga Soulja Slim had the mutha fuckn message
[?] was a uptown legend

Lil Naughty we use to get red eye,
Can't believe my nigga dead ah
Lil Soulja he meant what he said ah,
Can't believe that nigga dead ah

My nigga Lil Spitta that's my nigga all day
First bullet out the barrel nigga better guard your face
My nigga Lil Spitta he in the game let's play

He about to take over for my half time break

Now once upon a time not long ago
He was in the hospital and damn near broke
And all he had was a mask and a Glock
A box of baking soda and a couple of pots
The streets was empty, the fiends was hungry
He wanted to give em just what they wanted
To get cheap coke all he needed was connect
So he called his homie Wayne from the Hollygrove set

Yes

Then I got his call, I'll be on the way
Don't worry about nothing but that money to be made
Met up Spitter we got the shit straight and I gave him the dope and I kept t
he ye
Now we on the grind and the bitches know who we are
I come through in the car like gosh
My posture as delicate as fur, I'm all hers
Cut niggas head like barbers
Fruity ass niggas is starburst
Throw em in the ceiling fans
Little Wayne Weezy Baby motherfucking triggaman
Yea yea, throw em in the ceiling fans
Little Wayne Weezy Baby motherfucking triggaman
Yea yea the motherfucking triggaman