

Lil Wayne "Ain't Worried Bout Shit"

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Ha, I'm, so cool
Yeah, nigga, stand one, blow one nigga
Birdman, I promise you
We gon' give 'em what they want 'til they come get us,
nigga
Birdman, J R, you know

You feel me? When gon' chase it 'til we can't chase it
no more
So y'all might as well eat this food nigga
And it got to be the best of the best
One, come one shorty, get with me nigga

See I, ride when I gotta, grind 'cause I gotta
Milk this game 'til it's sour
Why I gotta do the backstreets when it's hotter
Even though the boy smooth sellin' like Prada, speak up

The tool yellin' like, holla, you heard me?
Got the fools bailin' like Jackie, Kersee
You try join him, I can help you with that
I'm important in rap but I'm special with gats

You know the young god bless you in fact
Like you sneezed or somethin'
Even with a stack of money in they hand
They ain't squeezin' nothin', I'm Weezy, fuck it

Leave a motherfucker wheezin' when I asthma pump
him, yeah
And I don't ask for nothin' boy, I only ask them buggy
boy
And as for money, watch the young god turn cash to
money
'Cause that's him

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit
We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit

We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, pimpin', there's some fraud 'round here
Nigga better stop hatin' before they disappear
I see the same ol' shit and pop the same ol' shit
'Til your neighborhood hit, bitch

Disrespect that Nolia dogg
Them third world Hot Boy soldiers dogg
And make a nigga understand when you fuckin'
With a soldier with the grandmaster plan nigga

I'm tryin' to make a few million
Buy a few buildings, one day stop dealin'
And go and raise my children
Got it on my mind, that's the way a nigga livin'

I bring ya back '84
Dope game jumpin' when the water hit the flo' nigga
'Cause we was doin' it dogg
Everybody gettin' money, we was doin' it dogg

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit
We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

Weezy, and I ride to the end of the road
And I'm hotter than a fire on the end of the fo'
And plenty times I had to get it from the flo'
But I made it to the ceilin' and every wall could hear me

And if these walls could talk, they probably cry
Like the strings on the guitar
And see you, you with that bullshit that's leighway to
the do'
Only to cut off the lights, good night

Look, it's Sunday, we in the hood gettin' our groove on
Every nigga uptown gotta have they tool on
Yeah, and they Birdman'd down
Nigga represent the bling cuz I hold my own crown
nigga

Shit, a hood rich high clique that come from the slums
Where they pack extra clips, I love 'em nigga
The only way that we know is how to flip and rescore
'em
And go and get some more dough, nigga

Yeah, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit
We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

Yeah, this grindin' to another linin' nigga
Know what I'm sayin'? If you in the way
You'll get moved over nigga, think I'm a let one of you
Bitch niggaz stop me from gettin' a billion dollars
nigga?

Fuck you and what you made of, nigga
You understand? Nigga got a problem with this shit
That's your shit nigga, suck a nigga dick a die nigga
Birdman, made man nigga

Yeah, that's how it's goin' diggity nigga
Fuck anything in between
If you in the line of duty nigga
You got your issue, feel me, one

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