

Edwin Hawkins

"BM J.R"

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[Baby talking]

Yeah shawty you know what I'm talkin about
I'm peepin these niggaz out there slippin lookin like
they ain't 'bout money no mo' man. So uh fuck
you know what we gon do huh? What we been doin ha
nigga
We gon load up get a lot mo get a lot mo and say fuck
em nigga
Keep buyin shit, keep fuckin hoes. Loadin up on mo'
bitches
Then you know what I'm sayin, we gon get greedy too
nigga
I ain't neva gettin full. I'm full blooded wit this grind
Yeah they don't understand lil nigga!
(I got it..I got it)

(Lil Wayne verse)

On the capitol only key to survive is kill
If the elements don't murder you the ridaz will Fa real
And niggaz know I go hard to the fullest
Get involved and I got em playin dodgeball wit bullets
Yeah, I got the sawed off fully in the Sean John hoody
Get fucked you play pus-sy
Ha! We hit em up while they lookin
And them body shots hooked
But the head shots took him
Damn! And if the red dot spot em then the hollow head
got em
Knock his temp to his bottom jack!
Yeah! You see we grind from the bottom just to make it
to the bottom
At the very bottom of the map
Lilweeziana piranas everywhere you at
You gotta wear a extra condom and a extra gat
Ya bitch gon get it fa actin like a man
And niggaz in Pakistan are packin like ya man
I back this hand ya man on command
In front of niggaz he cool wit dem boyz on fan
I'm on hot I adjust in different climates
Duckin the animal keep on runnin wit my primates
You ain't did it till you done it like in five states

Weezy hustle no blubber I put on weight
And in the drought I go on a diet and stretch more
Lose all that weight leave a nigga wit stretch marks
You don't even come up to a nigga chest pa' sub par
What the fuck they play it in the club for
Real shit I'm duckin bombs from a drug war
No religion but the cops swear that I'm a drug lord
Father forgive em for they know not who they pushin
Lord
Father forgive me if I have to send em to ya Lord
I'm just tryin dodge the shots they send to the God
They ridin up highway to heaven blvd. (Fuck em)
Damn! Them niggaz pussy and jive not even in a eye
exam they ain't lookin for I
The A and the K will make ya face cook to the side
Now when you smilin everybody gotta look from the
side
Cause when you wildin you ain't lookin you just lookin
high
And when we hungry you look like pie
Sweet potato ass nigga you lemon merengue apple
custard
Cherry jelly don't make me get the bisuit busta Yea!
What up Gizzle you my distant brotha
Real shit nigga same father different mother
I skip the frontin and stick to keepin it trill
You not know me fa nothin other I'm somethin other
Than people you feel I'm deeper for real I'm deeper
than skillz
My speeches can kill Rest in peace

[Baby talking]

Yeah! You undadig shawty it's all about one thang
nigga
If you bout money nigga come fuck wit us
If you ain't bout no money get the fuck from 'round us
nigga
And whateva you bout we bout it
Howeva you wanna get we can give it to ya nigga
All runnaz bitch. Ya undadig put ya prints in nigga
Put ya feet down and ya nutz on the concrete and lets
roll
(Let me get it back Aye. Aye.)

(Lil Wayne verse)

You sleep in the field fa tryin the dude
I'll bust ya head to the meat turn ya mind to food
Food fa thought think I ain't lyin to you
I lye his body in grease set fire to em
I tie his body in sheets put the tires to em
Make em feel the Escalade put his feet in the blaades

Damn! I'm the heat in the blaze
And niggaz keep they wayz when I'm in the streets wit
blake What!
My nigga hungry he'll eat the plate
And if I ask the homeboy'll eat ya face Yea!
And though he got me you can ask I'm like a pool
table..I keep the eight (laughing)
My side pocket side ways
When I pop it leave a nigga sideways fa five days
Birdman talk to em

[Baby talking]

Yeah nigga. I tell em, I'll tell em again shawty
if it ain't bout no money get and fall the fuck from
'round me nigga
(Fuck dat I'm comin back man. Aye. Aye.)

(Lil Wayne verse)

Check my swagg I travel like sound dawg
You play hard in the gravel like ground dawg
I'm underground call me ground hog
Lay down laws call em the ground law
Dont confuse me wit the law naw
But just confuse me wit my paw because I am the
Birdman J.R
I ain't trippin nigga I play the corner like Ripken nigga
Wit the forty cal Ripken nigga rip a nigga
Flip ya vehicle split ya windsheild
Hack ya baby moma but I'll let the kid live
And people say that I am a kid still
Cause the lil nigga still ride on big wheels
You feelin animal then come on and get killed
This hit peel bandanas like bananas
Say I'm slight bananas I blow a weekend in Havana
In my Gabana wit my bottom bitch from Savannah
Man a train could'nt stop ya man
I man up and you not a man
I stand up say I got my land
I'm the man of my land call it Lilweeziana... Thats the
new plan

[Baby talking]

Yeah nigga. You bout some money get at me nigga.
Thats the only way
Dumb shit we bout that get at me ya undadig. Nigga
roll solo. Dolo nigga

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