# 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 henges
Yes weezy baby flow off the henges
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)