

## Edouardo

### "Believe That"

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[Chorus - Blaque and (Mannie Fresh)]  
Push Impalas and Caprice's (Believe that daddy)  
Starch flat no creases (Believe that daddy)  
Got that work, you a D boy (Believe that daddy)  
You a H-O-T Boy (Believe that daddy)  
Do ya Bentley got them hoes (Believe that daddy)  
That's, that weed smell in yo clothes (Believe that daddy)  
Bet a hunderd, shoot a hundred (Believe that daddy)  
It's my block, I run it (Believe that daddy)  
Got them 20's on ya ride (Believe that daddy)  
Got the gator inside (Believe that daddy)  
Fine bitch, bow-leg (Believe that daddy)  
And she go both ways (Believe that daddy)  
Slugged up in the front (Believe that daddy)  
Got a trunk full of bump (Believe that daddy)  
Got cribs, cars, bikes, dykes (Believe that daddy)  
'Cause that's what hoes like (Believe that daddy)  
Now I do it for the ladies, do it for the ladies  
I do cause I wanna push a cat-eye Mercedes  
I do it for my dudes, do it for my dudes  
All the niggas on the block that got that work to move

(Verse 1 - Lil' Wayne)  
It's Weezy baby, young and from the Dirty South  
Get up your dope, I'm putting birdies out  
Like thirty in my mouth, so I can say  
Fuck you bitch you still ain't got a dirty mouth  
The hood still ain't got over the droust  
So you should sleep on your roof, just to watch over ya house  
Nigga we tymin', the cost of my watch over ya house  
I'm a boss man, I watch over the South  
Jazze Pha, let's hop in the Lammy (Lamborghini)  
Stop by Sammy, chill in the hood, you good, you family  
My boys like to pull them blammies, and big pimp  
Mami suck dick 'til she pull your hammy, homey  
You know we only, keepin it gangsta  
Deep in the Range, 17 in the chamber  
All I need is my banger, nigga it's Weezy  
This shit is over somebody cue me

(Chorus)

(Verse 2 - Lil' Wayne)

You don't wanna play wit me, I touch you man  
Lose ya man in a tussle, but y'all don't see me  
Y'all can't hear me, this a def jam, call me Russell, man  
I played on Martin, call me hustle, man  
And now y'all know I'm the yee-yo muscle, man  
But on the under, I got that wonder, to stop that  
thunder  
That rumble in the side of ya stomach, piled on water  
How do you want it, come through in a Coupe powder  
blue or  
High with water, how do you want it man  
Ay, I towed a lot of tullies dun, I den broke a lot of  
hoopties dun  
I den drove a lot of QP's from, here and there on the  
road  
For the nigga gotta move his son, and I show you how  
to do this son  
That's, that boy Weezy We, CMB, BITACH, and ya  
stunned

(Chorus)

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