

## Lil Wayne

# "Lock And Load - Kurupt"

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[Chorus] 2x

We won, we won  
And then we shot that BB gun  
And they lost, and they lost  
cause we took they shit, now its time to floss

22 year old 17 war vet  
Life in the fast-lane, little red corvette  
Little red handkerchief, hangin out the right side  
Back pocket jeans fallin, Couple my evisu signed  
Yep we do shine, and they gon? hate  
But they hated Jesus baby we won't break  
So we ride like 4 Pirelli's  
So secured no security, no protectin no comparing  
Lok and heavy, Ocean 11  
Aviators, both tickers, so figures  
No playas, I'm Hollygrove to the heart  
Hollygrove from the start  
Don't cross Earhardt  
Boulevard where the ward I come from  
17, one shot, never that (blum blum)  
Brrrt Brrrt! Pop Pop! Clap Clap!  
What the fuck, Hollygrove stand up Nigga!

[Chorus]

Get ?em get ?em Weezy hit ?em where you kill ?em  
easy  
Sit em in the river, leave em, they find em tomorrow  
evening, sinkin  
Im probly drinkin that syrup  
Thinkin I won't slip, even though I'm leanin like a broke  
hip  
He don't know I got the nina wit the full clip  
Thats a somersault back spin full flip for ya?  
Push this button, I flip out and hit something  
Miss nothin i'm just bustin until this scene clean

12 hundred for the jeans stop playin  
Hundred dollars for the glock in my pants  
Who the man? I am when I stand with it pointed right at  
ya face

Knock the brains from the back of ya neck for lack of  
respect  
I- strap a jet black gat ?til the deck  
Tell the mama to bury me with that, No Bullshittin?  
My hood getting kinda crazy where I be  
So Ronie's with me 'cause he's the OG  
[Chorus]

Fresh out the back seat of the figgity phantom  
The haters I make em mad em when I wave at em like  
what up?!  
If it ain't about money I keep goin  
I tryna get that green, niggas tryna mow my lawn  
But Fuck, them boys I got the shottie on my arm  
If them boys run up I leave their bodies on the lawn  
And Duck the fuck out a there, 'cause baby its hot out  
there  
If this was a movie it's time to roll the credits, cut!  
Its all over, all of ya brains is all over the motherfuckin?  
block!  
I'm a motherfuckin? rock!  
Hard body eagle street 17 shots  
Night vision double-clip, hot steady beam, glat! Pop!  
Drop little man drop  
This is not for little bitches you man or a fox  
I'm layin in the drop, thinking of more money  
Cash money, young money  
Take money, your money.

[Chorus]

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