

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, BM J.R.

## LIL' WAYNE LYRICS

"BM J.R."

(Baby Talking)

Yea shorty, you know what I'm talkin bout'  
I peep these niggaz out here they slippin like they ain't bout  
money no more man, so what f\*\*k  
You know what we gon' do ha?  
We gon' do what we been doin nigga  
We gon' load up, get alot mo' and alot mo' and say f\*\*k em'  
Nigga  
Keep f\*\*kin hoes  
Loadin up on mo' bitches  
Then you know what I'm sayin, we gon' get greedy too nigga  
I ain't never gettin' full, I'm full blooded with this grind  
(Lil Wayne) I GOT IT  
I GOT IT

(Verse 1 - Lil Wayne)

Murder capital, only key to survive is kill  
If the elements don't murder you the riders will fo real  
And niggas know I goes hard to the fullest  
Get involved and I got' em' playing dodge ball with bullets  
Yeah  
I got the sawed off, fully in the sean john hoody  
Get f\*\*ked ya play pussy  
We hit em' up while they ain't lookin and them body shots hurt  
And the head shots took him  
Damn  
And if the read dot spot him then the hollow head got him  
Knock his top to his bottom jack  
You see me grind from the bottom just to make it to the bottom  
At the very bottom of the map  
Lou-easy-ana pirahnnas everywhere you at  
You gotta wear an extra condom and an extra gat  
Yo bitch could get it for actin like a man  
Them niggaz in Pakistan impactin on ya man  
I back his hand ya man on command  
In front of niggaz he cool with the boys on fan  
I'm on hot, I adjust in different climates, duckin the animal keep on runnin wit  
my primates  
You ain't did it till you done it like in 5 states,  
Weezy hustle no blubber I put on weight  
And in a drought I go on I diet and stretch more  
Loose all that weight, leave a nigga with stretch marks  
You don't even come up to a nigga chest part, subpar,  
what the f\*\*k they play it in the club for?  
Real shit I'm duckin bombs from a drug war,  
no religion but the cops swear that I'm a drug lord  
Father forgive em' for they know not who they pushin lord  
Father forgive me if I have to send them to ya lord  
I'm just tryin to dodge the shots they send to the god  
They riding up highway to heaven boulevard  
Damn, them niggaz pussy and jive, not even in an eye exam they ain't lookin for "I"  
The A and the K will make ya face crook to the side  
Now when you smiling everybody gotta look from the side  
'cause when you wildin you ain't lookin, you just lookin high  
and when we hungry you look like pie  
Sweet potato ass nigga, you lemon merangue, apple custard, cherry jelly  
Don't make me get the biscut buster  
What up gizzle you my distant brother  
Real shit nigga same father different mother, yep  
I skip the frontin and sticks to keepin it trill

You not know me for nothing other I'm something other them people you feel, I'm deeper for real

I'm deeper than skills, my speeches can kill  
Rest in peace

(Baby talking)

Yeah, you underdig, shorty its all about one thing nigga,  
If you bout money nigga come f\*\*k with us,  
if you ain't bout money get the f\*\*k from round us nigga  
And whatever you bout we bout it, however you wanna get it we can give it to ya  
Order bitch, ya underdig  
Put ya prints in nigga  
Put ya feet down and ya nuts on the concrete and lets roll

(Verse 2 - Lil Wayne)

Ay, ay  
You sleep in a field for tryin the dude  
I bust ya head to the meat, turn ya mind to food  
Food, cruelful thought, think I ain't lying to you  
I lie his body in grease set fire to him  
I tie his body in sheets, put the tires to him  
Make him feel the escalate, put his feet in the blades  
Damn  
I'm the heat in the blaze a nigga keep they ways when I'm in the streets with blades  
Watch, my nigga hungry, he'll eat the plate  
And if I ask, the homeboy will eat'cha face  
yea  
And though he got me, you can ask, I'm like a pool table  
I keep the eight  
Haha  
My side pocket sideways when I pop it leave a nigga sideways for five days  
Birdman talk to em'

(Baby talking)

Yeah nigga, I tell em', I tell em' again shorty  
If it ain't about money get all the f\*\*k from round us

(Verse 3 - Lil Wayne)

Ay, ay,  
Check my swag, I travel like sound dawg  
You play hard in the gravel like ground dog  
I'm underground call me groundhog  
Lay down laws call me ground law  
Don't confuse me with the law, naw but just confuse me with my pa  
Because I am the Birdman J-R  
I ain't trippin nigga, I play the corner like ripkin nigga  
With the 40 cal ripkin nigga, rip a nigga  
Flip ya vehicle, split ya windshield  
Whack ya Baby momma but I let the kid live  
And people say that I am a kid still, 'cause the lil nigga still ride on big wheels  
You feeling animal then come on and get killed  
And sig pill bandannas like banana's  
Say I'm slight bananas I blew a weekend in havana  
In my cabana with my bottom bitch from savahnna  
Man a train couldn't stop ya man  
I man up and you not a man  
I stand up, say I got my land  
I'm the man of my land  
Call it lil-weezy-ana  
Thats the new plan

(Baby talkin)

Yeah nigga, you bout some money get at me nigga  
Thats the only way

Dumb shit we bout that get at me  
Nigga roll solo, dolo nigga