

Lil Wayne

"My DJ"

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[Mannie Fresh talking]

Yea, yea, yea

Grown ups in between, children and babies

Right about now its yo boy, ya heard, back again

DJ Mannie

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Fre Fresh Err Fresh

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, that's my DJ

Go DJ, yea

Wit Weezy We, step up to the mic dude do watcha do,
ya heard

[Lil Wayne talking]

Ladies and gentlemen, what you have here is brought
to you

Courtesy of the young man young Carter and the great
man Mannie Fresh

So what I want yall out there to do for me is say this

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

[Lil Wayne]

Murder one on one, the hottest nigga under the sun

I come from under the tummy, bustin a tommy

Or come from under your garments, yo chest and your
arm hit

Pow, one to the head now you know he dead

Now you know I play it, like a pro in the game

Naw better yet a veteran a hall of fame

I got that medicine, I'm better than all the names

Ay its Cash Money Records man a lawless gang

Put some water on the track, Fresh for all his frame

Wear a helmet when you bang it man and guard yo
brain

Cuz the flow is spasmodic what they call insane

That aint even a muthafuckin aim I get dough boy

And you already know that pimpin

18 how I'm livin young 'n show that Bentley

Stunna my Pa so you know that's in me

Gotti my mentor so don't go there wit me

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

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Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

[Lil Wayne]

And I move like the Coupe thru traffic

Rush hour GT Bent' roof is absent

Ya bitch present wit the music blastin

And she keep askin how it shoot if its plastic

I tell her you see if ya boy run up, she said back and cut the Carter back

up, oh fa sho

Ay Big Mike they betta step thangs its already up

Before they step to a sergeant's son, I got army guns

You niggas never harmin young, fly wizzy my opponents done, I'm done talking

And I aint just begun, I been runnin my city like Diddy ya chump

I fly by ya in a foreign whip, on the throttle wit a model bony bitch

Paraphony tips, her hair is long and shit, to her thong and shit

Well here we go so hold on to this, uh lets go

[Lil Wayne talking]

Hold on let me hit the blunt

So go, so go

This is the, this is the, this is the

This is the, this is the, this is the

This is the Carter

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

[Lil Wayne]

Birdman put them niggas in a trash can

Leave em outside of your door I'm your trash man

I'm steady lightin another hash and ridin in my jag

You will need a gas mask man

You snakes, stop hidin in the grass

Sooner or later I'll cut it knock the blades in yo ass

You homo niggas getting Aids in the ass

While the homie here tryna get paid in advance

I'm stayin on my grizzy I'ma bonafide hustler

Play me or play wit me then I'm goin find your mother

Niggas wanna eat cuz they aint ate nothin

But niggas wanna leave when you say you out of mustard

So I'ma walk into the restaurant alone, leavin out

Leavin behind just residue and bones

In your residents with Rugers to your dome

Like where the fuck you holdin the coke, holdin your throat, choke

This, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this

This is the Carter

[Hook]

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my DJ

Say go DJ, cuz that's my cuz that's my

Go DJ, DJ, DJ

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