

# Lil' Wayne "Shoot Out"

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Young Moola, baby  
Uh-huh. Yeah.  
My lip all fucked up.  
You could prolly hear it in my P's and my B's, but it's  
cool, fuck it, let's go

Shoot until my motha fuckin hand fall off  
You're track stars, a gunshot ran ya'll off  
I pop like a soda watch the can fall off  
I can kill ya'll, and ya'll boss  
Shotguns, handguns, louder than a band drum  
You fuckin with the drum major let me play you the  
anthem.  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, call that heavy metal  
I say "Bang, bang", bitch I make you feel every letter  
B-A-N-G, B-A-N-G, G-A-N-G, we spray, then leave  
We play when we know we play in E-V-E-R, CPR  
Dr. Carter are you the D-Zeez boy?  
Young Money mother fucker these deez boys  
Bitches ya crazy, we's retard  
Watch Nina, Mack, and Tommy have a brief Minouge  
like,  
haha, like  
Soldier Boy on the beat, but you could call me Chef  
Bouyardi  
Cuz I'ma heat this shit, and I'ma eat this shit  
Planet Earth is my toilet, you're beneath this shit  
Then I flush and wipe my ass, gun slinger like a pass  
I cock back and throw a bomb, now Hail Mary  
Your tale very, fairy tale, very frail  
And yeah we got them hammers, tryna hit every nail  
Let them sail up the river with that ho shit  
Or leave em face down in the fuckin ocean, yeah  
I ain't on no other shit, bitch I'm on some more shit  
That "Hello, how you doin?" I am at your front door  
shit  
That "Aw naw, he got a gun, oh shit." Shit. Shit.

Ok, it's Young Money, what you know about it?  
The semi-auto will rip open your body and tear the soul  
out it  
And all that frontin shit, nigga I don't know about it

You can call me Master Jay bitch, I'm so bout it  
Even my ho bout it, and don't doubt it  
Cuz we both would be Angelina and Brad-in

Spazzing and blastin, blastin and ra-ta-tattin  
And nah, I don't cook em like potatoes, I mash em  
I don't give a fuck about your money or your fashion  
Shots through the window of your brand new Aston  
You get out, try to run out your chest where them  
bullets crashin  
Pine box niggas, no cruthces, no castin  
No wheelchair, just a two-door long black wagon  
flowers  
on the side and four wheels of steel  
I ain't never scared, and I ain't never care  
So fuck what they doin over there, I'm doin me here  
You're nothin like me fuck boy don't be outlandish  
We gorillas on the mix, ya'll just some Kung-Fu Pandas,  
sweet like Fantas, huh  
My blood is the same as Bruce Banter's, hit record on  
the cameras  
Mother fuck all the bullshit and antics,  
They sayin he ain't gotta get a clearance from Wayne,  
that's a disadvantage  
Being broke is a foreign language to me like Spanish  
musically,  
I direct thrillers, call me John Landers  
Fuck that nigga in the red jacket nigga

It's the 5-0-4 slaughterhouse bloodbath  
Lil niggas stand tall like a giraffe  
One man game animal, cannibal,  
I eat rappers for dinner, my nickname Hannibal  
Guns for days, I show you what this cannon do  
Hit you and hit ya motha fuckin man in two  
I grab the chopper southpaw, that's how I hold the toy  
I aim and crank that bitch like Soldier Boy  
I'm in the streets one deep, I can hold my own  
And shit its only one seat and I control the throne  
Look bitch, I'm on my crazy ass shit  
You see the gun poking out like Shanaynay's lips  
Yeah, watch ya lips when you're talkin  
Cuz I'll be on ya grave nigga, leakin on ya coffin  
Rest in piss, when I die let me rest with clips  
Rambo, I'ma go on my Sylvester shit, bang!

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