

# Lil Wayne, Army Gunz

(feat. Birdman)

(Chorus)

Yeah yeah yeah (I got army gunz)  
Yeah yeah yeah (I-I-I got army gunz)  
Yeah yeah yeah (I-I-I-I got army gunz)  
Yeah yeah yeah (I-I-I-I-I got army gunz)  
Now ya know I play it like a pro in the game  
Now ya know I play it like a pro in the game  
Now ya know I play it like a pro in the game  
Now ya know I play it like a pro in the game

(Lil Wayne)

Okay I'm out 'chea you niggaz done started it ya ordered it  
Bullet find a home in ya arteries pardon me  
But them niggaz won't touch not a part of me bet on it  
Them niggaz belong in a sorority ain't that a bitch  
Burn they bodies up for the authorities no evidence  
You gon' stop fuckin' wit' them warriors from New Orleans  
And I really think that it'd be better if  
I just hit ya block wit that baretta and hop out and let her rip  
Let her bang let her bust etcetera etcetera  
You niggaz is scared of the southern part of America  
Here it come got her done never caught without one  
Niggaz wanna ball so I guess I gotta bounce 'em  
Smokin' on a ounce of that shit from the mountains  
People say I need to stop no I need a counselor  
And down here you are gonna need a chopper  
And I'ma need a lawyer and you gon' need a doctor  
Why? Because...

(Chorus)

(Lil Wayne)

Get at 'em we hit 'em up if they rattin'  
Niggaz ain't fuckin' wit' the boy them niggaz softer than satin  
I'm feelin' awfully aggy yes I walk wit' the maggy  
I tell him park in a alley and leave 'em parked in the alley  
Niggaz talkin' about me but they ain't talkin' it at me  
'Cause if they talkin' it at me then I'm just talkin' to caskets  
All that talkin' is pussy bitch you better make ya words strong  
'Cause the shit gettin' chiseled on ya tombstone  
What they do I got a chopper in the UHaul  
Make a real nigga bring it back to '92 dog  
Bring his ass to the river drop the fool off  
Hope he can swim wit' them concrete shoes on  
I got the gun right beside me who don't?  
Got beef homie I was just gettin' hungry  
When you come bitch you better bring a army  
We can do it in the streets and throw a gansgta party nigga  
Why? Because...

(Chorus)

(Lil Wayne)

Thirty shots in the clip niggaz let's trip  
Line 'em up put 'em down on the guest list  
These niggaz 'bout to make me go Rambo  
I'ma take the shit as far as it can go  
War is the answer if ya questionin' the general  
Snap shots at'cha baby you are just a centerfold  
And less Kenneth Cole niggaz seem plenty bold  
Pull that bitch out alright don't make me get my fishin' pole  
Them niggaz hoes really doe

I would swing down there wit' any O Forty-Fo' and let 'em go  
Let 'em know that I ain't never been sweet and won't be  
Yes I'll be right here on the ground when you want me  
Make a nigga have to come back like wit' the smack  
Thomas bitch I promise I'll kill ya and that's a fact  
And I ain't never killed no one jack  
But I'm honest bitch I promise I'll kill ya and that's a fact  
Why? Because...

(Chorus)