

# Lil Wayne

## "Young Playa"

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*[Lil Wayne]*

He he hee

I'm a young playa nigga, (what)

I get the game from the big tymers, nigga (what, what)

Who else? (Speak on it) On the real nigga, on the real nigga

Respect the game

Cuz I got the game

*[Lil Wayne]*

Y'all know who I is

Weezy coming thru in the bubble eye Benz

See me front in back with the wood all around

Plus I got that \*boom boom\* surround sound

Don't hate on me boy if you do \*pow\* get down

Come from under my shirt try to lift you off the ground

But on the other hand, I'ma keep running man

I got about a hundred coming up with three Hummers man

We stuntas man

I might stumble across a grand and give it to you wifey

And watch how she \*slurp\* on my pipey like a Icee

I might be in a Range that night

I might be in a Lex watching the game tonight

I got a hundred on Kobe, hope he playing it right

But if I lose, its cool, that's some change lil shite

That ain't nothing

I ain't doing nothing if I, I ain't stunting

Hold up, girl be quiet, Lil Wayne coming.

*[Baby]*

Slow yo roll lil one

You ain't glad its bought

And Ms. Pat and gray head over there

In the back card gambling

At the bar drinking

But go head, just be quiet with Â'em lil one

*[Lil Wayne]*

Broads I use Â'em

Hatas I bluse Â'em

My whole front grill is full of confusion

Got dammit  
Weezy pull up in a Porsche, expanded (expanded)  
I was to the back, niggas couldn't stand it

Soon as I left the scene, the women vanished  
I got it like that  
Got Rolex, blue shit hard to say watches  
Plus I bought all of my niggas Cartier watches  
Weezy and his clique leave with forty b-e-atches  
Million dolla man baby tear da beasy  
Catch me sippin on some Hen, maybe Covoursier  
Sammy, Mario, tody Taz, that's my posse  
And what  
You might see me dippin low in a Benz truck  
Tell yo girl hello  
I done did her, what you muggin me for  
Keep playin with me, I'll put a slug in yo do

*[Mannie]*

Now looky here, young blood  
Pull yo pants up on yo ass and put that piece of metal  
up in yo shirt  
Don't make me get up out this wheel chair and kick yo  
ass  
Now keep doing what you doing  
Go head

Y'all know me, young playa, stomp with the big dogs  
Play with me boy I give you cancer like menthol  
Cough cough cough up  
Got a cat eye benz on brollas  
They call us  
Uptown shiners  
Original hot boy\$ baby, big tymers  
I spit game  
Get in they head, they be like, "Quit Wayne!"  
Half hour later, I'm in they split man  
Hehehehe it be kicks man  
Let me get real  
I'll kill on the battlefield  
Steal for the scrill  
I will never leave my clique nigga, I'm to trill  
I'm a little peepsqueal  
But I'm a ape in that jungle  
And if you get it twisted,  
Nigga, I'm taking yo lover  
I mean I'm raping yo lover  
Leave her taste in my rubber  
I'm a playa nigga, I'm a playa

