Lil Wayne "Ridin' With The AK"

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IIII be on that on that all night Man I be on that all day Straight up boy if you want me I'll be ridin with that k k k k k k k

Time and time again I gotta grab my phone and call lil wayne

Let me use your throw away cause niggaz out her playin man

They just don't get it till I pop the trunk and come back with it

Barrel on the burner big enough to spit a hundred midgets

I'm from the crescent city moving nothing less than fifty

That's more shells than youll find in the seat And you don't need to know your alphabets to recognize a G

I'm in the lambo making doughnuts like I work for Krispy Kreme

Excuse my flossin dawg I'm still known to tote a snub Niggaz thought I lost all my blikas in that Katrina flood I still got big you mac eleven from ninty seven Sometimes you gotta show niggaz better than you can tell them

(2x)

I be on that gangster shit straight up on that gangster shit

I be on that straight up on that I be on that gangster shit

IIII be on that on that all night Man I be on that all day Straight up boy if you want me I'll be ridin with that K who want it k who want it k uh K who want it k who want it k uh I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit

Chevys ridin swerving off mufflers stuffed with dro and blow

Mack man young money mottos still fuck a hoe Burners on the front seat incase a hater come that close Bodys drop when the shotty pop they'll probably make your body rock

Body rock yep nigga lean with it rock with it Thang that make you lean I be seen round the clock with it

See I don't stop with it hustle for that new money Smellin like them new hundreds diarrhea loop runnin See I just recruit something that help me move it every day

More workers than mary k vibin to that mary j I'm off the chain like three slaves bitch I'm bout my chips

I'm mac maine bitch I'm on that gangster shit

(2x)

I be on that gangster shit straight up on that gangster shit

I be on that straight up on that I be on that gangster shit

Straight up boy if you want me I'll be ridin with that
K who want it k who want it k who want it k uh
K who want it k who want it k who want it k uh
I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit
I'm on that gangster shit

Time and time again I gotta turn around and tell c dawg

Grab this ak off my back or theres gonna be blood all on them dawg

Clip longer than a bitch if a nigga trip pop it on in give a nigga that shit

Pull it right over and park your whip everybody gone run when the trunk gone lift

Shit the only thing I'm runnin from myself with a gun when the po po come

The nigga that talk ain't talking bout nothing I'm a rude boy I murder for fun

I'm hot bitch worse than the sun I'm the birdmans son I'm the chosen one

I'm the god just looking for a nun I'm the president my job here is done

Chevys ridin swerving off mufflers stuffed with dro and blow

Cash money young money mottos still fuck a hoe Burners on the front seat in case a hater come that close

Bodys drop when the shotty pop they'll probably make

your body rock
Lean with it lean with it and snap your
fingers
Make ya lean with it make ya lean with it make 'em lean
with it now play the hook

ITII be on that on that all night Man I be on that all day Straight up boy if you want me I'll be ridin with that K who want it k who want it k uh K who want it k who want it k uh I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit I'm on that gangster shit

Lets stab 'em in they chest and show 'em that we shoot and boom get shot Stab 'em in they chestAnd keep my motherfuckin boom Get shot bitch

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