

Lil Wayne f/ Kurupt

"Lock and Load"

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[Chorus] 2x

We won, we won
And then we shot that BB gun
And they lost, and they lost
Til we took they shit, now its time to floss

[Verse 1]

22 year old 17 war vet
Life in the fast-lane, little red corvette
Little red handkerchief, hangin out the right side
Back pocket jeans fallin, Couple my evisu signed
Yep we do shine, and they gon' hate
But they hated Jesus baby we won't break
So we ride like 4 Pirelli's
So secured no security, no protectin no comparing
Lok and heavy, Ocean 11
Aviators, both tickers, so figures
No playas, I'm Holly Grove to the heart
Hollygrove from the start
Don't cross Earhardt
Boulevard where the ward I come from
171 shot, never that (blum blum)
Brrrt Brrrt! Pop Pop! Clap Clap!
What the fuck, Hollygrove stand up Nigga!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Get 'em get 'em Weezy hit 'em where you kill 'em easy
Sit 'em in the river, leave em, they find 'em tomorrow
evening
Sinkin or probly drinkin that syrup
Thinkin I won't slip, even though I'm leanin like a broke
hip
He don't know I got the nina wit the 4 clip
Thats a somersault back spin full flip for ya?
Push this button, I flip out and hit something
Miss nothin I'm just bustin until this scene clean
12 hundred for the jeans stop playin
Hundred dollars for the glock in my pants
Who the man? I am when I stand with it pointed right at

ya face
Knock the brains from the back of ya neck for lack of
respect
I- strap a jet black gat 'til the deck
Tell the mama to bury me with that, No Bullshittin'
My hood getting kinda crazy where I be
So Ronie's with me cuz he's the OG

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Fresh out the back seat of the figgity phantom
The haters I make 'em mad 'em when I wave at 'em like
what up?!

If it ain't about money I keep goin
I tryna get that green, niggaz tryna mow my lawn
But Fuck, them boys I got the shottie on my arm
If them boys run up I leave their bodies on the lawn
And Duck the fuck out a there, cuz baby its hot out
there

If this was a movie it's time to roll the credits, cut!
Its all over, all of ya brains is all over the motherfuckin'
block!

I'm a motherfuckin' rock!
Hard body eagle street 17 shots
Night vision double-clip, hot steady beam, glat! Pop!
Drop little man drop
This is not for little bitches you man or a fox
I'm layin in the drop, thinking of more money
Cash money, young money
Take money, your money

[Chorus]

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