

Lil Wayne

"Believe That"

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Push Impalas and Caprice's

(Believe that daddy)

Starch flat no creases

(Believe that daddy)

Got that work, you a D boy

(Believe that daddy)

You a H O T Boy

(Believe that, daddy)

Do ya Bentley got them hoes?

(Believe that, daddy)

That's, that weed smell in yo clothes

(Believe that, daddy)

Bet a hundred, shoot a hundred

(Believe that, daddy)

It's my block, I run it

(Believe that, daddy)

Got them 20's on ya ride

(Believe that, daddy)

Got the gator inside

(Believe that, daddy)

Fine bitch, bow-leg

(Believe that, daddy)

And she go both ways

(Believe that, daddy)

Slugged up in the front

(Believe that, daddy)

Got a trunk full of bump

(Believe that, daddy)

Got cribs, cars, bikes, dykes

(Believe that, daddy)

'Cause that's what hoes like

(Believe that, daddy)

Now I do it for the ladies, do it for the ladies

I do 'cause I wanna push a cat-eye Mercedes

I do it for my dudes, do it for my dudes

All the niggas on the block that got that work to move

It's Weezy baby, young and from the Dirty South

Get up your dope, I'm putting birdies out
Like thirty in my mouth, so I can say
Fuck you, bitch, you still ain't got a dirty mouth
The hood still ain't got over the droust
So you should sleep on your roof, just to watch over ya
house
Nigga, we timin' the cost of my watch over ya house
I'm a boss man, I watch over the South

Jazze Pha, let's hop in the Lammy
(Lamborghini)
Stop by Sammy, chill in the hood, you good, you family
My boys like to pull them blammies, and big pimp
Mami suck dick 'til she pull your hammy, homey
You know we only, keepin? it gangsta
Deep in the Range, 17 in the chamber
All I need is my banger, nigga it's Weezy
This shit is over somebody cue me

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You don't wanna play wit me, I touch you, man
Lose ya man in a tussle, but y'all don't see me
Y'all can't hear me, this a def jam, call me Russell, man
I played on Martin, call me hustle, man
And now y'all know I'm the yee-yo muscle, man
But on the under, I got that wonder, to stop that
thunder
That rumble in the side of ya stomach, piled on water
How do you want it, come through in a Coupe powder
blue or
High with water, how do you want it, man?

Ay, I towed a lot of tullies dun, I den broke a lot of
hoopties dun
I den drove a lot of QP's from, here and there on the
road
For the nigga gotta move his son
And I show you how to do this, son
That's, that boy Weezy We, CMB, Bitach, and ya
stunned

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