

# Lil Wayne, Only Way

(Baby talking to Wayne)

Ay Wayne

I know this bullshit that I'm hearing ain't true right

Ya feel me

These niggaz out here picking bullshit over money nigga

But you know what fuck a nigga

We gone keep grinding this shoe box is full

(Chorus: Baby)

The only way we get it only way we know to get it

Off the block, off the clip, off the cain nigga

The only way we live it only way we know to live it

On the grind tote a nine do yo thang nigga

The only way we get it only way we know to get it

Off the block, off the clip, off the cain nigga

The way we live it is the only way we know to live it

On the grind tote a nine do yo thang nigga

(Verse 1)

Well I'm a 17 nigga got that hollygrove in me

It ain't coming to me so I gotta go get it

You ain't fucking with me I got the hottest flow nigga

There ain't nothing to see because I'm not in yo vision

On and I'm gone get fed up one day

Put lead up in the K

Come and hit up where ya stay so

Baby momma betta get up out the way

Cause the bullet got no heart

And the trigger man crazy

Little man if a bigger man jumps through

Then I'm in the hood with the pump in the truck looking

But if you ain't in them cuts or on them benches

Im a park the fucking truck and knock yo door off the hinges

Yes weezy baby flow off the hinges

So off the tempo no pad or pencil

Well let me go back to what men do

Throwback Benz purple, Throw back 22's Bitch

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Weezy F. Baby hand cocked

Demand my cheese

Fuck you pay me

And I can't stop

Please, what you crazy?

Man I'm a get it like the man on the chorus

Got my hand on a fortune

Bang at ya porches, Bang at ya window

Kidnapp ya neighbors, torture ya kinfolk

And tell the cops I murder the infoer

Leave him on the precinct steps in a pillow

Niggaz wanna keep they breath then tell 'em get low

I got ten left in the tech so what they here fo

Nigga you ain't scaring nothin weezy been a tiger in the jungle since a cub

With my paws in the mud, yeah me and my paw in the mud

Interior mayback like what, Bitch nigga!

Its the Birdman and Birdman Jr

And he ain't got to his son a shoot ya blah

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Homeboy you gotta know that avenue

To get off a bag or two or you just passin through  
True true, and we just passed the truth  
Passin through the streets of the murder capital  
Where you think ya own brothers after you  
So you ain't got no other brother after you  
Dont let the boys in blue capture you  
Cause they got pictures of me at it too  
Its all fucked up  
Bossman weezy get y'all touched up  
Gat blacked ya face like ya run into a wall or something  
Its cash money all or nothing  
Its Lil Wayne the reverand call it Sunday  
The congregation know I come with nothing  
But leave with everything, I ain't come for nothing  
And the choir know I come with money  
And y'all know I'm Stunnas youngin like dat bitch

(Chorus)