

# Respect

## Birdman & Lil Wayne

Lil Wayne  
Tha Block Is Hot  
Respect Us What what what  
What what what  
What what what  
Listen, listen  
When. I come through. bustin'  
Everybody on. tha block be. run-nin'  
Weezy Wayne, Hot Boy, I. be. thug-gin'  
Got. them. things. ten up, keep. hustlin'  
Catch me at tha shop, I will. be. there  
And my prices stay low, I keep. it. there  
And if you want it raw, I got. it. right. here  
And if you want war, I am. your. nigh-tmare  
This is all I know, it's bang bang  
I hustle and slang slang  
My block. I hang hang  
Who am I? Lil' Wayne, man  
I represent CMB  
My cell is ten in heat  
I usually get in beef  
Was taught that it's him or me  
I pop head-bustas quick  
I rock here for my brick  
I chop that, I'ma (?)  
My shop here (?)  
I always. thug in black  
And always. bustin' gats  
Your girly's. fuckin' back  
Now how you... lovin' that  
Hot Boy\$, wardy. respect. us  
Represen-tin' Cash Money. Records  
It's warfare, you betta. vest. up  
But if you ain't scared, they blow. your. set. up Listen, listen  
I give it to 'em how they ask me  
Raw and nasty  
Tha AK, I pack it  
Believe I'm 'bout that action  
Slash a busta like a fraction  
I'm on that yolla  
Standin' on tha corner with one sleeve over my shoulder  
Ride on your block, I see a dozen of weak jerks

Now it's time for your momma ta order a dozen of T-shirts  
For only half-a brick  
I'll blast tha fifty  
Yeah, I'm a small creeper, what  
But it's about ta get ugly  
Ya'll betta call people up  
I'm about ta start shovin' my sawed-off between your guts  
Wayne 'bout ta (cugghh-gggh-gggh) ball people up  
Ya'll betta duck  
When it get real, they hide from me  
But, all them bustas 'bout ta get killed, I'm tired of it  
Man, I'm thuggin' 'til tha day I. I die, cousin  
Weezy Wee. let 'em burn, bring tha fire truck in... (whoooo!)  
Nigga, let it be known  
I'll come blow up your home  
Take a few blunts to tha dome  
And. show up alone  
Just me and my. flame-torch  
Wayne start. danger  
Walked with my head down like a stranger, and banged ya  
Burnin' off that Hennessy  
Some-a ya'll be feminine  
Bounce in with a twitch  
Leave 'em crawlin' out a ditch  
God damn... son of a shhh!. Don't speak  
I cocked that, and let it go, tssss!. Give 'em heat  
Your cheese, I got. ta. get. paid  
I'm goin' all out, no matter what. it. takes  
I. was. raised. up on. that. paper  
Kill-for-the-scrill was. in. my. nature  
Tote M1's and keep. tha. block. hot  
Sell wrong colts to keep. my. glock. hot  
Never add taxes to. my. price, man  
And if a boy play, I ride. at. night, man  
What!Uh, uh, uh  
Say Lil' Weezy  
You did this one here, ya heard me  
They ain't gon' never get weared out from this one  
It's like they said, boy  
In tha year 2000, it's all about Wayne  
It's your chrome, man, run that thang  
17th ward to tha 3rd ward downtown  
Do that there  
Huh, huh, huh, huh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>