

# Lil Wayne

## "Ain't That A Bitch"

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Hey Hey Hey!

*[Chorus]*

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin  
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers  
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch!

And this here is the Carter oh! yo! And this here is the  
Carter yo! oh!

This one here is just to clarify the fact that I'm a  
muthafuckin mack

This one here is just to verify the fact that I got straps  
on my back

This one here is just to clarify the fact that the boy is  
back! Oh!

*[Verse One]*

Slick as I wanna be born to be hustla gonna be rich till  
I'm gone

Gonna keep spittin this shit for the hustlaz gonna keep  
livin this shit I'm gutless

Bet I'm gonna reap this when I'm gone defeat this while  
I'm here

Gonna keep beatin this street shit in ya ear

Gonna speak in every single street this year

My shit beat in every jeep on every street this year

Wizzle F Baby ya'll niggaz can have the Weezy I'm the  
Birdman Jr. junior

I'm a man to another man to a bitch I'm a pimp in the  
whip I'm a hundred grand

And in the streets I'm a money man

And I'm a hunt it with the streets I get money in the  
streets like a hundred men

A hundred proof in my other hand

If ever fall spring back like a rubberband know what I'm  
sayin

*[Chorus]*

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin  
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers

And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch  
The cops is watchin streets are talkin  
Hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers  
And everybody saw ya and aint that a bitch

*[Verse Two]*

Now all the bitches got me strollin wit my dick in my  
hand

And these niggaz got me rollin with my clip on my hip  
But this is my land so prick dont trip cause K's dont jam  
and a nigga dont miss  
They tellin me I'm the shit like a nigga dont piss  
But nigga dont slip cause I'll kill a punk bitch Word Up!  
And I dont affiliate with niggaz I dont love neither  
bitches just money and drugs nigga  
Leave ya bitches ya money and drugs nigga  
Three to ya wisdom five more to ya mug nigga  
How many more do ya love nigga  
cause I got plenty more to give out I aint never been a  
mouthpiece  
Ask ya reverend bout me I'm the young God  
Aim the shotgun at ya frame and bust boy  
Brain and guts leak in the drain and such pour  
Plain yuk at a fuck boy. Fuck Boy!

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three]*

I'm a muthafuckin man so respect me as one or the  
tech meet ya ass son  
The tech heat ya ass son put ya fuckin chest beneath  
ya ass son  
Blooka blook blap bleep ya ass son (laughin)  
Nigga tryin to see his grandson and we  
got niggaz in the pen tryin to see me wit a Grammy  
Wanna be me and don't even understand me  
Could'nt see me even if you was standin with me  
I'm that damn convincing not invisible that mans  
invisibile  
And advance a little due to the pine  
My niggaz call me little Russell Crowe for my beautiful  
mind  
And I let you do the time I do the crime  
When the crowd call my name I bring my crew to the  
line  
Nigga thats S.Q. and we fine nigga thats S.Q. and we  
firrin Nigga!

*[Chorus - 2X]*

Ha! Wizzle F Baby fa ya muhfuckin neck nigga  
Got Streets in da buildin Gotti in the buildin  
KL, Fee Fee in the buildin Rome, DI, Ceeti...

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