

Lil Wayne

"Bm Jr."

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LIL' WAYNE LYRICS

"BM J.R."

[Baby Talking]

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talkin bout'
I peep these niggaz out here they slippin like they ain't
bout
Money no more man, so what fuck
You know what we gon' do ha?
We gon' do what we been doin nigga
We gon' load up, get a lot mo' and a lot mo' and say
fuck em'
Nigga
Keep fuckin hoes
Loadin up on mo' bitches
Then you know what I'm sayin, we gon' get greedy too
nigga
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind
[Lil Wayne] I GOT IT
I GOT IT

[Verse 1 - Lil Wayne]

Murder capital, only key to survive is kill
If the elements don't murder you the riders will fo real
And niggas know I goes hard to the fullest
Get involved and I got' em' playing dodge ball with
bullets
Yeah
I got the sawed off, fully in the sean john hoody
Get fucked ya play pussy
We hit em' up while they ain't lookin and them body
shots hurt
And the head shots took him
Damn
And if the read dot spot him then the hollow head got
him
Knock his top to his bottom jack
You see me grind from the bottom just to make it to the
bottom
At the very bottom of the map
Lou-easy-ana pirahnnas everywhere you at

You gotta wear an extra condom and an extra gat
Yo bitch could get it for actin like a man
Them niggaz in Pakistan impactin on ya man
I back his hand ya man on command
In front of niggaz he cool with the boys on fan
I'm on hot, I adjust in different climates, duckin the
animal keep on runnin wit
My primates
You ain't did it till you done it like in 5 states,
Weezy hustle no blubber I put on weight
And in a drought I go on I diet and stretch more
Loose all that weight, leave a nigga with stretch marks
You don't even come up to a nigga chest part, subpar,
What the fuck they play it in the club for?
Real shit I'm duckin bombs from a drug war,
No religion but the cops swear that I'm a drug lord
Father forgive em' for they know not who they pushin
lord
Father forgive me if I have to send them to ya lord
I'm just tryin to dodge the shots they send to the god
They riding up highway to heaven boulevard
Damn, them niggaz pussy and jive, not even in an eye
exam they ain't lookin for "I"
The A and the K will make ya face crook to the side
Now when you smiling everybody gotta look from the
side
'cause when you wildin you ain't lookin, you just lookin
high
And when we hungry you look like pie
Sweet potato ass nigga, you lemon merangue, apple
custard, cherry jelly
Don't make me get the biscut buster
What up gizzle you my distant brother
Real shit nigga same father different mother, yep
I skip the frontin and sticks to keepin it trill
You not know me for nothing other I'm something other
them people you feel, I'm deeper for real
I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill
Rest in peace

[Baby talking]

Yeah, you underdig, shorty it's all about one thing
nigga,
If you bout money nigga come fuck with us,
If you ain't bout money get the fuck from round us
nigga
And whatever you bout we bout it, however you wanna
get it we can give it to ya
Order bitch, ya underdig
Put ya prints in nigga
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and lets

roll

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

Ay, ay

You sleep in a field for tryin the dude

I bust ya head to the meat, turn ya mind to food

Food, cruelful thought, think I ain't lying to you

I lie his body in grease set fire to him

I tie his body in sheets, put the tires to him

Make him feel the escalade, put his feet in the blades

Damn

I'm the heat in the blaze a nigga keep they ways when

I'm in the streets with blades

Watch, my nigga hungry, he'll eat the plate

And if I ask, the homeboy will eat'cha face

Yea

And though he got me, you can ask, I'm like a pool

table

I keep the eight

Haha

My side pocket sideways when I pop it leave a nigga

sideways for five days

Birdman talk to em'

[Baby talking]

Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty

If it ain't about money get all the fuck from round us

[Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]

Ay, ay,

Check my swag, I travel like sound dawg

You play hard in the gravel like ground dog

I'm underground call me groundhog

Lay down laws call me ground law

Don't confuse me with the law, naw but just confuse me
with my pa

Because I am the Birdman J-R

I ain't trippin nigga, I play the corner like ripkin nigga

With the 40 cal ripkin nigga, rip a nigga

Flip ya vehicle, split ya windshield

Whack ya Baby momma but I let the kid live

And people say that I am a kid still, 'cause the lil nigga
still ride on big wheels

You feeling animal then come on and get killed

And sig pill bandannas like banana's

Say I'm slight bananas I blew a weekend in havana

In my cabana with my bottom bitch from savahna

Man a train couldn't stop ya man

I man up and you not a man

I stand up, say I got my land

I'm the man of my land

Call it lil-weezy-ana
That's the new plan

[Baby talkin]
Yeah nigga, you bout some money get at me nigga
That's the only way
Dumb shit we bout that get at me
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga

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