

Lil Wayne f/ Baby

"Shine for Life"

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[Lil Wayne]

Catch me I'm stumbling but no I'm never slipping
I come up out that water with nothing dripping, who
fucking with him
I'm the guy they call the Carter the slaughter house
I go hard don't try cause I ride like the Marlins
Come buy I supply you with quarters
And bricks if your money that thick
I ain't running I'm running this bitch, sun on my wrist
I rock that, That rose ? parkay with the crock strap
(Damn)
I stroll every single day with the glock strap (Blam)
I'm spittin like Pac back (Wham)
I got that Bentley GT same color as rock crack
Interior stock black, but don't get popped at
I watched half my neighborhood get kept back
The other half sleeping where its best at
Minor set backs, this is grown man talk minor get back
I just had to stress that, talk to 'em B

[Chorus: Baby]

You better know about the game of life
Cause When you hustle you can shine for life
You better know it could happen tonight
When your hood rich living the life
You got the money that could change the frame
And have a bitch just loving your game
You Got a Benz and a brand new Range
With 26's all over them thangs

[Lil Wayne]

Hey, I made a few adjustments, but for better justice
I get that cheddar fuck em.. maybe motherfuck 'em
I'm handing nothing to 'em but a plate of murder
It ain't beef if you can't make a burger... Nigga
I'm on the streets you on the curb
Aint no talking to police 'cause we don't speak the
same word
Who that, Tryna take the Carter for a new jack
I'll pistol whip you on your block 'til your blue black
(laugh)... Till your blue black (listen)

Alot of niggas like to touch other cities
But my city like to touch other niggas (yea)
You come down for the Essence and the Mardi Gras
But I got here thats where your partys are
Dont shine too hard, watch behind you god
That chain looking like a sign that say "follow me
home"
I'm a desperado from the Hollygrove side
Where alot of folks ride, and a lot of folks died

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

I'm on the corner with my work in the mailbox
One foot out the grave one foot in the jailhouse
I done put my foot in the flow
To fast feet my cash, get my feet out your ass (yea)
I told momma im gone; I'll be back with money
I came back with the throne; she very proud of me
I tell her pray for me; cause everyday for me
Is a struggle to make of it
They got my nigga Big Blake in the state oven
But he gonna eat a nigga plate when he escape from it
Please label me real 'cause I ain't make it here faking
Neither was it vacant; take a nigga bacon (shit)
Break bread or we break heads
Put the pump to your stomach turn your face red
Pump a nigga dome now he a bass head
Hit him one more time like stay dead

[Chorus}

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