

Lil Wayne, La La

Da... Da... Da... David... Banner

La, la la la, la, la la la la (x4)

(Uh!)

Sittin' in a Caddy, bright like Batty
Floatin' up the aisle like a bride and her Daddy
Hip-Hop addict, hip-hop addict
Man I swear I'm on top like the attic
Yeah bitch I be with my dog like Shaggy
And we stay clean but get dirty like Harry
Flyer than bluebirds, cardinals, and canaries
Fuck me, I'm all about weed like Paris
Hilton presidential suite already
I'm richer than Nicole and I'm a Lion like her Daddy
I am hotter than the Sunday after Saturday
I swear I'm a savage like Lil' Webbie and Randy
Oscar de la Hoya, box ya like a casket
Or Diego Coralles, nigga keep jabbin'
See my style it varies, like drugs in an alley
My leather so soft my paint prettier than Halle
Wittier than comedy, nigga write a parody
But I ain't tellin' jokes... apparently
Apparently, yeah my daughter be the twinkle of my eye
You hurt her you kill me and nigga I ain't 'bout to die
See y'all are at ground, and my daughter is my sky
I swear I look in her face and I just want to break out and fly
4 tears in my face and you ain't never heard me cry
I'm richer than all y'all I got a bank full of pride

Ow, started out hustlin', ended up ballin'
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet
Started with my girlfriend, ended with her homies
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin' (x2)
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilet

My paint bubbleish, the motor so vicious
The rims the same color as the wrapper of a kisses; Hershey's
I'm hyper, thump it like a piston
And when I'm in Detroit I be ballin' like a Piston
Boy did I mention I fly like a pigeon
Hidin' gas prices, you Vegas trinket
I'm ridin' on the park in the Bentley golf cart
The Polo be cream but the bottle's caviar (yeah!)
Weezy I'm sick from all this tourin'
You told me (sip this,) then call me in the morning (yeah)
And I vow I never trust another woman ('nother woman)
In my life, and then I got horny (ah hah)

Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilette
Started with my girlfriend, ended where the home is
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin'
Started out hustlin', ended up ballin' (x2)
Nigga I'm the shit, get the fuck up out my toilette

See I ain't goin' no where bitch
You know a nigga been home honey
Money fuckin' retarded, called the down syndrome money
My case sick shit, they diagnose sickle cell brain
The revenue stream got a disease like a jail bed
Like a mattress from Sing-Sing or way down to Comstock
These bitches call me bling king I shit when the bomb drop

And sprinkle down into all the niggas flawless in D-Class
Then twinkle like a shine, just like a sparkle from clean Glass
They movin' on a nigga as I'm walkin' the valley, ready?
And Zulu with the cameras like I'm diggin' down Halle Berry
My money help me do things that you nigga's can't believe
Like purchase personal plates on sort of things that you can't conceive
Like interactin' with women, on caliber of Janet
I sit and mater my vision and massacre the planet
I hope you nigga's know just what it is
While I'm countin' my paper nigga's know I'm handlin' my biz

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