

# Lil Wayne

## "Go Dj"

Visit "[Go Dj](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Grown ups in between, children and babies  
Right about now it's yo boy, ya heard, back again  
DJ Mannie

Fresh, fresh, fresh  
Fresh, fresh, fresh  
Fresh, fresh, fresh  
Fresh, fresh, fresh

Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, that's my DJ  
Go DJ, yeah

Wit Weezy We, step up to the mike dude  
Do watch a do, ya heard  
Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought  
to you  
Courtesy of the young man Young Carter  
And the great man Mannie Fresh  
So what I want y'all out there to do for me is say this

Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my, 'cos that's my

Murder one on one, the hottest under the sun  
I come from under the tummy, bustin' a tommy  
Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your  
arm hit  
Pow, one to the head now you know he dead  
Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game  
Now better yet a veteran a hall of fame  
I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names

Ay it's Cash Money Records man a lawless gang  
Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his flame  
Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo  
brain  
'Cos the flow is spasmodic what they call insane  
That ain't even [Incomprehensible] aim I get dough boy

And you already know that pimpin'  
18 how I'm livin' young show that Bentley  
Stunnin' my Pa so you know that's in me  
Got my mentor so don't go there with me

Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my, 'cos that's my

Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ

Lets go  
And I move like the Coupe through traffic rush hour  
GT Bent' roof is absent, ya girl present wit the music  
blastin'  
And she keep askin' how it shoot if its plastic

I tell her you see if ya boy run up, she said back  
And cut the Carter back up, oh fa shoo  
Ay Big Mike they better step they authority up  
Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns

You boys never harmin' young  
Fly Wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talking  
And I ain't just begun  
I been runnin' my city like Diddy ya chump  
I fly by ya in a foreign whip  
On the throttle wit a model bony dic  
Pair of phony tits, her hair is long and bland, on to her  
behind  
Well here we go so hold on to my, lets go

Hold on let me hit the  
So go, so go  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the, this is the, this is the  
This is the Carter

Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my, 'cos that's my, 'cos that's my

Bird man put them covers in a trash can  
Leave em outside of your door I'm your trash man  
I'm steady lightin' another hash and ridin' in my jag  
You will need a gas mask man

You snakes, stop hidin' in the grass  
Sooner or later I'll cut it knock the blades in yo pants  
You [Incomprehensible] got ways like a drag  
While the homie here tryin' get paid in advance

I'm stayin' on my grizzly, I'm a bonafide hustler  
Play me or play wit me then I'm goin' find your mother  
Say they wanna eat 'cos they ain't ate nothin'  
But then they wanna leave when you say you out of  
mustard  
So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone  
Walking out, leavin' behind just residue and bones  
In your residents with [Incomprehensible] to your dome  
Like tell me were you holdin' the dough  
Holdin' your throat, choke

This, this, this, this, this, this  
This, this, this, this, this, this  
This, this is the Carter

Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Say go DJ, 'cos that's my DJ  
Go DJ

Visit [Lil Wayne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.