

Lil Wayne "If I Die Today"

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[Lil Wayne]

Fo' fo' bulldog, my, my, my pack
I point it at you and tell it fetch
I'm f**king her good, she got her legs on my neck
I get p**sy, mouth and ass, call it triple threat
When I was in jail she let me call her collect
But if she get greedy, I'ma starve her to death
Top down, it's upset ? dick in the world and n*gga I aint
? yet!
You f**k with me wrong, I knock your head off your
neck
The flight too long, I got a bed on the jet
The guns are drawn and I aint talking bout a sketch
I pay these n*ggas with a reality check
Prepare for the worst but still praying for the best
This game is a bitch I got my hand up her dress
The money don't sleep so Weezy can't rest
An AK47 is my f-cking address, huh

[Rick Ross]

I'm not a star, somebody lied I got a chopper in the car
I got a chopper in the car
I got a chopper in the car

[Lil Wayne]

Load up the choppers like it's December 31st
Roll up and cock it and hit them where it hurts
Cause if I die today, remember me like John Lennon
Buried in Louis, I'm talking all brown linen, huh

[Rick Ross]

Big black, and an icy watch
Shoes on the coupe, that got a Nike shop
Counts the profits you could bring 'em in a Nike box
Grinding in my Jordans kick em off they might be high,
swish!
I'm swimming in the yellow, boss
In the red 911 looking devilish
Red beam make a n*gga sit down
Thought it were bullet proof till he got hit the fifth time
Drop palm olive on the vent and make it dope
Make it come back even harder than before

Baby I'm the only one that paid your car notes
Well connected I got killers off in Chicago

[Rick Ross]

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[Lil Wayne]

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[Lil Wayne]

Talk stupid get ya head popped
I got that Esther, bitch I'm red fox
Big bee's, Red Sox
I get money to kill time, big clocks
Your f-cking with a n*gga who don't give a f**k
Empty the clip than roll a window up
Swe-swe-swe-sweet, center bun
I'm in a red, she said she
200 thou on a chain, I don't need a piece
That banana clip, let ya ? speak
Dark shades, Eazy E
Five letters, YMCMB
F**k that N*gga, f**k that n*gga
I see ya looking, what ya looking at n*gga
You know the rules, kill em all and keep moving
If I died today it'd be a holiday

[Rick Ross]

I'm not a star, somebody lied I got a chopper in the car
So don't make it come alive
Rip ya apart than I put myself together
YMCMB, double M, we rich forever
The bigger the bullet the more that b*tch gon bang
Red on the wall, Basquiat when I paint
Red Lamborghini till I gave it to my bitch
My first home invasion, pocket gain and 40 bricks
Son of a bitch, than I made a great escape
Aint it funny momma, only son be baking cakes
Pull up in the sleigh, hop out like I'm santa claus
N*ggas gather round, I got gifts for all of y'all
Take it home and let it bubble thats the double up
If you get in trouble that just mean you f**king up
It's a cold World I need a bird to cuddle up
I call the plays, muthaf**k huddle up

[Lil Wayne]

I'm not a star, somebody lied, I got a chopper in the car
Yeah

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