

Trigger Man

Lil' Wayne

Fuck that nigga-pussy-ass nigga
Straight murder that boy and every pussy that's with 'em
Sit him 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 peace from the Hollygrove crew
Tell your momma I will do whatever she need me to do

Lil Beezy we use to get red-eye
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 your bitch look good bet I'm 'a get at her
She see me in the coupe I put the petal to the metal
If your 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 tripping, bitch shake your laffy taffy
This is New Orleans classic, young Wayne the main attraction
I got that goose in my system
Somebody gon' be my victim

Talking with your bitch, meeting with your bitch, creeping with your bitch
Now I'm sleeping with your 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
Home to the beach, sand at my feet
R1 one wheel hanging off the seat
My nigga Lil Naughty was a downtown G
We used to blow 2 or 3, tell me all about the streets
My nigga Soulja Slim had a motherfucking message
Magnolia head buster, Uptown legend

Lil Naughty we used to get red eye
I can't believe my nigga dead ah
Lil Soulja he meant what he said, ah
I 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
Say 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 with Spitter we got the shit straight
And I gave him the dope and I kept the yay
Now we're 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 trigger man
Yeah-yeah, throw 'em in the ceiling fans
Little Wayne Weezy Baby motherfucking trigger man
Yeah-yeah the motherfucking trigger man