

Eighteen Visions

"Go DJ"

Visit "[Go DJ](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mannie Fresh talking]

Yea, yea, yea

Grown ups in between, children and babies

Right about now its yo boy, ya heard, back again

DJ Mannie

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, yea

Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do,

ya heard

[Lil Wayne talking]

Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought
to you

Courtesy of the young man young Carter and the great
man Mannie Fresh

So what I want y'all out there to do for me is say this

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cause that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cause that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cause that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cause that's my cause that's my

[Lil Wayne]

Murder 101, the hottest nigga under the sun

I come from under the tommy, bustin a tommy

Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your
arm hit

Pow, one to the head now you know he dead

Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game

Naw better yet a veteran a hall of fame

I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names

Ay its Cash Money Records man a lawless gang

Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his flame

Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo
brain
Cuz the flow is spasmodic what they call insane
That ain't even a muthafuckin aim I gets dough boy
And you already know that pimpin
18 how I'm livin young 'n show that Bentley
Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me
Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me

[Hook] - 2X

[Lil Wayne]

And I move like the Coupe thru traffic
Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent
Ya bitch present wit the music blastin
And she keep askin how it shoot if its plastic
I tell her you see if ya boy run up
she sat back and cut the Carter back up, oh fa sho
Ay Big Mike they betta step they authority's up
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns
You niggaz never harmin young
fly wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talking
And I ain't just begun
I been runnin my city like Diddy ya chump
I fly by ya in a foreign whip
On the throttle wit a model bony bitch
Pair of phony tits, her hair is long and shit
to her thong and shit
Well here we go so hold on to this, uh let's go

[Lil Wayne talking]

Hold on let me hit the blunt
So go, so go
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the, this is the, this is the
This is the Carter

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne]

Birdman put them niggaz in a trash can
Leave em outside of your door I'm your trash man
I'm steady lightin up the hash and ridin in my jag
You will need a gas mask man
You snakes, stop hidin in the grass
Sooner or later I'll cut it now the blades in yo ass
You homo niggaz getting Aids in the ass
While the homie here tryna get paid in advance
I'm stayin on my grizzly I'ma bonafide hustler
Play me or play wit me then I'm goin find your mother
Niggaz wanna eat cause they ain't ate nothin

But niggaz wanna leave when you say you out of
mustard
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leavin out
Leavin behind just residue and bones
In your residents with Rugers to your dome
Like where the fuck you holdin the coke
hold in your throat, choke

This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this
this, this, this, this, this
This is the Carter

[Hook]

Go DJ, DJ, DJ

Visit [Eighteen Visions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.