

# Lil Wayne

## "John"

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.44 bulldog, my motherfucking pet  
I point it at you and tell that motherfucker, fetch  
I'm fucking her good, she got her legs on my neck  
I get pussy, mouth and ass, call that bitch 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  
Been fucking the world and nigga, and I ain't cum yet

You fuck 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 ain't talking about a sketch  
I pay these niggas 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  
And AK47 is my fucking address

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

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

Big black nigga and an icy watch  
Shoes on the coupe, bitch, I got a Nike shop  
Count the profits, you could bring them in a Nike box  
Grinding in my Jordans, kick them off they might be hot, swish

I'm swimming in the yellow bitch  
In the red, 9-11 looking devilish  
Red beam make a bitch nigga sit down  
Thought he were bulletproof 'til he got hit the fifth time

Drop Palmolive in a nigga dope  
Make it come back even harder than before  
Baby, I'm the only one that paid your car notes  
Well connected, got killers off in Chicago

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Talk stupid get your head popped  
I got that Esther, bitch, I'm Red Fox  
Big B's, Red Sox  
I get money to kill time, dead clocks

You're fucking with a nigga who don't give a fuck  
Empty the clip, then roll the window up  
Pussy niggas sweet, you niggas Cinnabon  
I'm in a red bitch, she say she finnin' cum

Two hundred thou' on a chain, I don't need a piece  
That banana clip, let Chiquita speak  
Dark shades, Eazy E  
Five letters, Y-M-C-M-B

Bitch ass nigga, pussy ass nigga  
I see you looking with your looking ass nigga  
You don't know the rules, kill them all and keep moving  
If I die today, it'd be a holiday

I'm not a star, somebody lied, I got a chopper in the car  
So don't make it come alive  
Rip your ass apart, then I put myself together  
Y-M-C-M-B, Double M, we rich forever

The bigger the bullet, the more that bitch going to bang  
Red on the wall, Basquiat when I paint  
Red Lamborghini 'til I gave it to my bitch  
My first home invasion, papa gave me forty bricks

Son of a bitch, then I made a great escape  
Ain't it funny, mama? Only son be baking cakes  
Pull up in the sleigh, hop out like I'm Santa Claus  
Niggas gather around, got gifts for each and all of y'all

Take it home and let it bubble, that's the double up

If you get in trouble that just mean you fucking up  
It's a cold world, I need a bird to cuddle up  
I call the plays, motherfucker huddle up

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

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