

## Lil' Wayne "Rappapompom"

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[Junior Reid:]

You only got a few days more  
To get the guns you want at the gun store  
On the first day of christmas guess what santa bring  
for me  
A glock a magnum & a rusty m 3  
Rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom pom pom  
pom

[Lil Wayne:]

Welcome to hell I let em burn  
Momma told me don't play with them choppas I never  
learn  
I hold the tube tight & firm I don't squirm  
Killas hold court in the street court is ajerned  
These n-ggas sleepin hope they keep it in they napsack  
Watch me while I'm creepin leave em leakin like a flap  
jack  
Hustle all day like we eatin on the last stack  
We play with ak's boy you need to bring that mac back  
Hand gun they don't want no hand gun  
Tote a shotty with a bass drum  
Say somethin I'm from where them n-ggas can't come  
We die rich & young  
We die handsome and  
Me I never ran from another man son  
I take alot a shots xxxxx n-gga and one  
So throw away them glocks  
I hope they prayin for ya  
You hear that chop now you sayin somethin

[Junior Reid:]

That's that rom pom pom pom we don't want no rom  
pom pom pom

[Lil Wayne:]

Murda she wrote n-gga we loke  
You can get smoked like brand new dope  
Brand new scopes on old xxx guns from brand new  
beef  
If he play you cold you give him heat  
Play that roll get in them streets

You pay that toll life ain't cheap  
The streets is watchin  
The streets can see what you can't see  
You ain't safe you ain't free  
You jus a target with teeth  
Ya'll n-ggas don't hear me  
Shoot him in the eye make the n-gga see clearly

Now he only got one eye like the pyramid  
b-tch I'm in the game like the beer man, hear me  
They on my crash shootin down like a deer man  
Down down baby goin down like airtran  
Yeah & you don't wanna take it there man  
Because I'm already there man  
I'm sayin

[Junior Reid:]  
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[Lil Wayne:]  
Survival of the fittest it is well known there's no water  
like my city's  
Some of us are killers some of them are jus swimmers  
n-ggas got choppas n-ggas got trimmers  
n-ggas got problems n-ggas got business  
n-ggas got children n-ggas got b-tches  
b-tches got b-tches  
I know xxxxxxxx realer then you  
n-gga I done seen keys bigger then you  
Yeah n-gga you ain't on sh-t  
Cut off a n-gga head make him xxxx his own d-ck  
No he don't want that & he don't want this  
I shoot a hundred times I be blind if I miss  
You know I gotta put the dollar sign before the b-tch  
Every movie gotta end but I'm just stickin to the script  
Addicted to the chips commited to my clique  
Cash money mother f-cker get the pistol to your lips

[Junior Reid:]  
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