Lil Wayne, Ain't Worried Bout Shit

"(Lil Wayne)"
Ha.. I'm.. so cool

"(Baby)"
Yeah nigga, stand one, blow one nigga

"(LW)"
Bird.. man

"(B)"
I promise you, we gon' give 'em what they want 'til they come get us nigga

"(LW)"
Bird.. man, J-R, ya know

"(B)"
You feel me?
When gon' chase it 'til we can't chase it no more
So y'all might as well eat this food nigga
And it got to be the best of the best
One, come one shorty, get with me nigga

"(Lil Wayne)"
See I, ride when I gotta, grind cuz I gotta
Milk this game 'til it's sour
Why I gotta do the backstreets when it's hotter
Even though the boy smooth sellin' like Prada, speak up
The tool yellin' like, holla, y'heard me?
Got the fools bailin' like Jackie, Kersee
You try join him, I can help you with that
I'm important in rap but I'm special with gats
You know the young god bless you in fact, like you sneezed or somethin'
Even with a stack of money in they hand, they ain't squeezin' nothin'
I'm Weezy fuck it
Leave a motherfucker wheezin' when I asthma pump him, yeah
And I don't ask for nothin' boy, I only ask them buggy boy
And as for money, watch the young god turn cash to money
Cuz that's him

"(Chorus 2x: Lil Wayne)"
Yea, and we ain't stressin' 'bout shit
We grindin' like a mo'fucker tryin' stay rich
The cops on my trail so my track I switch
See niggaz with money shouldn't act like this

"(Baby)"
Yeah, pimpin', there's some fraud 'round here
Nigga better stop hatin' before they disappear
I see the same ol' shit
and pop the same ol' shit 'til your neighborhood hit, bitch
Disrespect that Nolia dogg
Them third world Hot Boy soldiers dogg
And make a nigga understand
when you fuckin' with a soldier with the grandmaster plan nigga
I'm tryin' to make a few million
buy a few buildings, one day stop dealin'
And go and raise my children
Got it on my mind, that's the way a nigga livin'
I bring ya back '84
Dope game jumpin' when the water hit the flo' nigga
Cuz we was doin' it dogg
Everybody gettin' money, we was doin' it dogg

"(Chorus)"

"(Lil Wayne)"
Weezy, and I ride to the end of the road
and I'm hotter than a fire on the end of the fo'
and plenty times I had to get it from the flo'
But I made it to the ceilin' and every wall could hear me
And if these walls could talk, they probably cry
Like the strings on the guitar
And see you, you with that bullshit that's leighway to the do'
Only to cut off the lights, g'night

"(Baby)"
Look, it's Sunday, we in the hood gettin' our groove on
Every nigga uptown gotta have they tool on
Yeah, and they Birdman'd down
Nigga represent the bling cuz I hold my own crown nigga
Shit, a hood rich high clique
That come from the slums where they pack extra clips, I love 'em nigga
the only way that we know is how to flip and rescore 'em
and go and get some more dough, nigga

"(Chorus)"

"(Baby)"
Yeah, this grindin' to another linin' nigga
Know what I'm sayin'?
If you in the way, you'll get moved over nigga
Think I'ma let one of you bitch niggaz stop me from gettin' a billion dollars nigga?
Fuck ya and what ya made of nigga
Y'understand? Nigga got a problem with this shit
That's your shit nigga
Suck a nigga dick a die nigga
Birdman, made man nigga
Yeah, that's how it's goin' diggity nigga
Fuck anything in between
If you in the line of duty nigga you got your issue, feel me?
One