

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Hit Em Up

(Verse 1)

I tried to talk to him
Quit talkin, I'ma hang ya by your tongue, Yea
Any motormouth could get hung high
We don't fuck wit niggaz like fungi
We don't even hear ya
Hollerin bullshit nigga quit the diahera
Pistol lie inside of the armrest, um yes
Lay a nigga down in his own mess, don't mess
Playa fuck around wit the homeless, charmless
You can leave out here armless, no homies
Honest, you niggaz is harmless
I'm calm as a Don is supposed to (be)
Costa Nostra, don't ever approach him
Don't get close to him
Shootouts and nothin but rock n roll to him
Leave your blood on the dash, call it rose wood
'Nother murder, 'Nother page out the notebook
It ain't nothin it don't make it if you no good
I tried to talk to him, but then a nigga had to

(Chorus)

Hit 'em up, Hit 'em up
I ain't even wanna hit 'em up really, I was tryna be calm
But, uh, that chopper Rrrot, put his head in his arms
And man, I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit 'em up, Hit 'em up
I ain't even wanna hit 'em up, fuck it make a nigga get loose
He had too much talkin, not enough Deuce'
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

Hit 'em up, Hit 'em up
I ain't even wanna hit 'em up hit 'em up
I ain't even wanna hit 'em but I hit 'em up (Gun shot)
I tried to talk to him, I tried to talk to him

(Verse 2)

Y'all take them shoes off your teeth
Stop runnin your mouth
No shoes, no feet, I'll run in your mouth
I'll come to your house, me and my goons
Loadin up bangers, ridin under the moon
Throwin up fingers sayin "My side rule"
If a nigga disagree, ask him "Must I prove?"
That Maybach coupe a cock-eyed fool
And I'm "in it like Bennet" hoe, aren't I cool
But if that thermostat switch and that needle move
Then the attitude switch and the heat'll move
I got that, Shakita banana, clip for the tool
Me the disaster, pity the fool, eat a catastrophe
Swallow the truth, belch reality
How does it taste, Pie to your face, You a bitch nigga
All pussy, stop comin out your lips nigga
I tried to talk him, but then a nigga had to

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Real talk boy, chill wit the talk boy
That tommy gun'll tear your neighborhood apart boy
Yeah, leave your feelings in your heart boy
Start with the wrong boy, you end wit a stone boy
Wit your friends, to carry you alone

To a concrete mattress and a fluffy tombstone
Fuck discussion, I ain't in to it boy
I just get to it, let's do it, rip through a boy
Big uzi, tissue the boy
I'm inside lookin out, you just an intruder boy
You need sooches on your smooches boy
But, I tried to talk to him, but then a nigga had to

(Chorus)