

Lil Wayne

"Hard Body"

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(Talking)

Yea

Uh Huh

The Fuck Was I Thinkin?

Drought 3 Bitch!

Yeah Let Me Light My See Through Blunt

Whatchu Kno Bout It?

Get It!

Weezy's The Name

Moneys The Game

Already!

(Verse 1)

Hard Body Muddafucka Got The Heart Of A Killer

Young God In Da Buildin Bout To Start A Religion

Bout To Call Bin Laden Up And Order Some Missles

Brang Em Straight To Ya Block And Go To War Wit You
Bitches

If U Hit The Head Then The Rest Fall In Position

Shoot A Nigga On His Porch And Make Him Fall In His
Kitchen

Copped A Big Boy Porsche Wit All The Specifics

And I Keep That Torch Baby Call Me Olympics

Red White Blue Pills Flippin Skills Like Gyminsts

And Neva Give A Bitch Money Blood Or Kidneys

When The Gun Goes Pow I Be At The Finish

Wit My Medal Round My Neck Autograph On My Tennis

The Land Of Da Murder Dope Crack And Syringes

Pull Up On Ya In Da Coupe How Fat Is Ya Engine

Neva Talk To Those That Sat On Dem Benches Boy

I Was In Da Game On 4th And Inches

These Niggas Want The Business

Imma Give These Boys Da Business

See U Fuckin Wit Da Boy That Told Yall Ta Fuck

Christmas

Got All These Hoes Trippin

Got All These Hoes Strippin

No We Aint PSC But Them Bitches Know We Tippin

I Juss Bought A Pint And Aint None Of Yall Sippin

Make My Friends Buy They Own Fuck Im Tired Of Being
Friendly

Aint Gotta Lie Juss To Try To Be Wit Me

Bitches Up In Heaven Waitin At The God To Be Wit Me
Im Crazy For Being Wayne Or Is Wayne Juss Crazy

I Been Around Im Still Around Like Them Geico
Cavemen
Hairpin Trigga No I Wont Shave It
I Spot Hip Hop In The Ocean Im Gonna Save It
The South Is So Dirty Bitch U Can Bathe It
Hollygrove Dawg And I Feel Like Matin
Babygirl Yo Pussy Lookin So Vacant
And Its Fuck You And Fuck Georgia Bush Not Makin
Fuck Waste Deep Im In Ova My Head
But Its Cool Imma Make It Im Good Like Meagan
Your Girl Want Me To Come Ronald Like Reagan
Your Boyfriend Is Softer Than A Carton Of Eggs And
I Dont Fear Nothing But God And Weddings
At The Top Of My Paper Like Im Starting A Heading
My Homie Santana Yea Das My Ace
But You May Know Us As I Cant Feel My Face

(Talking)

Yeah
Weezy Bitch
Dont Give A Fuck Bout You At All
Im Paid
Been That Way For A Long Time
Looks Like Imma Die Like That
Cus If Aint Imma Juss Die
Haha

(Verse 2)

Yeah See They Dont Kno Where I Came From But They
Kno Where Im Goin
And I'll Tell You Juss How The Top Feels When Im On
In The Game Im No Cheetah Imma Tiger Imma Cougar
Imma Panther Imma Bengle
Ocho Cinco
Im Illy Shirt Softer Than Gillie
In A Pair Of Gucci Flops Feelin Free-er Than Willie
When Dem Niggas Left I Got A Little Bit Chilly
But I Juss Let It Burn Like The End Of The Philly
Weezy!

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