

# Lil Wayne "Worry Me"

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You gotta walk like a soldier  
Talk like a stunna  
Move like a player  
And get it like a hustler

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Because I won't let y'all worry me  
Because I got something chrome that I carry with me  
It's Young Weezy Wee, y'all ain't scaring me  
I'm the seventeen don till they bury me

Eh, it go whoa, oh me, oh my ay ay  
I'm H O T B O Y, ay ay  
I'm so fly I'm the Birdman Jaya  
Stunting in the gray uh, shortie play your player

Slick clean, hey ya  
Fifteen riding with me, spray ya  
You don't want no drama with me, play fa  
Keep low or it's murda she wrote pussy nigga

I gotta keep it cooking 'cuz the streets still hot for a  
shooking  
Plus my late pops still looking  
Bust my tray quick if ya hate the pimp  
Think it's all big fish I don't ate the shrimp

Roll out with the hood 'cuz I'm so damn street  
I rep Hollygrove and Hollygrove rep me  
And that's how Weezy Wee be  
And y'all gon' R E S P E C T me

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I'm riding and I'm dolo on my way to the stizzo  
Knowing on my waist is the sizzo  
Wheezy so hot glock ten and a pistol  
Big rims with the tires thin as a pencil

Mami want me 'cuz I got pimping potential  
I stick to my mental, don't make me stick my fifth to  
your temple  
Forget I'm getting rich for a cent, bitch, I'm coming get  
you  
For my baby mama's rent I will flip you

Ninety on the highway, seeing what the whip do  
Cops get behind me, they want see the whip too  
S Q professor C M B alumni  
Everybody else fails except the young guy

Don't worry bout Weezy for real, nigga I done mine  
Got the biggest nuts up in here, nigga I swung mine  
The streets taught me never to fear, nigga I run mine  
I can't lose 'cuz I won mine, now run yourself

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I got five drinks with me  
And there be four chunks of drop up in my lung pipe  
Three guns, two bitches and all I need is one knife  
And I bet you don't like, c'mon we only get one life and  
if it's done right

Freak a nigga, might wife her  
You know S Q galore, low chop, three striper  
I'm just trying to keep paper  
Please don't be a hater 'cuz he'll take ya Weeze

Don't be a major 'cuz he greater  
Cheese gon' feed Nate, brother it's keys or emceeing  
And I'm a C O A 'cuz I can move yay  
Like you never thought hard or soft like a duck

And y'all don't starve me, that shit could be bad for  
your heartbeat  
Cash'll get you snatched in a heartbeat  
Mash in a mad, dash in a Cadillac with the alligator  
dashboard  
Damn whore, yeah I know

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