

# Lil Wayne, Lock And Load

(feat. Kurupt)

(Lil Wayne Intro)

Yeah, vibe wit me sweetheart it aint hard,  
Ah fuck dem niggaz I aint worried bout dem  
This Cash Money baby ya no what im takin bout  
its the Carter II, Kurupt holla at dem niggaz (nigga)

(Chorus (Kurupt))

We won, we won and then we shot that BB gun  
they lost, they lost we took they shit now its time to floss (Lock & Load) (2x)

(Verse 1 (Lil Wayne))

22 year old 17 year vet life in the fast lane little red corvette little red handkerchief hangin out the rig  
so we ride like four perrelli's so s-cary no security, no protectin, no comparin lokin heavy, Oceans 11  
hollygrove to the heart hollygrove from the start dont cross airheart boluward or the war i come from  
pop, pop, clap, clap what the fuck hollygrove stand up nigga duck.

(Chorus (Kurupt))

(Verse 2 (Lil Wayne))

get em get em weezy hit em where you kill em easy sit em in the river leave em they find em tomor  
syrup thinkin I wont slip even tho im leanin like a broke hip. he aint know I got the nina with the full  
ya. push this button ill flip out and hit sumthin miss nuthin im just bustin until the scene clean. twelve  
dollars for the glock in my pants who the man I am when I stand with it pointed right at your face kn  
of respect I strap a jet black gat to the death tell my momma to bury me with that no bullshit my hood  
cause he's the O.G.

(Chorus (Kurupt))

(Verse 3 (Lil Wayne))

Fresh out the backseat of the figgity Phantom the hater I make em madder when I wave at em like  
im tryin to get that green im tryin to mow my lawn but fuck. dem boyz i got da shoty on my arm dem  
fuck outta there cause baby its hotter there if this was a movie its time to roll the credits "CUT  
mother fuckin block im a mother fuckin rock hard body Eagle street 17 shots night vision double clip  
is not for little bitches your man all (?) im layin in the drop thinkin of more money, Cash Money, you

(Chorus (Kurupt))

(Lil Wayne Outro)

hahaha, yeah, lock & load, ya know, I thought they knew it was really real daddy, yeah, home  
dollars no lie, Dolce & Gabbana, they should pay me for sayin that shit, so is my jeans they wa  
winnin over here, thats right, hey, somebody call gordon tell him pull up front open the doors suicid  
fuck im takin bout, if ya dont, keep thinkin, if you can do that, your losin streak is goin up, why?, ca