

# Lil Wayne, Tha Mobb

Yeah... hard body (hard body)  
Carter carter Carter yeah  
Lets go

Cash Money Young Money motherfuck the other side  
They can fuck with us if they want I bring 'em homicide  
Word to my momma I'm gonna continue bombing  
'Til they getting out the game it's like coming out of a coma  
I'm tryin... but I'm normal when this rap shit get boring  
All I ask is that you pray for me (Please)  
And the beat keep crying and I'mma keep beating her  
Fee I'm fucking her I'm deep in her sleep in her  
And what happens when the reaper come (huh?)  
I'm just hoping that he sends that elevator up  
I made enough I ain't meant shit  
So while I'm here I'mma take that and take this (nigga!)  
Breakfast yes let's eat wipe ya mouth when ya finished  
Then hunt for the lunch and dinner no beginner  
To the criminal activity fuck with them they rushing in  
Like Seminoles Indians no bow and arrows Harold  
Just leaners Cheena just choppers Robert  
Carter II tell me how is you gon' stop a riot  
I lock and seal it up the best I could feel it (yeah!)  
I'm in the lead I can pop a wheelie (got em!)  
Not for rookies late bloomers stay in the womb (GO!)  
I'm here muhfucker make room... BOOM!  
Young Tune the big kahuna  
It's my ocean baby y'all niggaz is tuna  
Better now than sooner junior  
Fly around ya city try and take another tune ya  
I ain't going nowhere special I won't never leave  
Shit I'm already a legend if I ever leave  
Game get rid of me? Not little me  
Man I got 'em I'mma get 'em B (I got 'em B)  
I'm hungry like I didn't eat  
I want it like I didn't see a meal before seventeen  
What the fuck you niggaz telling me?  
You pups can't keep up with the pedigree  
Catch me where the weather be somewhere in the seventies  
Call myself settling palm trees Prometheazine but whats new?  
Sometimes I can't cut through that rough loop  
Get fucked so many times 'til it's fuck you (fuck em!)  
So how you wan' do it baby we can get it  
All you gotta do is say it and I'm wit it  
Money and murder you my nigga my jelly preserver  
I'mma ride baby 'til the judge give me a verdict yeah  
Hear me or heard me I get it and serve it  
Cause everytime I did it I hit it and hurt it yeah  
Now I kill it the mission accomplished  
The niggaz abolished the bitches astonished  
Then they pay homage when did they find it but  
Now that they know it's a must I remind 'em so  
They don't forget it I underline it and  
I'm in the sky when the thunder's crying young'n  
I been through all that I done done what you saying  
I put it down when the others was playing  
When the jungle was open I rolled in with the riders  
Stole food from the bears and bought it back to the lions  
Quote unquote with the eighth I'm a gorilla but lighter  
Wit the eye of a tiger the heart of a fighter yeah  
Start 'em ignite 'em I walk through fire  
Watch the flames start multiplying whoo! yeah  
Alter a nigga nina talk to a nigga  
Take a chunk outcha body like a shark bit a nigga

I'm awkward like Cartwright fuck wit a nigga  
Shot ugly but my arch right come on dog bark bite  
Fork in the road I'm always going right  
Nowadays knowing life ain't no more road lights  
We can't see but we gon' make it to the finish line  
It's right there the goal line right behind the scrimmage line  
Touchdown check the scoreboard gimme mines  
Semi 9 fit me fine hit a nigga twenty times  
Damn then one more to the face (BOW!) just  
So they close the casket like I pay to close the case  
I'm made straight mafia shit front line  
Top rank ready to die for my shit and the obvious shit  
If I talk about my robbery they prolly get rich  
So fuck 'em I'mma let 'em sit  
And I ain't ducking cause I'm right here I'm just enough  
I don't care who at the top of the stairs I'm stepping up  
See you fucking up the money baby that ain't good business  
You starting to look like a witness and this is  
For the gangstas and the bitches the hustlers and the hoes  
Crossover whatever mainstream know  
Cause Wayne thinks silent Wayne'll never fold  
You heard it right here if the game was ever told  
Lift up ya toes and look under a rug  
Trust me there's history under all that dust  
So deep down in the dirty there lies us (who?)  
Yeah Cash Money Records and I'm still up front  
Stunna pop a bottle baby peel us a blunt  
Lets eat and talk about all them niggaz we cut  
What? You know what? Lets not fuck up our lunch  
Thats real shit if you ever seen such  
Chuch

Tha Mobb  
nigga