

**Lil Wayne f/ Juelz Santana****"No Other"**

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[Lil Wayne] Yeah, straight up D-Boy, sell in 10th Ward  
Miss Katrina turned my city to a seesaw I keep going  
for them corners like Lyor They gon' either respect me  
or, he all Burnin them bitches like a se-qual Punk, put a  
hump in your back, they called it Igor What? This shit is  
hard, any yard where we are We call that cocaine rice, I  
got that Condoleezza Huh? You fuck with me chump, I  
rock your teacup I say before you spend a dollar boy,  
put up the re-up Yep, get up cause we up, foot up and  
knee up In the game, put up and shut up, I hit your  
head up Or go bang, the Birdgang and the Birdman J.  
Lil Wayne, hear to hang, other words here to stay Feel  
my pain, Fireman, I spark and I rain I hark through the  
flames, yeah, all for the change, yeah Call it insane but  
I'm a hustler to the muscle And them new drop  
Bentleys look like pussy in the summer So I'm fuckin  
that, huggin that block like I'm lovin that Never sell a  
crumb where my mother at, run with that You can come  
at me for beef and shots come with that Your bitch  
come at me for wood and I'm the lumberjack I come in  
that Similac Maybach, shades black Looking like I'm  
tryna bring Yay back, ASAP Give it to 'em raw, no Ajax,  
taste that Huh, fuck around and make your face crack I  
know niggas that, shoot dope, arms looking like a  
racetrack Nigga missed a vein in his neck, his whole  
face fat You can't take that? Well I can't take back  
Where I come from so I learned how to make that Yeah,  
turn that straight to a G stack Stack up my cheese, now  
I'm screamin "Where the keys at?" [Juelz Santana] I'm  
from, block one, five-one, where my young Niggas on  
the rise to get a name, don't try them Wayne, I fell your  
pain and I see your stress How they think your people  
'posed to get through Katrina off a FEMA cheque? Coke  
in a Pyrex, dope and the ice, yes Mind on the highway,  
road signs, right, left And that's the mind-state of kids  
growin up Still they wonder why the crime rate's goin  
up, throw it up Eastside, Westside, Southside,  
Northside Fuck with my money I, torch guys, off guys  
Hire men, fire men, send 'em to a higher man (there he  
go) Torture 'em, vice grip, pliers man Niggas turn to tin  
foil when they see the iron man Pressure bust pipes, I

apply it and Move like a lion through the jungle, yes,  
there is none higher than Me, don't slip up and end  
wind up in the lion bend Big body Benz eyein man,  
higher than A chick that flight-attend or air force flyer  
man Bad bitches I fly 'em and fuck 'em Send 'em back  
home hyped feeling like they on nitrogen Just call me  
the Pied Piper man Still get the coke through the  
pipeline, then off to the piper stem And I'm still getting  
paper back in rubber bands I still got paper bags  
coming in I still got that mattress with the paper bags  
under it Comic books, Playboy baby mag under it, still I  
still got ties with my guys who don't speak no English  
Them Vatos, they got those cheapest Got no green  
card, got no visas and got those Pablo features They  
drop off then pick up, I pick up then drop off The drop  
off was picked up, and then what? I get it

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