

**Ednita Nazario****"500 Degreez"**

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[Lil Wayne talking]

It's the real shit, yeah

500 Degreez this time biotch

Yes sir, you already know

[Lil Wayne verse 1]

You see me? I eat, sleep, shit, and talk snaps; so fuck rap

Man I got weed, pills, pistols, all crack

Bitch niggas where ya hearts at?

Ya'll ain't stuntin' like us

Bitch niggas where ya cars at?

They like, "Wayne why the fuck you dressed in all black?"

I'm about to bring CMR back

And all the lames, we done lost that

And all we got is Weezy, Weezy, and Lil' Weezy to fall back

I'm about to lock it from the summer to the fall and back

"Its Weezy baby!" The ballers back

And the wheels on my car you got all of that

Stop playing, I've been balling jack

You don't want my glock spraying - I hit all them cats

You don't want my stomach ache - I shit on them cats

I get all them gats - Fresh and B it's all a rap!

If I'm the only Hot Boy what do you call that?

[Chorus]

You don't want to fuck with Weezy

You don't want to fuck with Weezy

[Lil Wayne]

Bitch what? I'll bust ya ass up

Don't even go there round

Niggas get your cash up

We probably need to clash up

And shit got me 'bout ass up

They finding niggas in they shit with they ass up

It ain't October 31st but we gone mask up - and guess what

And I heard they got a nice chain  
And for the right price I'll bust the right brain  
And mommy hot cause pull up in that white thang  
Yo nigga might be fly but I still get trifling  
Riding through the city just me and my friend  
Friday night special, professional tight aim  
A gangsta is who you hearing  
Me in my building with 20 bricks in the ceiling  
I'm more real than, I got more scrill than  
Got more skill than them there  
I'm a Cash Money Millionaire

[Chorus]

You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Hot, Hot, Hot Boy

[Lil Wayne]

Baby let me get the keys to the rover  
No, let me get the keys to the house in Eastover  
So I can throw a 500 Degreez platinum party, then the  
after party  
Me and my Squad stomping in this bitch, fuck a Kappa  
party  
Don't go to rapper parties - I'm no rapper man  
But when the homies come home we throw a monster  
jam  
And all my people tote chrome - we some monsters  
man  
We gone mob to the promise land  
I bought big - I'm a Tymer man  
Son of a Stunna - still a girl fuck with a hustler!  
Weezy keep it gutter for ya Baby Bubba  
Baby blue Mercedes Coupe - Got it bullet proof  
Make me shoot my 80 duke at your fucking roof  
You're fucking with a big dog, nigga fucking woof  
Mr. S-Fucking-Q - I'm the fucking truth  
Three stripes, baby nice, lot of ice fucking ooohf!  
That's 500 Degreez!

[Chorus]

You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
You don't want to fuck with Weezy  
Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Hot, Hot, Hot Boy  
Bitch get your mind right, Bitch get your mind right

