

Used To

Lil' Wayne

Boys, now listen, we got more motherfuckin' TV screens on the outside the damn tour bus than on that motherfucker.

Boys playin' Playstation we come through motherfuckin' hang gliding off motherfuckin' Versace skyscrapers.

I don't get it, what more can you ask for?

Yeah, sound sound sound

Real 6 side shit

Sickos, ah man

Yeah, when you get to where I'm at
You gotta remind 'em where the fuck you at
Every time they talkin' it's behind your back
Gotta learn to line 'em up and then attack
They gone say your name on them airwaves
They gone hit you up right after like it's only rap
Jewels look like I found a motherfuckin' treasure map
And ain't told no one where the fuck it's at
Shout out to the G's from the ends
We don't love no girls from the ends
I'm gone hit 'em with the wham once again
I'mma always end up as a man at the end, dog
It's just apparent every year
Only see the truth when I'm staring in the mirror
Lookin' at myself like there it is there
Yea, like there it is there man, whoop
I ain't tryna chance it
I be with the bands like a nigga went to Jackson State or Grambling
Young Nick Cannon with the snare drum, dancin'
Watch the way I handle it
Bring it to the bedroom, you know that shit is candle lit
She know I'm the man with it, uh
With the bands like I must've went to Clark, went to Hampton
I ain't playin' with it

I ain't felt the pressure in a little while
It's gonna take some getting used to
Floatin' all through the city with the windows down
Puttin' on like I used to
They never told me when you get the crown
It's gone take some getting used to
New friends all in their old feelings now
They don't love you like they used to man

When you get to where the fuck I'm at
You gotta remind 'em about where you been
About all of the money that done came and went
About the two cents I ain't never spent
When they say you're too famous to pack a gat
I gotta remind 'em about where I'm from
Not about where I'm going, about where I've gone
Steppin' on to squish a roach like a steppin' stone
Goin' at a nigga throat like a herringbone
Boy do I smell beef? Mmmmm pheromones
Got a fuckin' halo over my devil horns
Trap pumpin' all night like Chevron
Suck a nigga dick for an iPhone 6

Fuck my nigga Terry for a new Blackberry
You can buried for an ounce of Katy Perry
I was only five but still remember the drought in '87
Lord tell 'em bitches I ain't got no time to play games with 'em
I ain't got no time
Tell her that I love her and I hate her in the same sentence
I'm fuckin' her mind
I got, mind control over Deebo
Parmesan my panino
Promethazine over Pinot
And when my blood start shootin' that's B-roll bitch

Let's just let bygones be bygones, okay?
Let's just go ahead and just let bygones be bygones
I pull up lookin' like a damn cyborg, weighin' 224
Oh man, these boys don't even understand
Listen when you see OVO Jodi pull up on the scene with Drake
For goodness sakes, well for goodness sakes
You see this mixtape you listenin' to? This an album
Yea, we could have, we could have sold it to you for 17.99 or 29.99 with the
shirt, buy it at the Target
These motherfuckers trippin' so hard I had to look down and double check cau
se I thought they had their shoes tied together
Motherfuckers got they shoes tied together
What more could you ask for?
Boys harassing me with these questions
How about this?
How about don't ask me know more motherfucking questions, we ain't doing no
interview