

## 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? Mmmm 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