

Birdman & Lil Wayne, You Want War

(Lil Wayne)

Aw aw

Aw aw!

Aw aw!!

Peep me out, look!

Head bustin', black fatigues

So blunted, 400 degreez, it's sweet

Nigga, respect me

When you see tha left hand buggin', nigga, respect it

But if you see tha left hand bustin', nigga, your disrespectin'

Took one to tha chest, I never die, I'm tha same brotha

Jump out and shoot K's, let 'em fly, I'm tha same brotha

It's a must they recognize that I'm untamed, brotha

Disconnect a boy like a damn change number

Uhhh, hang up and try again

I kill ya, wake ya up, and make you die again

Spark it up, and make a nigga block fry again

Go ta jail, and do life, not five ta ten

Me, Lil' Mario, and Toolie, that's my man, fam

My niggas don't give a Jean-Claude VanDamme

About'chu, 'cause we don't play around

Bring tha K around, spray tha town, take tha ground

Take tha ground that you walk on

Tap tha phones that you talk on

Jam ya up and take your arms off

I hit you twice with tha sawed-off

And your nigga just watch your head fall off... fall off

You think ya love me, I shoot anybody that look suspicious (what)

I bust tha three-six until tha damn drum bust (what)

I hit tha hood, (I hit tha hood) be up in all black, (be in all black)

numb-nut

I run up in your house with a tommy gun, what

I'm standin' there like all mine

Run through your click like a weak defensive line

Doggy fresh

(Turk)

You want war, nigga, let's beef... beef

We can do it how ya want, or take it to tha streets... streets

I'll be dressed in camouflage, Ree's on my feet

Through your air (through your air) leave ya burnin' like heat

What ya.. know, I'm tha one from tha T.C.

Chopper shooter, block bruiser, I'll bet any G (any G)

On fire, nigga, label, that's a HB

And if I can't kill you.. killin' your family (family)

Think it's a game, 'rilla, test my nuts, you'll see

How fast I send shots through your 6V (6V)

Heads bust if ya really think it's CMB

And I know you all know about Slim and B

We get our ball on, nigga, drink Cristy

Me and Buck get head from meekos in Tennessee

Betta ask somebody, nigga, I been a G

And the Baby still servin' niggas for ten a key... nigga

(Lil Wayne)

Aw, aw, aw, look

Call me big baller, Big Tymer, big pockets

Call me big stunter, big stick, or big body

Call me that lil' nigga with tha Role... fulla diamonds

Call me tha number one Hot Boy on fire

Fire, when you shoot outta town, then I'ma holler

With a crate of Crystile, couple of blunts, and a condom

Let him know if (let him know if) he down bad, that ain't my problem

Ler him know if he come at me bad, then I'ma chop him

Ch-uh.. chop him
Put tha flame to him
All of a sudden tha thing hits straight through him
'Cause I'm tha same nigga, pimper boy, Lil Wayne
Thugged out, pants fall to my shoe strings
But since I use ta be.. doin' tha best at thangs
That mean I gotta wear a vest that day
I really think them niggas jealous... of tha sparkle in my necklace
He ain't ready.. he ain't ready