

Artist: lil_wayne

Title: Damage is done

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Runnin' from the scene, Hammer in my jeans
Dead bodies behind me, the cops'll never find me
Arm & Hammer Clean on my way to the honeycombe
Hustle all night tell my bitch I'm never coming home
Be there in the morning, stop cryin' bitch
The sun is home, drop it on the living room table
Bitch the money home, I know you ain't gon' stay once the money gone
So while I'm rich I pull my dick and get my fuckin' on
Youngin' on some real "Gangsta Gangsta" shit
Blame it on the neighborhood I was sanctioned in
But I'ma make sure we get them acres
Tell 'em fuck computers, we good with paper
Tell 'em fuck the world 'cause I'm hood by nature
Feelin' that way is how the hood'll make ya
The hood is vacant, the streets are empty, yeah
Mr. Bush, rebuild the city, but

[Verse 2]

Yeah, over like yesterday floatin' to the floodgates
This is New Orleans, welcome to the blood state
A blood bath, and you ain't nothin' but tub bait
No political justice not even the judge safe
If his ass can't swim he get a closed case
We need our own space, I ain't talkin' about Jupiter
No luck, no help and we the fuckin' future
I'm a hoosier, usually the cool one
But when I need it, I turn into a looter
God forgive, but do he forgive the brutal
Even when it's for the better of your junior
Soon you see that life's just another movie
And the main character dies at the end, usually
There's nothin' that haven't been done that you can do to me
I been hit, I been shot nigga shoot at me!

[Verse 3]

Yeah, Money on the mind, murder in the plans
Disturbin' if you may, but it's dinner for the fam
Hustler by law, support when I can
Hustle when I can, tell me nothing I'm a man
Smell my shit as I walk off the stand
Nuts to my feet with my heart in my hand
Pardon my G, but I'm one of a kind
Been shot two times, here to put it in a rhyme
Slow lane, move the Coupe like a 5
If I get pulled over, bitch I'm gon' do time
And I know my niggaz love me, but they can't do mine
So I gotta be smart, get bread or get behind
Get lost or get in line
But the carpet's still fine
So keep tryin', the whole world turnin' back
But we keep tryin' until we get our piece, no piece
Keep Firin'