

## **Eighteen Visions**

### **"Get Somethin'"**

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[Chorus: Mannie Fresh]

Lexus, Benz, Impala's wit' the top down drivin' careless  
Swervin' through from left to right, and I'm dressed so  
super tight  
Baby girl shake it like Beyonce  
I done forgot about fiancé, blowin' smoke up in the air  
Table dances by my chair  
Get something now

[Lil Wayne]

I'm hot from New Orleans  
Weezy F Baby  
Way above ballin'  
Stay above yall and  
I got da A and da K if y'all want it  
I'm making way for my homies  
better not sleep, stay awake for the moment  
It's young Carter come and get it in order ooh...hotter  
You six feet in the six  
Im snuffed in the Bentley  
Ooh..shorty stop playin' wit' me  
I'm da heart of the SQ mobbers  
Mobbin' wit my black Madonna  
Get my back mamma  
Got that Mac persona  
I'm a P.I.M.P, I'm the uncrowned K.I.N.G  
I'm from uptown never tempt me  
cuz its like nevada  
Ill leave my desert empty uhh  
Bezzle yellow SP Yeah..  
Ain't a fella hotter than me, ain't another better than  
me ooh.

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Hole in the door fo' show ya boy rollin'  
I'm cold wit' da' flow no boast but y'all boring  
holding my coast by myself never folding  
Throwing the SQAD 7 up lettin' em know it  
wizzle F toting floating

Notice the stroke in my motion, strollin'  
Toke and a poke and a smoke got me loaded  
Put a purple ocean in my soda make potion  
Pull a rover over by some hoes make noise  
Roll ya body like a snake slow for all my boya'z  
wizzle hotter than ya hottest gat but so poised  
Bodies flying in the air while I whip the Harley  
I'm hardly seeing you playa you can't see me  
I'm a gangsta I supposed to be on TV, really  
And the rolls gold bezzle show clearly  
fee where you at you gotta feel me Daddy

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

See I look to my side and Lil Gudda say peel ya  
Weezy F get familiar y'all boy's startin na get peculiar  
I'ma's kii..kii ..kill ya  
I'ma Kit Kat dealer  
I'ma Maybach wheeler  
I'ma get them millions  
Like a slick big William hater  
Big willy like I fuck's wit Jada  
I ain't got nothin' but yaya man  
Nothin' but flavors man  
Nothin' but wages man  
Nothin' but paper  
I'ma fuck it and take it and show all of my homies  
Drop 20's on the 'Rari  
Scratch off at parties  
I'ma make your hoe grab all her shorties up in the  
Escalade Suburban  
Snatch off that lingerie  
I'ma make y'all boys back off the army  
Put that hammer to your dome  
Now come off that arm piece  
And I like that chain  
I'm feeling that heck  
My papi's Ozzy Ozbourne  
And I'm feeling like Jack  
Gimme dat!

[Chorus]

That's wassup  
Man, it's weezy F man  
AND The F is for fly (flllyyy)  
Birdman junior...

