Sarah Brightman % Andrea Bocelli "Calling Me Killer"

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[Lil' Wayne]

Killer!

Huh?

Callin' Lil' Wayne (Wayne) a...

...killer!

What? What?

Killer!

What? What?

Check!

Hold up, you now under the deep cover of the lil' slugger

Callin' me head busta

Run with me K - blucka

Niggas done fled from-a...

...me infrared, sucka

If him wan' play, busta,...

...come make me dead, busta

Bein'-a half-way out my nappy head

But I don't care - I just grab my clip, slap and spray

Anywhere - it don't matter where a nigga stay

Just believe me when I say, "Guerrilla warfare"

I swear, it be some more drama about these bags

Niggas in black drive Jags - camouflage rags

Niggas' domes get bust wide open with blood and sweat

Niggas ridin' off in Hummers - laughin', drinkin' Moette

You know me: Colleon, standin' four feet

I'm to-tin' cannons, wearin' Rolies

See, these lil' boys, they ain't really up on my game

But once I run into that nigga playin' with Wayne, man

See, when I spin-a you bend then I be on you block

But when me jump out with the chop-chop, my nogga,

you drop

Now where your niggas at, comradie? They not with you now

I guess they heard that when I'm ridin' I make the crew stop

Now, is you 'bout what I'm 'bout?

If you 'bout what I'm 'bout, you 'bout drama

Thuggin' in broad day with four glocks, a knife, and a

chopper
I'm runnin' away, don't get in my way
My nigga!
Callin' me head busta!
Callin' callin' me killer!

(Hook [Lil' Wayne])

Them callin' me killer

Them callin' me head busta, Cash Money nigga My niggy, when I'm out late call me what you want Full of blunts

Look out your window, see who in the front Me!

Them callin' me killer

Them callin' me head busta, Cash Money nigga My niggy, when I'm out late call me what you want Full of blunts

Look out your window, see who in the front

[Lil' Wayne]

Check!

Now as the heat flame up

Them lookin'-a down the street, them think they see Wayne truck

Him whole block don't scare me 'cause me get me thing and bust

Them know that Hot Boys known to be dangerous Now U.P.T. come down - chopper city in the ghetto, my man

Now who that be in the car with the chopper? Oh, it's Lil' Wavne

I get my K - cock, aim, and put holes in your brain Give me that rag, you ain't no soldier - wipe the blood off my chain

Gettin' blisty...

...off in a black F-150

'Bout to do the old usual - hit your block, just spittin' Heads spinnin' like a set of seventeens or somethin' Respect me for who I be: seventeen, head-bustin' Because-

(-Hook [Lil' Wayne])

[Lil' Wayne]

Check!

Original Hot Boy - land-cruisin' with guns
I shall be the one who burn the block up
Never miss when I distribute anger up out my Cali'
Hundred shots automatic
Leave ya hopeless in the alley

Now, when a nigga runs up If the nigga loveless (like me) would have his guns up Just because of the simple fact that I'm a Hot Boy,... ...and got boys that got toys to stop noise See, when me ride off in the Hummer, leave him set empty Now him catch three 'cause him want beef Now, me tried to tell the stupid boy, "Don't mess-a with me." Now look at him - open up his casket and see Click-clack my mack, twist my Philly cap to the back Jump in the black and scream "war", and just "pow! pow!" How you love me now? With five barrels to your eye The scene gets wild, and everybody gon' die What the dillio? Fill a four-four clip You'll get flipped for runnin' off at the lip Who behind the gun slang,... ...blood hang,... ...and twistin'? It's Mis-ter Wayne Come splittin' when I spit (Hook- [Lil' Wayne]) [Lil' Wayne] -Me!

See, them callin' me killer

Huh?

Because them callin' me killer

What?

Them niggas callin' me killer

Them callin' me head busta, Cash Money nigga

What?

Callin' me killer

(Killer)

Callin' me killer

(Killer)

Them callin' me killer (Killer!)

Them callin' me head busta, Cash Money nigga (Killer!)

Killer!

What?

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