

Lil Wayne, Hard Body

Hard Body Motherfucker Got The Heart Of A Killer
Young God In The Building 'Bout To Start A Religion
'Bout To Call Bin Laden Up And Order Some missiles
Bring 'Em Straight To Your Block And Go To War With You Bitches
If you Hit The Head Then The Rest Fall In Position
Shoot A Nigga On The Porch And Make Him Fall In The Kitchen
Copped A Big Boy Porsche With All The Specifics
And I Keep The Torche Baby Call Me Olympics
Red White Blue Pills Flip My Skills Like Gymnast
And Never Give A Bitch Money Blood Kidneys
When The Gun Goes Pow I Be At The Finish
With A Medal round My Neck Autograph On My Tennis
The Land Of The Murder Dope Crack And Surenges
Pull Up On You In The Coupe How Fat Is Your Engine
Never Talk To Those That Sat On The Benches No
I Was In The Game On 4th And Inches
These Niggas Want The Business
I'm gonna Give These Boys The Business
See you Fucking With The Boy That Tow Toys Before Christmas
Got All These Hoes Tripping
Got All These Hoes Stripping
No We Ain't Psc But Them Bitches Know We Tipping
I Just Bought A Pint And Ain't No one Of You all Sipping
Make My Friends Buy They Own Shit I'm Tired Of Being Friendly
You Ain't Gotta Lie Just To Try To Be With Me
Got Bitches Up In Heaven Waiting At The God To Be With Me
I'm Crazy For Being Wayne Or Is Wayne Just Crazy?
I Been Around I'm Still Around Like Them Geico Cavemen
Hairpin Trigger No I Won't Shave It
I Spot Hip-Hop In The Ocean I'm Gonna Save It
The South Is So Dirty Bitch you Can Bath It
Hollygrove Dawg And I Feel Like Mating
Babygirl Your Pussy Looking So Vacant
And It's Fuck You And Fuck Georgia Bush Not Making
Fuck Waste Deep I'm In Over My Head
But It's Cool I'm gonna Make It I'm Good Like Meagan
Your Girl Want Me To Come Ron Like Reagan
Your Boyfriend Is Softer Than A Carton Of Eggs And
I Don't Fear Nothing But God And Weddings
At The Top Of My Paper Like I'm Starting A Heading
My Homie Santana Yeah that's My Ace
But You May Know Us As I Can't Feel My Face

They Don't Know Where I Came From But They Know Where I'm Going
And I'm gonna Tell Just How The Top Feels When I'm On
In The Game I'm No Cheetah I'm a Tiger I'm a Cougar I'm A Panther I'm a Bengal
Ocho Cinco
I'm Illy Shirt Softer Than Gillie
In A Pair Of Gucci Flops Feeling freer Than Willie
When them Niggas Left Eye It Got A Little Bit Chilli
But I Just Let It Burn Like The End Of A Philly