

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Worry Me

(Hook)

You gotta walk like a (soldier)  
Talk like a (stunna)  
Move like a (player)  
And get it like a (hustler)  
You gotta walk like a (soldier)  
Talk like a (stunna)  
Move like a (player)  
And get it like a (hustler)  
Because I won't let y'all worry me  
I got something chrome that I carry with me  
It's Young Weezy Wee y'all ain't scaring me  
I'm the seventeen don till they bury me

(Verse 1)

Eh, it go whoa oh me oh my ay ay  
I'm H-O-T-B-O-Y ay ay  
I'm so fly I'm the Birdman Jaya  
Stunting in the gray uh  
Shortie play your player  
Slick clean hey ya  
Fifteen riding with me spray ya  
You don't want no drama with me play fa  
Keep low or it's murda she wrote pussy nigga  
I gotta keep it cooking cuz the streets still hot for a shooking  
Plus my late pops still looking  
Bust my tray quick if ya hate the pimp  
Think it's all big fish I don ate the shrimp  
Roll out with the hood cuz I'm so damn street  
I rep Hollygrove and Hollygrove rep me  
And that's how Weezy Wee be  
And y'all gon R-E-S-P-E-C-T me

(Hook)

(Verse 2)

I'm riding and I'm dolo on my way to the stizzo  
Knowing on my waist is the sizzo  
Wheezy so hot glock ten and a pistol  
Big rims with the tires thin as a pencil  
Mami want me cuz I got pimping potential  
I stick to my mental  
Don't make me stick my fifth to your temple  
Forget I'm getting rich for a cent  
Bitch I'm coming get you for my baby mama's rent I will flip you  
90 on the highway seeing what the whip do  
Cops get behind me they want see the whip too  
S-Q professor C-M-B alumni  
Everybody else fails except the young guy  
Don't worry bout Weezy for real nigga I done mine  
Got the biggest nuts up in here nigga I swung mine  
The streets taught me never to fear nigga I run mine  
I can't lose cuz I won mine  
Now run yourself

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

I got five drinks with me  
And there be four chunks of dro up in my lung pipe  
Three guns  
Two bitches  
And all I need is one knife  
And I bet you don't like

C'mon we only get one life  
And if it's done right  
Freak a nigga might wife her  
You know S-Q galore low chop three striper  
I'm just trying to keep paper  
Please, don't be a hater cuz he'll take ya Weeze  
Don't be a major cuz he greater  
Cheese gon feed Nate  
Brother it's keys or emceeing  
And I'm a C-O-A cuz I can move yay  
Like you never thought hard or soft like a duck  
And y'all don't starve me  
That shit could be bad for your heartbeat  
Cash'll get you snatched in a heartbeat  
Mash in a mad dash in a Cadillac with the alligator dashboard  
Damn whore  
Yeah I know

(Hook)