

Lil Wayne "Hands Up"

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Let's get f-cked up
On the road to riches you're just a speed bump
Funny how the heater make a nigga freeze up
We smoke a tree down til it's just a tree stump
That Eastside nigga, bang on you bitches
I'm going at your neck strangle you bitches
Got a long-ass list full of bad-ass bitches
And I stay burned out like a bad transmission
I'm on, like the lights I lights up
The kush, knocked out, Mike Tyson fight
I'm talking about ass and titties
Sex and the City
Weezy F Baby and the F is for "forget it"
I'm loving my shine, sipping on fine wine
Up and some fine dime, then she give me Einstein
Young Money motherf-cker, yeah we picked the fine
time
I'ma 17, nigga. Bitch, I don't mind a dime
And I just ended up on every bitch's sex list
Genie in the bottle, get a muthaf-ckin dead wish
Thugga in this bitch, he say f-ck y'all niggas

Breaking buds down the size of a football nigga
Red beam, gimme the light, no Sean Paul nigga
Let Nino bust in your face like a porn star nigga
Yeah I keep the Brian Pumper, no homo
The shit I'm on got the world moving in slow-mo
Man, I told Mack I was gonna do it
Above the law, but under the influence
Man, I was on my skateboard
Kick push swagger, got my girl to the room
Got behind her like a shadow
I had her ass up in the air
I swear got-I swear I got the largest clip up in the world
Right here in my Gat
And I wish a nigga play
I'mma bust a nigga ass
Hate Young Money? Then f-ck you in the ass
187 and a hockey mask, YMCMB gon' ball
Til we fall. And this f-ck all y'all
Ball til we fall. And this f-ck all y'all
We straight, sorry for the wait

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