

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Hit U Up

(Turk)

Come on, come on

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on

I roll with a bunch of untamed guerrillas, head bustas, and sharks

Niggas that's 'bout beefin' - lettin' them K's spark

Knockin'-it-off-your-shoulder soldiers - them real niggas

Niggas who did time - hard-to-kill niggas

How you live, you get it is the way a nigga play it

Niggas ain't fightin' no more - niggas bustin' your head

Sendin' you to your grave - it's do or die, cousin

Aimin' straight for your head, makin' sure you die, cousin

They dressin' in black, prepared for combat

Ridin' four deep strapped with choppers and macks

Not givin' a fuck, gettin' your cut, lettin' it bust

You get hit, that's on you, my nigga - you're outta luck

You're stuck like chuck - wodie, you're assed out

That's what happen to ya tryin' to be hard, runnin' your mouth

Get erased, my nigga (my nigga)

Look here: I leave no trace, my nigga (my nigga)

No witnesses so can you see my face, my nigga (my nigga)

Fled the scene - so you have no case, my nigga- -case, my nigga

Look here: you can play if you wanna get down

Get your stupid ass left where you can't be found

(Hook (B.G.))

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)

We done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)

We done popped you up, chopped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)

We done popped you up, chopped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Whaa?)

We done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up

(Juvenile)

I was wrong for a lot of shit that I'ma take to my grave

Continuously whippin' niggas like a runaway slave

Must was meant for me to be thuggin' - I stay in some beef

Baby and Slim keep tellin' me, "Juvenile, stay off them streets."

I can't help - I draw attention; they be fuckin' with me

I'm hot in the ass and can't get enough of these streets

A lil' nigga in the Rolls screamin', "Fuck the police!"

Peelin' out in front the club, about to duck to the east

Now play yourself, you gon' find yourself by yourself

In a nice place ducked off with fucked up health

I done been strucked and snuck, but never fucked and stuck

My life is four hundred degrees, so I bust 'em up

Still stickin' to the g-code, Ree's, and B's

Quit drinkin', but I will smoke some weed indeed

All they understand is my project English

And if you don't like it, you can kiss my penis

(Hook-4x (B.G.))

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)

We done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

(B.G.)

I run the streets 'cause I'm real if it's daylight or dark

You a killer, nigga? (Eah?) Ain't no fear in my heart

I'll go toe to toe with ya or take ya to war

I'll even go K for K with ya - now make your choice

Better know when I'm in beef that I be creepin', nigga

Better know that I'm a snake, and I'ma sneak ya, nigga

Each time I hit the corner, I be leavin' niggas

Momma upset - can't even go on and grievin', nigga
Nothin' change - I'm on TV, I don't play with you niggas
Still the same that'll spin broad day on you niggas
And empty a hundred out that K
Where you're caught hangin' is where you're left stankin', ya heard me
I've been in the game - niggas know what I'm 'bout
So many murders under my belt, I done lost count
If you wanna be another number, my nigga
Go ahead, drop your nuts, and run up, my nigga

(Hook (B.G.))

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
We done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Nigga, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
And we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Look, we done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Whaa?)
Look, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

(Lil Wayne)

Hello, world
I zip through fast in a yellow pearl drop Porsche Boxter
Young mobster, wild and obnoxious
Pop some in your dreadlocks - What? Me not no rookie, boy
Glock cookin', boy
I'll turn your forehead to a pussy, boy
Off the gate, cousin, you niggas gon' make me stalk and spray somethin'
Spark or lace somethin'
Park the car, get out, walk, and spray somethin'
Taught to stay thuggin' brought up in this shit that we call America
And in my hood the laws are scared of us - we are too terrible
If I live to be old, it's a miracle
'cause the way a nigga hatin' or bitch plottin', the shit's hysterical
That's why I keep me two big guns on blast like a stereo
Come to your burial and kill anybody else who care for you
Don't blame me, society changed me
You haul white, you smash powder all night for the fast dollar
Cut off lights, we masked riders
The hood trash got us in a position we can't shake
With boys we can't break, and due to that you ain't safe, bitch

(Hook (B.G.))

We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Look, we done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up, nigga (Ooohh!)
(Did you see that?)
We hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
And we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
(Did you see that?)
We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Boy, look,
We done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Now, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)
Look, we done hit you up, lit you up, twist you up (Ooohh!)
Look, we done chopped you up, popped you up, boxed you up (Ooohh!)

(B.G. (talking))

Nigga - we put holes in you bitch-ass niggas, ya heard me
We don't barrow nothin', don't fear nothin'
And ain't nothin' you can do 'bout these (Hot! Hot! Hot!) Boy\$, nigga
Let 'em burn, nigga
Let 'em burn, nigga

B.Geezy, Lil Wheezy, Juvy, Two Tymer