

Lil Wayne

"Beef"

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[Lil Wayne]

Check

Huh

What?

What?

Let's go, nigga (Where you at, Wheezy?)

You liable to catch me speedin' up the six, or beatin' up
a chick

or standin' over a stove, sweatin', heatin' up a brick

And we keep the hustlin' slick, and got clips like
bananas

We twist the bandanas, and spit at niggas with cannons

We ran in habitats with masks and plastic gats

Stormin' through the house, screamin', "Where's this
bastard's crack?!!"

I flash the Mack in front of your gal and make her tell

Like, "Slut! Where's the yay, or I'ma pop one in your
grill!"

It's Lil Wayne, nigga - blast and bang triggas

Pay with my change, then I'm gon' have to bang niggas

I bag the caine quicker, and sprinkle like rain, nigga

Flood the av quick with the quarters and halves, nigga

If you out, you can find me on the street with the work

If it's a drought, you can find me on the street with the
work

Never slip - I empty half a clip deep in your shirt

And put your whole clique deep in the dirt

Smell me?

[Hook-2x (Lil Wayne)]

Who wan' beef with 'em?

Who wan' creep with 'em?

And when it comes down to guns, nigga, I sleep with
'em

See, we can sweep with 'em 'cause it get deep with 'em

And when it comes down to drugs, I'm on the streets
with 'em

[Lil Wayne]

I'm the youngest Hot Boy on the field with heaters

Let my nine-millimeters kill your peoples

Bust up in your house and put the gun to lil' Renita
Give me the yay, or else I'ma put her in her sneakers
Wow (wow, wow) you can catch me in all black with no
smile

Me, Turk, G'z and ouch - chicka-POW!
How come these niggaz keep burnin the world
and why the hell this nigga Weezy keep firmin your
girl?
Turnin the wheel on the orange and teal, Bentley drop
Then I'ma put that up and hop in the van and hit your
block
Tell your mom to get the cops cause y'all gon' need
'em
When you see them bullets that my glock pop, y'all gon'
eat 'em
See this for all my niggaz in the pen, I hope for
freedom
And this for all my niggaz buyin bricks, I got 'em
cheaper
Keep a nigga quiet as a mouse when I come
Wayne #1 Hot Boy, hot as the sun - ya smell me?

[Hook]

[Lil Wayne]

Nasty case, nigga run up in your crib, crash the place
Blast the face, automatic attach to waist
You bastards play? Then it get awful and bad
There will be no more walkin for dad, and it's off with
your head
A nigga either gon' get it right, or they get it at night
And when they spit it, lick his ass twice like 20 damn
dice
Henny and ice is what I prefer but light on the rocks
I pack them clips tight on them glocks and light up your
blocks
And if there's, coke involved then your throat's
involved
I get the toaster and roll up and smoke most of y'all
Me and my nigga Super Sosa, run up in your crib
while your grandma watchin Oprah, jag her up and
rope her
If you (?) chances slim like Ethiopia
If you want drugs, I got more flavors than Fruitopia
Recognize it's real and nuttin udder than that
Cause one from the mac'll have blood coverin your
back, ha?

[Hook - 2X]

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