

Lil Wayne

"Lock And Load"

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Lock and Load - Kurupt - Lil' Wayne

[Chorus] 2x

We won, we won

And then we shot that BB gun

And they lost, and they lost

Til we took they shit, now its time to floss

To ya, to ya, 0-17 warfare

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 the Earhart

Boulevard we're the war I come from

171 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 or 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 4 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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