Yeah, yeah, yeah, Weezy, baby, y'all don't get shot Rapid fire, what you know about it? I brought my homie along for the ride He strapped, he can't wait to come out the barrel

I heard some shouts like "Down on the floor"
Then even louder, "We got shooters, shooter"
I turnin' around, I was starin' at chrome
Shotgun watches door, got security good

Jumped right over counter Pointed gun at winkin' teller I'm your shooter, shooter, shooter

My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up They want me with my hands up Oh, shooter

So many doubt 'cause I come from the South But when I open up my mouth, all bullets come out Bang, die, bitch nigga, die, I hope you bleed a lake I'ma play X-ray, helpin' y'all see the fake

I'm just tryin' to be the great, tryin' to get a piece of cake Take it offa your plate, eat it right in your face They got a whole lot to say but I don't listen Call me Automatic Weezy, bitch, I keep spittin', pow

With all these riches and all these riches But ain't no loaners around They thinkin' about shooters that, shooters that Guns, girls, ladies that, gunners that Shoot, shoot, shoot, shooter

Yeah, hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter

No, no but I'm not
I just cry, mama, I think they, hey
I think they want me to surrender, shooter

And to the radio stations, I'm tired of bein' patient Stop bein' rapper racists, region haters Spectators, dictators, behind door dick takers It's outrageous

You don't know how sick you make us
I wanna to throw up like chips in Vegas
But this is Southern, face it
If we too simple, then y'all don't get the basics

Lady walks into a shotgun surprise

Dropped to her knees, saw her life before her eyes He said, "Bitch is gonna get it", everybody gon' regret it I'm your shooter

My hands up, my hands up They want me with my hands up Oh, shooter

My hands up, my hands up
They want me with my hands up
Oh, shooter

Sock soakin' wet, I been runnin', y'all I reload every hundred yards, I'm comin' forward Better know me, Lil' Wayne, just call me Lord Hard, take pain like Tylenols, raw way past par

For I'm some shit you never saw
I take you to the shootout, baby, win, lose or draw
Yeah and then they ask who, when, where, how
And my reply was simply pow

They want me to surrender Oh, shooter
My hands up, my hands up
They want me to surrender
Oh, shooter

No, no
I promise no surrender
I got my burner
And I'm your shooter