

## **Birdman & Lil' Wayne**

### **"I'm Ridin'"**

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[Chorus:]

And I'm ridin with a body on the shotti  
Stretch a n\*gga out like pilates  
Catch a n\*gga outside his hottie  
Snatch all da honey from ya honey comb,  
Now the bee's keep flyin by me,  
I'm on that piff, that pody, that sh\*t,  
Smokin like vladi, spendin dough from the 90's,  
Shinin p nony in the liming,  
I'm diming, don't time me mutha f\*cka

[Verse 1:]

I'm a young ass piranha,  
Don't get caught in that water,  
Cause I'm waitin for a drowner,  
And on the corner,  
I got packs on the counter,  
Before ya b\*tch leave,  
I make Young Mob count 'em,  
Tryna get a dollar  
I could turn it to a thousand  
I'm so determined it's a economic problem,  
Drama,  
That's why I carry the limer,  
Ready at any given day I bury my honor,  
Love weed so much I try to marry... Joanna,  
So pass the pastrami and asparagus mama,  
I'm lunchin,  
Cause in my area,  
If you got bread you better break it off and share in  
here-a,  
I got his ankles, and his stereo,  
Cause I could get a cool buck 50 for dat and the body  
yo,  
That's Hollygrove, it's Hollygrove til I adios,  
Gotta go,  
Gotta go,  
Got more bags to go, Yea!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Hot boy Wayne,  
Since the beginning,  
I've been in and out of some sh\*t  
Thinnin out the thick,  
Living out the script for the role that was chosen,  
But I don't want an award I'm tryna afford,  
Back to the road in the honda accord,  
The whole right side slam down with that raw,  
A city supply, the city get high  
Like, if I was cleared I woulda touched Claudett... yea,  
I'm so fresh like sex in the sheets,  
But, I'm from the dirty dirty like sex on a beach,  
The checks on my niks they match my carnesh,  
My button up shirt match my button seats,  
The AK 47 match my f\*ckin heat,  
Watch your f\*ckin feet cause I'm hot in the streets...  
yea,  
A 1/4 thing is how I got in the streets,  
I had money ever since that week... Young Weezy!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

17 Gangsta,  
Hollygrove Solider,  
Got a lil money, got a lot more Colder,  
My top don't roll up, it fold up,  
My money don't fold up, it build up,  
You n\*ggas ain't fly get your gear up,  
Copped my b\*tch the Mark Jacob boots and the ear  
muffs,  
Got her lookin like Kamora or somethin,  
Brought Kamora to the south, now Kamora's stuntin,  
Yea we big business pimpin... chea,  
Walkin with a limp, talkin with a slurr,  
Barking at ya b\*tch, bet her pussy cat purr,  
She all on mine, she ain't lookin at yours,  
And if ya man trip, he get the blika bla blurr,  
Credit Wayne for bringin the hood back first... chea,  
chea,  
Credit Wayne for bringin the hood back first... chea

[Chorus]

Wizzle

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