

Lil Wayne, Callin' Me Killer

Killa! Huh?
Callin' Lil Wayne (Wayne) a...
...Killa! Wha? Wha?
Killa! Wha? Wha? Check!

Hold up, you not under the deep cover of the lil' slugga,
Callin' me head busta, Run with me 'K, bluka,
Nigga's done fled from-a... me infrared, sucka,
If him wan' play, busta... come make me day, busta,
Bein' half-way out my nappy head,
But I don't care, I just grab my clip, slap and spray,
Anywhere, it don't matter where a nigga stay,
Jus' believe it when I say, "Guerrilla Warfare"
I swear, there be some more drama up out these bags,
Nigga's in black, drive Jags, camou-flage rags,
Nigga's domes get bust wide open, with blood and sweat,
Nigga's ridin' off in Hummers - laughin', drinkin' Moet,
You know me.. Coullion, standin' four feet..
I'm to-ting cannons, wearin' Rolie's,
See, these lil' boys, they ain't really up on my game,
But once I run into that nigga playin' with Wayne, man,
See, when I spin-a you Ben' bet' not be on you block,
But when me jump out with the chop-chop, my no'gga, you drop
Now where yo' nigga's at, comradie? They not wit'chu nah,
I guess they heard that when I'm ridin' I make the crew stop,
Now, is you 'bout what I'm 'bout?
If you 'bout what I'm 'bout, you 'bout drama..
Thuggin' in broad day with four glocks, a knife, and a choppa,
I'm runnin' away, don't get in my way... My nigga...
Callin' me head busta! Callin, callin' me killa!

(Hook 2x)
Them call'un me killa..
Them call'un me head busta, Cash Money nigga,
My niggy, when I'm out late..
Call me what you want.. Full of blunts..
Look out your window, see where them from? Me!

Check! Now as the heat flame up...
Them lookin'-a down the street, them think they see Wayne' truck,
Him whole block gon' scare, 'cause me get me thing and bust,
Them know that Hot Boys known to be danger-ous,
That U.P.T. come down Chopper City, in the ghetto, my man,
Now who that be in the car with the choppa? Oh, it's Lil Wayne,
I get my 'K - cock, aim, and put holes in your brain,
Give me that rag, you ain't no solja, wipe the blood off my chain,
Gettin' blisty... off in a black F-150,
Bout to do the old usual - hit your block, just spittin,
Heads spinnin' like a set of seventeens or somethin,
Respect me for who I be: Seventeen, head-busta, Because...

(Hook 2x)

Check! Ori-gin-AL Hot Boy, land-cruisin' with guns,
I shall be the one, who burn the block up,
Never miss when I distribute anger up out my Cali'
Hundred shots automatic, Leave ya hopeless in a alley,
Now, when a nigga runs up...
If the nigga love his life, he wouldn't have his guns up
Just because of the simple fact that I'm a Hot Boy...
And got boys... that got toys... to stop noise,
See, when me ride off in the Hummer, leave them set empty,
Down him there street 'cause him want beef,
Now, me tried to tell lil' stupid boy, "Don't mess-a with me."

Now look at him - open up his casket and see,
Click-clack my Mac', twist my fitted cap to the back,
Jump in the black 'Lac, scream "War", and just.. pow! pow!
How you love me now? With five barrels to your eye,
The scene gets wild, and everybody gon' die,
What the dillio? Fill a four-four clip,
You'll get flipped for runnin' off at the lip,
Who behind the gun slang... blunt hang... and twisted?
It's Mis-ter Wayne, Come splittin' when I spit...

(Hook 2x)

See, them callin' me killa.. Ha?
Because them callin' me killa... Wha?
Them nigga's callin' me killa,
Them callin' me head busta, Cash Money nigga...
Wha? Callin' me killa... (Killa)
Callin' me killa... (Killa)
Them callin' me killa... (Killa!)
Them callin' me head busta,
Cash Money nigga... (Killa!) Killa! Wha?