

# Lil Wayne, Ain't That A Bitch

Hey Hey Hey!

(Chorus)

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin  
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers  
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch!

And this here is the Carter oh! yo! And this here is the Carter yo! oh!  
This one here is just to clarify the fact that I'm a muthafuckin mack  
This one here is just to verify the fact that I got straps on my back  
This one here is just to clarify the fact that the boy is back! Oh!

(Verse One)

Slick as I wanna be born to be hustla gonna be rich till I'm gone  
Gonna keep spittin this shit for the hustlaz gonna keep livin this shit I'm gutless  
Bet I'm gonna reap this when I'm gone defeat this while I'm here  
Gonna keep beatin this street shit in ya ear  
Gonna speak in every single street this year  
My shit beat in every jeep on every street this year  
Wizzle F Baby ya'll niggaz can have the Weezy I'm the Birdman Jr. junior  
I'm a man to another man to a bitch I'm a pimp in the whip I'm a hundred grand  
And in the streets I'm a money man  
And I'm a hunt it with the streets I get money in the streets like a hundred men  
A hundred proof in my other hand  
If ever fall spring back like a rubberband know what I'm sayin

(Chorus)

Because the cops is watchin the streets is talkin  
Ya hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers  
And everybody saw you and aint that a bitch  
The cops is watchin streets are talkin  
Hoes is unfaithful ya family ungreatful  
Ya niggaz aint loyal you niggaz aint lawyers  
And everybody saw ya and aint that a bitch

(Verse Two)

Now all the bitches got me strollin wit my dick in my hand  
And these niggaz got me rollin with my clip on my hip  
But this is my land so prick dont trip cause K's dont jam and a nigga dont miss  
They tellin me I'm the shit like a nigga dont piss  
But nigga dont slip cause I'll kill a punk bitch Word Up!  
And I dont affiliate with niggaz I dont love neither bitches just money and drugs nigga  
Leave ya bitches ya money and drugs nigga  
Three to ya wisdom five more to ya mug nigga  
How many more do ya love nigga  
cause I got plenty more to give out I aint never been a mouthpiece  
Ask ya reverend bout me I'm the young God  
Aim the shotgun at ya frame and bust boy  
Brain and guts leak in the drain and such pour  
Plain yuk at a fuck boy. Fuck Boy!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

I'm a muthafuckin man so respect me as one or the tech meet ya ass son  
The tech heat ya ass son put ya fuckin chest beneath ya ass son  
Blooka blook blap bleep ya ass son (laughin)  
Nigga tryin to see his grandson and we  
got niggaz in the pen tryin to see me wit a Grammy  
Wanna be me and don't even understand me  
Could'nt see me even if you was standin with me  
I'm that damn convincing not invisible that mans invinsible

And advance a little due to the pine  
My niggaz call me little Russell Crowe for my beautiful mind  
And I let you do the time I do the crime  
When the crowd call my name I bring my crew to the line  
Nigga thats S.Q. and we fine nigga thats S.Q. and we firrin Nigga!

(Chorus - 2X)

Ha! Wizzle F Baby fa ya muhfuckin neck nigga  
Got Streets in da buildin Gotti in the buildin  
KL, Fee Fee in the buildin Rome, DI, Ceeti...