

Lil' Wayne

"Suffix"

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kickin rocks on the block tellin all the og's i be comin for
ya spot when ya not lookin
hot cookin mama got it on the kitchen table, i thank god
we were always able to, get the leather couch, big
screen, cable too
nintendo when the good grades came through
then the cooked haze came through
some soft some stepped on, but we kept on
and i slept with the work plenty nights, thought i heard
niggas comin thought i saw the cop lights but, i was
dreamin, then i woke the junkies was fiendin, and i had
coke so, i had hope ya may say that its wrong, but i aint
talkin to ya child im talkin to this song
im just, doin a bump down memory lane, if i crash just
pick up my brain, and yes, my niggas the same
but they quicker to bang, and if they do then im the
nigga to blame,
so i shoot first anyway, and i would do the honors
anyday, and tell ya honor he a bitch to his face, and
whip through the state like i whip through the yay
show ya ass on how to take 4 and make 8. and it dont
take four niggas to get straight, the only hot boy leavin
off this plane,
young, weezy baby, thats what ya bitch say, give ya ass
a location and a template, show her how to work tha
interstate, stop workin with that thinner weight, gecha
rims fixed
stop playin, cause all we know is gunplay
trip while ya fall and my clip guna be empty
when the stomachs get empty anything's tempting, aint
nobody safe when its for the kids sake,
the hurricane wiped us out like a earthquake, we trying
to say grace, but we aint gotta place to stay, so they
made us evacuate
we on our way pussies, relocate
yall know us when you see us putcha jewels up, putcha
cars putcha clothes putcha shoes up,
its that simple yes homie pick the news up, it wasnt
good nigga think about the hood nigga

(interlude)

the people who aint, never had shit aint gon never have

shit

bullshit, cause they still gon try to manage, niggas do anything like i dont understand em, but please understand us

niggas with money lost mansions

niggas with nothin lost families

lives lost from traffic, water up to the attic, there goes the stashes

(verse 2)

but a nigga got passion, even though the bounce back seemin like magic

chyeaaa, but call me sigfried,

watch how i turn one key to a hundred G's, then

summer, summer breeze, someone please know i live for ya, throw on the wife beater like that to live for ya, a few years probably hear from ya, but now im here for ya, i know niggas thatd shed a tear for ya, behind bars tryin to get to ya, and probably never see ya, this that real talk if ya ever heard it homie

shit hurt so much i might have to hurt ya homie, no commercial no frontin no curve on it, no car tel like so what? the droughts here not only white's slowed up, the weed's slowed up, we cant even roll up, fuck, put a dent in the money too, but thats the last thing cause hustle is what we do

hustle with what? how we gettin on?

where hes sittin at, what hes sittin on

stand up if you know its true, the end of the world comin and my city the proof, yea, chyea, and this if after disaster, this aint rap this is recap

steppin off the G-4 still strapped

bust ya head in the air thats a skycap, have my car pick me up where i arrive at, drop the work off cause it dont go where i reside at

garbage bags filled up with dollars, dead presidents gotta dump the bodies

birdman as long as we gon eat, then everybody gon eat off me

feet off ground, fingers to the stars, reachin, and ima get there through these bars, believe me, im down for the cause, even, when everything pause i can see it, ima leader, me, the son of the cita fuck the world not the people

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