

Lil' Wayne "Get Somethin'"

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[Lil Wayne]

Yeah, we on cloud 20
That's high (high.. high)
Weezy F baby and the squad following the boy

[Chorus: Mannie Fresh]

Lexus, Benz, Impala's wit' the top down drivin' careless
Swervin' through from left to right, and I'm dressed so
super tight
Baby girl shakin like Beyonce
I done forgot about fiance, blowin' smoke up in the air
Table dances by my chair
Get something now

[Lil Wayne]

I'm hot from New Orleans
Its Weezy F Baby
Way above ballin'
I Stay above yall and
I got da A and da K if y'all want it
I'm making way for my homies
Ya better not sleep, stay awake for the morning
It's young Carter come and get it in order ooh...hotter
You six feet in the six
Im snuffed in the Bentley
who shot her stop playin' wit' me
I'm da heart of the SQ mobbers
Mobbin' wit my black Madonna
Get my back momma
Got that Mac persona
I'm a P.I.M.P, I'm the uncrowned K.I.N.G
I'm from uptown never tempt me
It's like Nevada
I'll leave my desert empty uhh
Bezzle yellow is pee Yeah..
Ain't a fella hotter than me, ain't another better than
me ooh.

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Hole in the door fo' show ya boy rollin'

I'm cold wit' da' flow no boast but y'all boring
holdin my coast by myself never bowling
Throwing the squad up lettin' em know what Weezy
F toastin' floating
Notice the stroke in my motion, strollin'
Toke and a poke and a smoke got me loaded
Put a purple ocean in my soda make potion
Pull a rover over by some hoes in Magnolias
Roll ya body like a snake slow for all my boyz
Whistle hotter than ya hottest gat but so poised

Bodies flying in the air while I whip the Harley
I'm hardly seeing you playas you can't see me
I'm a gangsta I supposed to be on TV, really
And the rose gold bezzle show clearly
V where you at you gotta feel me Daddy

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

See I look to my side and Lil gutta say peel ya
Weezy F get familiar y'all boy's gonna get peculiar
I'ma's kii..kii ..kill ya
I'ma Kit Kat dealer
I'ma Maybach wheeler
I'ma get them millions
Like a slick big William hater
Big willy like I fuck's wit Jada
I ain't got nothin' but yaya man
Nothin' but flavors man
Nothin' but wages man
Nothin' but paper
I'ma fuck it and tape it and show all of my homies
Drop 20's on the 'Rari
Scratch off at parties
I'ma make your hoe grab all her shorties up in the
Escalade Suburban
Snatch off that laundry
I'ma make y'all boys back off the army
Put that hammer to your dome
Now come off that arm piece
And I like that chain
I'm feeling that hat
My papi's Ozzy Ozbourne
And I'm feeling like Jack
Gimme dat!

[Chorus]

That's wazzup
Man, it's weezy F man

AND The F is for fly (flllyyy)
Birdman Jr.

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