

Lil' Wayne "Lost Boys"

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Howdy do mother fuckaz its Weezy Baby,
Niggaz bitchin and I gotta tuck the cannon.
Listen close I got duct tape and rope,
I'll leave you missin like the fuckin O' bannons.
One hand on my money, on hand on my buddy,
That's the AK47 made his neighborhood love me.
Bullets like birds you can hear them bitches hummin,
Don't let that bird shit, he got a weak stomach.
Niggaz know I'm sick I don't spit I vomit,
Got it?
One egg short of the omelet.
Simon says, shoot a nigga in his thigh and leg,
Then tell him catch up like mayonnaise, um.
I'm the sickest nigga doin it,
Bet that baby.
These other niggaz dope, I'm wet crack baby, yes.
Get back get back boy it's a set back,
Clumsy ass niggaz slip and fall into a death trap.
Them boys pussy, born without a backbone,
And if you strapped we can trade like the Dow Jones.
Wet him up, I hope he got his towel on,
I aim at the moon, and get my howl on.
Some niggaz cry wolf, I'm on that dry Cush,
And when it comes to that paper I stack books.
You heard what I said,
I can put you on your feet or put some money on your
head.
Life ain't cheap,
You're better off dead.
If you can't pay the fee,
Shout out my nigga fee.
See every mother fucker at the door don't get a key,
You outside lookin in, so tell me what you see.

Its about money its bigger than me
I told my homies don't kill him bring the nigga to me,
yea.
Don't miss, you fuckin with the hit man,
Kidnap a nigga make him feel like a kid again.
Relax and take notes, while i take tokes of the
marijuana smoke
Throw you in a choke - gun smoke, gun smoke

Biggie smalls for mayor, the rap slayer
The hooker layer - motherfucker say your prayers
Hail mary full of grace.. smack the bitch in the face;
Take her gucci bag and the north face
Off her back, jab her if she act
Funny with the money oh you got me mistaken honey
I don't wanna rape ya, i just want the paper
The visa, kapeesha? i'm out like, "the vapors"
Who's the one you call mr. macho, the head honcho
Swift fist like camacho, i got so
Much style i should be down wit the stylistics
Make up to break up {*singing in background*} niggaz
need to wake up
Smell the indonesia; beat you to a seizure
Then fuck your moms, hit the skins til amnesia
She don't remember shit! just the two hits!
Her hittin the floor, and me hittin the clits!
Suckin on the tits! had the hooker beggin for the dick
And your moms ain't ugly love; my dick got rock quick
I guess i was a combination of house of pain and bobby
brown
I was "humpin around" and "jump-in around"
Jacked her then i asked her who's the man; she said,
"b-i-g"
Then i bust in her e-y-e (yo big, you're dead wrong)

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