

Lil Wayne

"Ain't Worried About Sh*t"

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Ha! I'm so cool! Bird-man, Bird-man, J.R.! You Know!
Yup Yup!! Yup Yup!! BK
See I, Ride when i gotta, grind 'cause i gotta
Milk the game til its sour.
What i gotta do to bank streets when its hotter.
Even tho the boy smooth sellin like prada.
Speak Up! the two yellin like holla.
Ya heard me. got the fools bellin like jackie, persey.
Try and join em' i can help you with that
Im important in rap with you know special with gats.
You know the young god blessed you in fact, like he
sneezed or sumthin.
Even wit a stack of money in they hand they aint
squeezin nuthin.
Im weezy fuck it! Leave a mothafuckin weezin when my
ass done pumped em'
And i dont ask for nuthin boy! i only asked and buggy
boy!!
And ask for money, watch the young god turn cash to
money, its that simple!

(Chorus)

And we aint stressin bout shit
We grindin like a mothafucker tryna stay rich
The cops on my trail so the tracks gotta switch
See niggas with money shouldnt act like this.
Yeah!
And we aint stressin bout shit
We grindin like a mothafucker tryna stay rich
The cops on my trail so the tracks gotta switch

See niggas with money shouldnt act like this.

Baby's rap

Chorus

Weezy . . and i ride to the end of the road.
Im hotter than the fire on the end of the fo'
And plenty times i had to get it from the floor.
but then i made it to the ceiling and every wall could
hear me.

And if these walls could talk, they prolly cry the the
strings on a guitar.
And see you, you with that bullshit thats leadway to the
dark
Don't make me cut off the lights! GOODNIGHT!!

Baby's rap

Chorus

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