

Hittas

Lil Wayne

Is it true you performed with
Willie Nelson at the Country Music Awards?
I don't know, but I know I did perform at this bad ass
bitch birthday party recently. She's crazy stupid thick
Mack in here Tell them hoes get they mind right
Tell them niggas back up
Man, I heard the truth is hard to swallow, do you have cups?
Used the rope to hang myself to tie a money bag up
Tell 'em get they iron right before Iron-Man come
Tell e'm bring my car around
Tell 'em bitches lap up
I'ma cut this music down
Tell 'em put they apps up
Tell 'em throw they pride out
Roll them windows back up
Money in the air, who say white men can't jump?
Catch that nigga late night on the phone at a gas pump
Let me get the phone and the car once its gassed up
AK-47 make a sittin' duck stand up
I could let it blast, but I much rather have one
Tell 'em bring my car around
Tell 'em bitches lap up
Then them hoes get passed down
Then them hoes get passed up
Sittin' on this money to me feel like a cactus
I'm stickin' to this shit
You woulda better not hop yo' ass up Tell 'em, I got hittas woadie
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie
I got hittas woadie
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie
I got hittas woadie
Yeah I got plenty woadie
And they just wait for the word
This shit like Wheel of Fortune
Goddamn, these snitches nosy
Goddamn, these snitches nosy
Nigga, I'm a ass with that semi
Call me semicolon
Yeah I got hittas woadie
Yeah I got plenty woadie
They kick the door and kill yo' ass and leave the children snoring
I'm sippin' lean out a glass

Make me feel important
I made some green in the past and now it's good as golden
Yeah Clearly, Lil Wayne answers to no one I got hittas woadie
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie
I got hittas woadie
I got, yeah I got plenty woadie I'm so lifted, I'm so lifted
I wrote my will in hieroglyphics
Weezy, where you been? The people miss you
Crickets
I got hittas and they not kidders
That's my niggas
You got niggas but they not hittas
They got jitters, they get hit up
I'm placin' figures on your niggas
Takin' niggas
Don't make a difference
I got shooters, on phone with suitors
They armed and brutal
, 'cause we don't doo-doo
We drop conclusions
I got sprayers, all type of sprayers
We gon' need Google
I got paper, on top of paper
We gon' need rulers
I'm effective, been doin' numbers since Roman numerals
Strong as sumo, we armed as usual
My hittas hungry
, bazookas chew you
Just like bazookas, don't confuse 'em
We only hittas, y'all only humans
Don't get hit up, woadie
'Cause I got hittas woadie He's a very small child. And I just said he was a genius,
you know what I'm sayin'? Which I used to pray,
and ask the Lord to send me one. You know, he did.
He's so smart, I can't teach him nothin'. He's done been here before
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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