

Lil Wayne, Suffix

kickin rocks on the block tellin all the og's i be comin for ya spot when ya not lookin
hot cookin mama got it on the kitchen table, i thank god we were always able to, get the leather couch
nintendo when the good grades came through
then the cooked haze came through
some soft some stepped on, but we kept on
and i slept with the work plenty nights, thought i heard niggas comin thought i saw the cop lights but
im just, doin a bump down memory lane, if i crash just pick up my brain, and yes, my niggas the same
but they quicker to bang, and if they do then im the nigga to blame,
so i shoot first anyway, and i would do the honors anyway, and tell ya honor he a bitch to his face, and
show ya ass on how to take 4 and make 8. and it dont take four niggas to get straight, the only hot
young, weezy baby, thats what ya bitch say, give ya ass a location and a template, show her how to
stop playin, cause all we know is gunplay
trip while ya fall and my clip guna be empty
when the stomachs get empty anything's tempting, aint nobody safe when its for the kids sake,
the hurricane wiped us out like a earthquake, we trying to say grace, but we aint gotta place to stay
we on our way pussies, relocate
yall know us when you see us putcha jewels up, putcha cars putcha clothes putcha shoes up,
its that simple yes homie pick the news up, it wasnt good nigga think about the hood nigga
(interlude)
the people who aint, never had shit aint gon never have shit
bullshit, cause they still gon try to manage, niggas do anything like i dont understand em, but please
niggas with money lost mansions
niggas with nothin lost families
lives lost from traffic, water up to the attic, there goes the stashes
(verse 2)
but a nigga got passion, even though the bounce back seemin like magic
chyeaaa, but call me sigfried,
watch how i turn one key to a hundred G's, then summer, summer breeze, someone please know i love
shit hurt so much i might have to hurt ya homie, no commercial no frontin no curve on it, no car tell
hustle with what? how we gettin on?
where hes sittin at, what hes sittin on
stand up if you know its true, the end of the world comin and my city the proof, yea, chyea, and this
steppin off the G-4 still strapped
bust ya head in the air thats a skycap, have my car pick me up where i arrive at, drop the work off
garbage bags filled up with dollars, dead presidents gotta dump the bodies
birdman as long as we gon eat, then everybody gon eat off me
feet off ground, fingers to the stars, reachin, and ima get there through these bars, believe me,
im down for the cause, even, when everything pause i can see it, ima leader, me, the son of the city
fuck the world not the people