

Dope Niggaz (feat. Snoop Dogg)

Lil Wayne

Uh
I thank the lord I'm not a broke nigga
I'm dope, nigga
Change my name I ain't like average Joe nigga
Up above of my above average, hoe nigga
Tight frame with a tight camel, toe nigga
I got killers on the front line
You're on the sideline
Follow the guidelines or you be in the skyline
Killas on the inside, and on your blindside
Shoot you right between your motherfuckin' eyebrows
Oo, kill 'em - It's that Carter 5, let me get 'em
I'm feeling like John Gotti Lennon
And you gon' respect my mind, and my sign, and my emblem
You got money on your mind and we're aiming at your temple
Check me out or just be quiet in the library, nigga
Or the flowers on your bread gon' be dyin' every winter
And as long as I'm alive I'm a financial wizard
And as long as I can make a dollar outta dime and a nickle
Thank the lord I'm not a broke nigga
I get the money I'm a hustler
So if you're buying what I'm selling, you're a customer
See I can get it to you anywhere, anything
But it's point-blank range, when the pistol bang
I mix it up, I fix it up, and I switched it up
I locked down this end and got it twisted up
See I'm a dog, but I LOC, with my LOCs
They say "You're what you smoke." I grew up around dope niggas, uh uh dope niggas
I grew up around dope niggas
Yea, I grew up around dope nigga and cold killers
Most nigga was both nigga
Two sports niggas
I was no different from those niggas
But I was chose nigga
See those niggas somewhere with me in these hoes nigga
Momma was a go-getter, a coach nigga
Taught me everything I know, nigga
A soul sister, taught me how to be a goal tender
Support system for that bitch, you played her role with ya
And those children, I ain't lying, slime All my nigga balling, it's a fucking team sport
I could change the world but I done lost the remote
All my nigga balling, that's how it's supposed to be, hoe

I could change the world, I rather change than be smoked
Coke sniffers and dope sticklers
And most niggas was both, nigga
Explode nigga, pop a motherfuckin' cork, nigga
To those niggas, 'cause life's too fucking short nigga
Get old nigga, I ain't lying Got a gold mirror just to see my goal clearer
Be a role player, role model, when you roll with 'em
And they say you don't need to be with us, stay on the road nigga
That way I wouldn't come to the end of the road with 'em
Man, all my niggas targets, that's including me, hoe
I could change the world, I rather change the people
And definitions 'cause we're defined by our legal roles
All your haters fueling, my needle broke
Lord I ain't a broke nigga I thank the lord I ain't a broke nigga
I thank the lord I ain't a broke nigga I get the money, I'm a hustler
So if you're buying what I'm selling, you're a customer
See I can get it to you anywhere, anything
But it's point-blank range, when the pistol bang
(I thank the lord I ain't a broke nigga)
I mix it up, I fix it up, and I switched it up
I locked down this end and got it twisted up
See I'm a dog, but I LOC, with my LOCs
They say "You're what you smoke." I grew up around dope niggas, uh, uh, dope niggas
I grew up around dope niggas
I thank the lord I ain't a broke nigga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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