

Lil Wayne

"You Ain't Got Nuthin'"

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(feat. Fabolous, Juelz Santana)

[Fabolous]

[Talking at start of the verse]

Yess! What it look like Alc, tryin to show the niggas man
It's that Street Fam man, we rep that
Loso, Street fi-di-di-di-dam yess!

I'm with (101) niggas, we (dalmation doggy) b (yess)
And fly with the tongue, so if you feeling froggy leap
(come on)
Kermit, you better think before you ribbit
Don't get murdered over your song, before you ad-lib it
I pop up like (Xzibit), but given I'm at your crib it's
(yeah)
Not to put no fucking fish tanks in your Civic (nah)
Fuck getting your (ride pimped), you'll get hog-tied
wimp
Have you in the trunk curled up like fried shrimp (ha ha
ha)
It's been a good year, maybe I should ride blimp (what
you think?)
'Cause your boy just stay above the game
They trying to tag him, spray a brother frame
But your shots can't reach me, I'm way above your aim
Go 'head nigga, say another name (go 'head, go
'head)
Take this family for a joke, play them (Wayan brother)
games
And (Ima Git You Sucka), I be schemin' with this
(Keenan) (that's right)
Aimin with this (Damon), I'm putting that (Major Payne)
in
My lil' man is on ya, (Marlon and Shawn) ya (yeah)
Lay the beef on his noodle, make some Luger lesagne
(whoo!)
40. Cal fettuccine, trey pound pasta
You reach for this medallion, you must like Italian
nigga
You only see me pushing if the driver's tired (yess)
I work the S6 ever since the 5 retired (yess)
The drop top, they say it's (Ocean Drive) inspired

So you can (Call A Cab), once your bitch falls for Fab

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Uhh, I get money like a muhfucker
Shades darker than a bitch, but I can see
I got everything, you got nothing
But you ain't got nothing on me
Oww I'm gettin money like a muhfucka
Yeeaah, money you ain't never see
Yeeaah, I got everything, you got nothing
But you ain't got nothing on me

[Juelz Santana]

[Talking at start of the verse overlapping chorus]

Mr. HD, high definition
That's how I'm comin' at you niggas ya digg
It's Santana Ay! Hahaa

I'm on the grind 'til the police come (yeah)
With that pistol on my side boy, don't be dumb
Or, I let that semi twirl ya (get 'em)
Now you can follow the drip
'Cause one shot outta the clip'll jerry curl ya (oooh)

Leave you sloppy like seconds, obey me like peasants
Or get opened up like presents, please
My young boys wildin for respect
Slit your throat have you smiling with your neck, say
cheese
My dough's a bit longer, my flow is just slaughter (yep)
My wrist look like fro-zen polar spring water (damn!)
So tell me boys, tell me boys, who you think you
messing with? (who)
I get money out the ass, that's some expensive shit
(eeuw)
Haven't you all heard? (what?) Y'all all herbs (yep)
I stick toothpicks (where) in y'all hors d'oeuvres
(Listen) I'm a shark y'all just koi fish
(What else?) octopus (what else?) oysters (haa)
Chump, I got my eye on your wifey now (yeah)
I have her lick me up, (up) and then wipe me down
(down)
She told me youse a nag, youse a bug (damn)
She told me I'm a blast, I'm a stud (damn)
She told me you be be beasting, you be checking for
the burns
So I gave her knee-pads for the rug (haa)
It's skull gang from the chain or the lifestyle
You surfboard dudes get wiped out, totally

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Uh huh uh huh uh huh, check me out

Get you 3,4 get you
Like the number after 1, I'ma get me 2
It's Weezy F U, now you gotta have a baby
My money don't folds nor bends
Mercedes Maybach, grey-black
And I got a 44. and a 'K, like 8 stacks
Fuck your city and your town, I state facts
Take that, no better yet like Diddy "take that"
Wait rats, I hate rats, I clean 'em out like Ajax
Got paper like a fax machine, asaneen
Damn I mean asinine, I'm dapper don
And after mine there will be nine, damn I mean there
will be none
I will be one, of the greatest things you've ever felt,
you've ever seen
Or heard, Car-ter, hov-er, y'all scared, not me
Not I, call me young Popeye
Tell Bruno I'm a noo-no, I bring ral to your fune
Damn I mean funeral, funeral
You say tomato, I say tomato
You say get 'em, I say got 'em, yeah I got 'em
Man you better keep paying me, 'cause you don't want
my problems
I be wildin like (Capital One "What is in your wallet?")
You fly, but what is it to pilot?
Weezy I'm at the top, foot up in your bottom
Huuh, damn I mean, foot up in your ass
I kick that shit, now go'n put it in the trash

[Chorus w/ variations to fade]

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