

# Birdman & Lil Wayne, Where You At

(CHORUS)

All my niggaz if you with me  
Where you at? (OH!)  
All my soldiers if you with me  
Where you at? (OH!)  
All my hustlaz if you with me  
Where you at? (OH!)  
Where you at? (OH!)  
Where you at? Say (OH!)  
Niggaz if you with me  
Let me hear you say (OH!)  
Soldiers if you with me  
Let me hear you say (OH!)  
Hustlaz if you with me  
Let me hear you say (OH!)  
Say, say (OH!)  
Say, say (OH!)

Aye (OH!)

I come and do my thang and hold down my SIDE  
Eagle Street man throw my set up HIGH  
Weezy Wee gang call them boys that SQUAD  
That Squad...SQUAD UP! YOU KNOW  
And WE get a lot of dough on the strength of ME  
Get a lot of 'dro for the strength of FEE  
Get a lot of blow  
But keep that on the D  
D what?...DL! YOU KNOW  
And OH you don't wanna fuck with a nigga  
'Cuz a nigga might fuck with the trigger  
Leave a nigga on the FLO'  
Truly I don't buck with you nigga  
Let my tooly talk talk to you nigga  
Bitch man is an itch to a rich man WHOA  
'20s on the six with the kicks sitting LOW  
Sticky in my swish man gasoline FLO'  
Fire spit man Weezy is about to BLOW  
YA KNOW!

(CHORUS)

Aye (OH!)

Pass the pine to the pimp old juice killer  
Catch your eye in one glimpse old school with the  
Ass up high the front dip drip BAM  
Mami like DAMN Lil Wayne STOP PLAYING  
Baby I'm a baller I hustle with my father  
It's the Birdman and Birdman J.R.  
Flip them birds man eighteen grand just order  
Eighty-five for half and forty-five for quarter  
YEAH! Tity baby put it in the AIR  
I'm jumping out this atmoSPHERE  
And I'm jumping in your bitch if she at a PLAYER  
Jumping in the painted thing on that Dang-A-Dangs  
You see the arm when I pass nigga Bling-A-Ling  
You now I'm armed we can mash man it Aint-A-Thing  
You know I'm calm but I'm a gorilla Aint-A-Game  
I got a banana clip for all you Orang-A-Tangs  
LET'S BANG!

(CHORUS)

Aye (OH!)

It's young Weezy cant nothing see me DOG

I get you done easy with one easy phone call  
And the sawed off make your arms fall off  
Like a short sleeved polo...wont bother me no more  
Ice like strobe light...look like I'm moving slo mo'  
'Rarri look nice on low pro Yokahomas  
With '20 inch chromes poking out 'em  
Chrissy to the dome toke the ganja  
Redbone in the shower  
Hello! Pochahontas give a long stroke poke for hours  
Flow in vagina hoe I'ma holla  
Sold coke in the nineties I'm honest man  
Nothing big maybe ounces, grams  
But I know how to double...and sometimes it's scams  
But I know to hustle...and some glocks'll jam  
But I know how to bust'em...and some drops'll slam  
All alloy buttons that's all stunting  
That boy's something YEAH

(CHORUS)