

Love Spit Love

"All Night"

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(Lil Wayne)

You know it's Wheezy you know
Nigga you know it's Wheezy you know
You know it's Wheezy you know
Who Squideye

(Verse 1: Lil Wayne)

I ain' just jumped off da porch playboy
I been thuggin on da block
Fist clutchin' on da glock
Who Bout it
Motherfucker let me know shit
Y'all wit that hoe shit
I keep the fo grip
Hollowed tips fill the whole clip
Trippin' ya feel da whole clip
Get It
I'm on some mo shit
Quad Mafia blow Shit
Never slept for dough or no bitch
I only want a hoe for those lips to lick my whole clique
And load the bitch wit coke and shit and send her on a
road trip
I'm so sick wit it
Dick nigga what is your purpose
I'm off the surface
Platinum merchandise shining perfect
For certain firearms
This verse seem like it's dirty squiddy
Put bullets in yo shirt and fit it if you jerkin wit me
? pops don't yourself the next statistic
You may be hard but seeing your chopped off is less
convincing
Which nigga want it
Holla at me I'll be at the top
With cha wife slobbering on my cock
And your kids calling me pop I can't be stopped

(Hook: Lil Wayne) 2x

Okay

They run in yo place four straight to yo face
These Niggaz don't play
Believe me shit ain all right
They cut off all lights
And they ridin' all night
Till some shit that you don't like let's go

(Verse 2: Turk)

Nigga look here you can play wit me or my dogs If ya
won't
And watch how quick yo bitches wind up gettin' left
faunked
I dress in black rat a tat tat leave ya flat nigga
At any given time you gonna see that nigga
Lil Turk and Wheezy straight thugged out
We got choppers wit 50's that'll clear it out
You could test the nuts If ya won't round
You know you done fucked up so it's goin' down
Get fulla dat one on one and we don't give a fuck
It's you or me, me or you nigga so what's up
Now tell me, Is you really bout dat beef shit
Bringin dat heat shit, killin yo peeps shit
Cuz If you not then it's best you stay your distance
nigga
Cuz when we pull da trigger look we ain' missing nigga
I'm a hit cha in yo melon split it to da fat
Leave yo moms on da front level draped in black

Hook 2x

(Verse 3 Lil Wayne & Turk)

(Lil Wayne)

Fuck wit a turn or bed for bags, bitches, or bread
And we mash quickly in a drout and blast snitches they
scared
Take snap pictures for fedz we blast riches and ice
Snatch at night get em back depending the price
Livin the last minutes of life and we do it huge
My whole crew 'll does whos background to screw
And we feud wit anyone to two shatter ya cabin
Come around ya block niggaz disappear like abra
cadabra

(Turk)

Lil turk don't play nigga look betta recognize
When my finger get ta fuckin all you niggaz gon die
Hit cha set in camoflague 50 shots what I fire
Lay down and get cha mind right I bet cha won't survive
I put that on everthing against anything ya bet
If a nigga get it twisted get holes in his chest

? vest ain no way you protect it
Last nigga got bust up cuz he disrespected

Hook til end

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