

Game, The "Su Woo"

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[Lil Wayne]

Pardon my gang affil,
But you're stepping on a rod in the danger field
Weezy Baby, how do the Manger feel?
Respect my aim because I aim to kill
Hahaha, Old bitch ass n-gga,
Abercrombie and Fitch ass n-gga,
I talk rich shit because I'm a rich ass n-gga,
I hope you in the zone because I pitch fast n-gga,
Ha, I smoke something bitch,
My money comes faster than the roadrunner bitch
I keep it on the side just in case you might wonder
Tech 9 Four 5 just in case you like numbers
Haha, bitch n-gga we might jump ya
2 Step all in yo face, we might Unk ya
Hahaha, bandana on the right side
East side until I die

You better change like it's Mardi Gras,
And we pull guns like Quick Draw McGraw
See I'm from New Orleans, Louisiana
And he's from Compton, baby, bandana
We carry them caskets, we tote them hammers
Su to the Woop, yeah, that's our grammar
Lemme hear you say Su Woo
Su Woo, Su Woo

[The Game]

Young Money
And thats perfect cause perfect is to me
What's perfect as Hallie or a jab from Ali
So capitalise the P cause perfect is Godly
Black Wall Street, the perfect family, The Cosby
All I need is a perfect bitch
How's B, I passed the baton on Solange
I'm sure like Al B but a boujy B would never give me the
perfect PIRU
Hello Brooklyn I can't see, cause if I did I would SNOOP
DOGG
Cut it in half and you will see that this Philadelphia
piece on my head

Like a low Ceaser, wear it to the hood and get me
street cred like
Four Visa's
N-ggas f-cking with Weezy, I will slow leak em
Hang em from a telephone pole like my old sneakers
Red bandana for no reason
Put Weezy on and the NO bleedin', yeah

[Lil Wayne - Chorus]

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[Game]

Can't stop the red bandana, even if you put me in a
cage
full of orangurtan's
I'll show you how bangers bang
Four five cocked back, move the crowd like Dana Dane
Switch plates, paint the Range
Leave so much blood on the wall look like the f-cking
painters came
Dead wrong aint it man
I told n-ggas I aint a Game
All black gold chain, looking like the saint is playin'
He sold a milli, I'm vanilli
So it aint a thing to make it rain in a hundred dollar bills
We throwing paper planes
Riding through the N.O.
Red Marc Jacob frames
We disappear like David Blaine
And pop up at the Lakers game
They playing the C's with Paul Pierce Throwing The B's
That make the ref affiliated, everytime he hit a three
Ken Griffy lost all his fans, taking off his red top
Bloods in New York like Manhattan took a head shot
I'm one blood, he's the Carter with the dread locks
My whole team run base, we the f-cking Red Sox.

[Lil Wayne - Chorus x2]

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