

# Lil Wayne, Come On

[Verse 1:]

where my niggaz at, it's play it raw time baby  
load up the guns guerilla war time baby  
light up the blunts, light up the block time dawg  
choppers with drums, ozzee's, and glock time dawg  
whoever he with, they better stay cause they to nice  
and whoever and hit, jump out the window and get it right  
then we run in his house and hit the body and haul them out  
then we empty the clip and let the Lord sort em out  
bust it really, it ain't no stopping me cause i hang up to that ville  
and now i'm tying on my bandanna and i'm cocking back  
jump out the Hummer and say lil shorty wear your stocking cap  
dawg we got automatics, two shooters, six shots, and 50 round drums  
hit your daddy, you suki, you son, your wife and move your momma  
cause i'm off the wall, off the hook, off the chain  
got a sawd oil tec and i'm bout to knock off your brain  
tell em'

[Chorus:]

Come on, nigga Come on, time to do it nigga  
Nigga Come On, Nigga Come On Wodie!  
Come on, nigga Come on, time to do it nigga  
Nigga Come On, Nigga Come On Wodie!

[Verse 2: (B.G.)]

If drama come to me then it come  
for that i got two glocks and a k with a drum  
that's what i ride with not what i got got ducked off  
the mac, sweeper, the six shot, pump that sawd off  
i got the tillery when beef kick  
i got soldiers ready to march when that beef start  
i got niggaz be in that zone on that herion  
i got niggaz ready to kill when shit get real  
i got niggaz that play all out akirts of the field  
so get caught up in that place and your brain get spilled  
oh it's a game but it's a game of life or death  
you lose and can't continue if you get dome checked  
you get blues it's all what duck gonna be next  
come in that water and get wet  
think you can fuck with me, you thoughts will get upset  
i don't shot to hit i shot to kill  
believe me i don't shoot for fun when i shoot it's for real  
Come on nigga!

[Chorus:]

Come on, nigga Come on, time to do it nigga  
Nigga Come On, Nigga Come On Wodie!  
Come on, nigga Come on, time to do it nigga  
Nigga Come On, Nigga Come On Wodie!

[Verse 3:]

Give me the guns, i'm ready to bust one nigga  
my nuts hung nigga, since i was young nigga  
i get dumb nigga, with the M-1 nigga  
i sip some nigga, and i flip some nigga  
A uptown stunter, what the hell you think  
ready for war, BUT I AIN'&quot;T NO CAPTAIN OF NO GOT DAMN TANK!  
and you can take that to vegillity boy  
i'm burning up, i'm on fire is you smelling boy  
cause i be coming with the top down  
letting them know how the chop sound  
100 rounds tore the whole entire block down  
assault rifle with a drum and beam totter  
38 with a speed loader in my holster

Mac ozze achine with a strap around my shoulder  
but if i pop my trunk i'm might just set off a damn exposure  
i'm off the wall, off the hook, off the chain  
got a sawd oil tec and i'm bout to knock off your brain  
tell em'

[Chorus x2]

You ain't gotta hollar wodie, here i come nigga! [x2]