

It's H-B Weezy Wee off the streets  
Stay deep 'Cedes Jeep big feet  
Gazer seats hold the bare floors  
I faithfully hold to pimp whores  
You ate with me and you gon get yours  
This eight with me that's bullets through doors  
Got haze in me now I'm so tall  
Come blaze with me cuz Beaky got more  
And now or later I'm major player  
I ball right I need an agent player  
Ay ma you tight you need to page a player  
That's so tonight you can taste a player  
I got the burner on the waist if you flinching  
My shit turning on 28-inches  
My shit burning like 500 plus  
And this album's a three permer and a clutch

[Hook]

24/7 (Yes, sir)

I go hard (Go hard, go hard)

Not here

[Verse 2]

I claim squad game till no more Wayne remain  
Bang my thing till no more lane remain  
Use the left lane man cook up the cocaine  
Dudes a lil game and get her to do brain  
That boy Weezy is a bad mother-feezy  
Me and Young Jazze at the back of one tweezy  
I'm so breezy off the Velvie and the perk  
Now I'm getting head on the balcony on Bourbon  
Apple and Eagle is the street that I shop  
The Birdman my daddy and we fly south  
And we don't go to work man we get work out  
And the bricks may go as low as ten up in the drought  
Niggaz is selling and you should be buying  
Niggaz is telling and you should be dying  
Niggaz is yelling Cash Money till they kill me  
C-M-B, I know you gotta feel me

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

You know if I'm doing it I'm probably doing it for the block  
I'm out here bitch I got this here on lock  
Come out here bitch I bet this here gon pop  
I got ya slick this my year don't knock  
Speakers from the front to the rear gon rock  
Wood-grain handles to steer it's all hot  
I never drove factory and I don't own stock  
I drop that bitch on chrome chops, yeah

[Hook till end]