

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Let's Go

It's gravy nigga. Believe it.  
You hot? Fuck it. Hot as a firecracker.  
(It's gravy too.) I got a mac in this bag.  
(click clock) What you got? Glock. (Look)

(Baby)

Nigga I'ma tell ya straight off the bat  
I got a mac in this bag with 20 grams of crack  
And I'ma sit in the back seat of yo' 'Lac  
Just in case I gotta snap, a firette to the chest  
If I don't know shit, I know cars and broads  
I done ordered plenty hits and watched heads come off  
And I done saw my nigga get life behind them bars  
To them dog hoes, nigga, we scream "fuck 'em all!"  
I hustle hard in these city streets  
I got my block on fire with my HB's  
Spinnin' Benz in these drop tops double r  
Cook a brick, flip 'em up, now I got 'em hard  
And you can find me  
Right up in them hallways, holdin' and totin'  
Got the whole motherfuckin block loaded and smokin'  
Nigga know one thang: its some uptown shit  
If a nigga get it fucked, then we killin' a bitch

(Chorus)

Nigga I'ma tell ya this, straight off the bat  
I got a mac in this bag, with 20 grams of crack  
Well let's go nigga, see we can slide nigga  
Cuz if you hot, then I'm hot, let's ride nigga  
Look, I'ma tell you this, straight off the top  
I got a blunt, and a glock, and a bag of rocks  
Let's go nigga, let's slide nigga  
If you hot, then I'm hot, let's ride nigga

(Lil Wayne)

Better pay attention now so you don't forget later  
I run the damn block, I oversee all of the paper  
Don't make me take ya, play ya  
I cock the glock and spray ya  
Call it a caper, won't be no as-salama-laka  
And J, he got the gauges, they cocked and ready  
Make me run up in ya places and pop ya daddy  
Got them bricks rocked and heavy, let it be known  
I cook it hard and cut 'em in zones and the money be gone  
Then I hit a blunt to the dome, and ride when night falls  
Supply the white raw, if there's a problem, knock ya wife off  
Lock the spot down  
Respect it young nigga, I'm creepin' over  
Now cut it with just a little bakin' soda, breakin' boulders  
I take it out my holster and bakin' soldiers whenever  
Nigga it's whatever, tell ya ma to call the reverend  
You see me on the block with crack, gats, and weed  
Rats, plats, and ki's, that's practically me

(Chorus)

(Lil Wayne)

See I'm a hustler, cut-throat, put rhymes in mom's muffler  
You can't even count how many times the 9's bust at ya  
Some of the, niggas that you run with are, suckas bruh  
None of ya, won't leave, without some bullets up in ya  
Niggas can't hold me down, wodie wild  
Cuz all that they can hear is loud screamin' and explosive sounds  
They show me how to cook that brown and rock that white

No school, put that book back down, pick up that knife  
See that's the real reason I hate to be on tour  
I'd rather be back on the block with a bird of that pure  
Niggas got it all wrong, thinkin' I'm all song  
But yall gon' twist it and end up all gone  
Dog-gone cocksuckers, you not thuggers  
I pop dozens of glocks, cousins, in my struggle  
So stop frontin', it ain't gon' get ya everywhere  
I'ma start bustin', and bullets hit ya everywhere

(Chorus x 2)

(Baby talks till end)